

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1874.

No. 3.

THE GREAT SOUTH.



ST. LOUIS—VIEW FROM THE INSURANCE BUILDING.

SOME NOTES ON MISSOURI: THE HEART OF THE REPUBLIC.

MISSOURI is the child of a compromise whose epitaph was written in letters of blood. Its chief city was founded more than a century ago, by a colony of adventurous Frenchmen; and for many years, during whose lapse the title to its soil was savagely disputed by Gaul and Indian, was a fur-trading post. When

VOL. VIII.—17

Laclede Liguest and the brave band of men who followed him set out from New Orleans, in 1763, to explore the country whose exclusive trade had been accorded them by charter from the hands of the governor of the province of Louisiana, the lands west of the Mississippi were unexplored and unknown. Beyond the mouth



THE OLD CHOUTEAU MANSION.
(AS IT WAS.)

of the Missouri the bateau of no prying New Orleans trader had ever penetrated. The song of the *voyageur* was as yet unheard by the savage; and the inhabitants of the little post of Sainte Genevieve looked with amazement and reverence upon the trappers, hunters and merchants who started from their fort, one autumn morning, to explore the turbid current of the Missouri. Laclede Liguist and his men did not long remain in the mysterious region adjacent to the junction of the two great rivers, but speedily returned to the site of the present city, and there, early in 1764, a few humble cabins were erected, and the new settlement was christened St. Louis, in honor of the dissolute and feeble Louis XV., of France. A hardy and fearless youth named Auguste Chouteau was left in command of the few men protecting the infant town, and at once began diplomating with the Missouri Indians, who came in large bodies to visit the strangers, and to learn their intentions. The treaty by which all the French territory on the Mississippi's eastern bank, save New Orleans, had been ceded to the English, had just been made; and scarlet-coated soldiers were daily expected at the forts in the immediate vicinity of St. Louis. Laclede Liguist did not dream that another cession, embracing all lands west of the Mississippi, had been made to the King of Spain, and that his pet town was actually upon Spanish soil; he was happy in the belief that the banner of France would flaunt in the very eyes of the hated English, and was delighted to find that the Indians who

surrounded him were resolved to fight the soldiers of Great Britain to the death. So he merrily extended the limits of his colony; but had been at work hardly a year before he received orders from the governor of Louisiana to surrender to Spain. The governor himself was so chagrined at the orders he was compelled to communicate, that he died of a broken heart soon after; and Laclede Liguist, mute with rage at the pusillanimous conduct of the home government, remained stubbornly at his post, ignoring Spanish claims. The French from all the stations east

of the Mississippi took refuge with him when the English came to their homes, and St. Louis grew more and more Gallic until 1768, when the Spanish came in, and after several unsuccessful attempts to gain the confidence of the early settlers, finally quite disregarded their feelings, and in 1770 pulled down the French flag. In that year the French had consecrated their little log church, built on the land where now stands the great stone cathedral, and in that humble edifice they assembled to mourn the loss of their nationality, and to listen to the counsels of peace given them by their priests. The Spanish commanders finally succeeded in making themselves beloved, and cordially joined with the French in hating the English. Laclede Liguist died during a voyage down the Mississippi, and was buried in the wild solitudes at the mouth of the Arkansas river. His immense properties in St. Louis were sold to strangers. His valiant lieutenant, Auguste Chouteau, became his administrator, and a few years afterwards the Chouteau mansion was built in the field where now stands a mammoth hotel, around which there is a continual roar of traffic.

Thenceforward, through the bloody days of the colonial revolution, St. Louis experienced many vicissitudes. It underwent Indian massacres; suffered from the terrorism of the banditti haunting the Mississippi; began gradually to get acquainted with the gaunt American pioneers who had appeared on the eastern bank of the Father of Waters; and in 1788 had more

than a thousand inhabitants. In those days it was scoffingly called "*Pain Court*" (short bread), because grain was expensive, and the hunters who came to the "metropolis" to replenish their stock of provisions got but scant allowance of bread for their money. The Osages were forever hanging upon the outskirts of the settlement, and many an unfortunate hunter was burned at the stake, impaled, or tortured slowly to death by them. Towards the close of the last century, however, the inhabitants pushed forward into the wilderness, and the fur trade increased rapidly. Hosts of neat, one-story cottages, surrounded by pretty gardens, sprang up in St. Louis; France once more recovered her possessions west of the Mississippi; and in 1804 the settlement which Laclede Liguist had so carefully founded, hoping that it might forever remain French, came under the domination of the United States. A formal surrender of Upper Louisiana was made to the newly enfranchised American colonies; the stars and stripes floated from the "government house" of St. Louis; and the Anglo-Saxon came to the front, with one hand extended for a land grant, and the other grasping a rifle, with which to exterminate Indian, Spaniard or demon, if they dared to stand in his way.

Looking down upon the St. Louis of to-day, from the high roof of the superb temple which the Missourians have built to the mercurial god of insurance, one can hardly believe that the vast metropolis spread out before him represents the growth of only three-quarters of a century. The town seems as old as London. The smoke from the Illinois coal has tinged the walls a venerable brown, and the grouping of buildings is as picturesque and varied as that of a continental city. From the water side, on ridge after ridge, rise acres of solidly built houses, vast manufactories, magazines of commerce, long avenues bordered with splendid residences; a labyrinth of railways bewilders the eye; and the clang of machinery and the whirl of a myriad wagon-wheels rise to the ear. The levee is thronged with busy and uncouth laborers; dozens of white steamers are shrieking their notes of arrival and departure; the ferries are choked with traffic; a gigantic and grotesque scramble for the almost limitless West beyond is spread out before the vision. The town has leaped into a new life since the war; has doubled its population, its manufactures and its

ambition, until it stands so fully abreast of its wonderful neighbor, Chicago, that the traditional acerbity of the reciprocal criticism for which both cities have so long been famous is latterly much enhanced. The city, which now stretches twelve miles along the ridges, branching from the watershed between the Missouri, the Meramec and the Mississippi rivers, flanked by rolling prairies richly studded with groves and vineyards; which has many railroad lines pointed to its central depots, and a mile and a half of steamboats at its levee, a thousand miles from the sea; whose population has increased from 8,000, in 1835, to 450,000, in 1873; which has a banking capital of nineteen millions; which receives hundreds of thousands of tons of iron ore monthly, has bridged the Father of Waters, and talks of controlling the cotton trade of Arkansas and Texas,—is but little like the St. Louis of the days when Col. Stoddard had his headquarters in a rude cottage, and the United States, in his person, had just adopted the infant city. In those days the houses were nearly all built of hewn logs, set upon end, and covered with coarsely shingled roofs. The town extended along the line of what are now known as Main and Second streets; a little south of the square called the *Place d'Armes*, Fort St. Charles was held by a



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

tiny garrison, and in the old stone tower which the Spaniards had built, debtors and criminals were confined together. French customs and French gaiety prevailed; there were two diminutive taverns, whose rafters nightly rang to the tales of hairbreadth escapes told by the boatmen of the Mississippi. The Chouteaus, the Lisas,

and the Labbadies were the principal merchants; French and English schools flourished; peltry, lead and whisky were used for currency, and negroes were to be purchased for them; the semi-Indian garb of the trapper was seen at every street corner; and thousands of furs, stripped from the buffalo and the beaver, were exported to New Orleans. The mineral wealth lying within a hundred miles of St. Louis had hardly been dreamed of; the colonists were too busy in killing Indians and keeping order in the town, to think of iron, lead, coal and zinc.

The compromise which gave the domain of Missouri to slavery checked the growth of the state until after it had passed through the ordeal of the war. How then it sprang up, like a young giant, confident in the plenitude of its strength, all the world knows! St. Louis, under free institutions, has won more prosperity in ten years than under the old *régime* it would have attained in fifty. It is now a cosmopolitan capital, rich in social life and energy, active in commerce, and acute in the struggle for the supremacy of trade in the South-west. The ante-bellum spirit is rarely manifested now-a-days; progress is the motto even of those men of the old school who prayed that they might die when they first saw that "bleeding Kansas" had indeed bled to some purpose, and that a new era of trade and labor had arrived. The term "conservative" is one of reproach in St. Louis to-day; and the unjust slur of the Chicagoan, to the effect that the Missou-

rian metropolis is "slow," puts new fire into the blood of her every inhabitant. After the ravages of the war, both state and city found themselves free from the major evils attendant upon reconstruction, and entered unimpeded upon a prosperous career. The one hundred thousand freedmen have never constituted a troublesome element in the state; no political exigencies have impeded immigration or checked the investment of capital; and the commonwealth, with an area of more than 67,000 square miles of fertile lands, with two millions of inhabitants, and eleven hundred millions of dollars worth of taxable property; with a thousand miles of navigable rivers within and upon her boundaries, and with vast numbers of frugal Germans constantly coming to turn her untilled acres into rich farms, can safely carry and in due time throw off the various heavy obligations incurred in the building of the railway lines now traversing it in every direction. The present actual indebtedness of the state is nearly nineteen millions, for more than half of which sum bonds have been issued.

The approaches to St. Louis from the Illinois side of the Mississippi are not especially fascinating, and give but a poor idea of the extent of the city. Alighting from some one of the many trains which enter East St. Louis from almost every direction, one sees before him a steep bank, paved with "murderous stones," and the broad, deep, resistless current of the great river, flowing swiftly, and bearing on its bosom tree trunks and branches from far away forests. East St. Louis stands upon famous ground; its alluvial acres, which the capricious stream in past days covered every year with its waters, have been the scene of many fierce contests under the requirements of the so called code of honor, and its sobriquet was once "Bloody Island." It is now a prosperous town; hotels, warehouses and depots stand on the ancient duelling spot; immense grain elevators and wharves have been erected on the ground which the river once claimed as its own. Huge ferry-boats ply constantly across the river; but the railway omnibuses and the ferry-boats are soon to be but memories of the past, for the graceful arches of the new bridge are completed, and trains can cross the Mississippi to a grand union depot in the center of St. Louis. The crowd awaiting transportation across the stream has always



COURT HOUSE—ST. LOUIS.



THE NEW POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE, (NOW BUILDING.)

been of the most cosmopolitan and motley character. There may be seen the German emigrant, flat-capped and dressed in coarse black, with his quaintly-attired wife and rosy children clinging to him; the tall and angular Texan drover, with his defiant glance at the primly-dressed cockneys around him; the "poor white" from some far southern state, with his rifle grasped in his lean hand, and his astonished stare at the extent of brick and stone walls beyond the river; the excursion party from the east, with its maps and guide books, and its mountains of baggage; the little groups of English tourists, with their mysterious hampers and packets, bound toward Denver or Omaha; the tired and ill-uniformed company of troops "on transfer" to some remote frontier fortress; the smart merchant in his carriage, with his elegantly dressed negro driver standing by the restive horses; the hordes of over-clothed young commercial men from the Northern and Western cities, with their mouths distended by Havana cigars, and filled with the slang of half a dozen capitals; and the hundreds of negroes, who throng the levees in summer, but in winter depart like the swallows, feeling even the slightest hint of snow, or of the fog which from time to time heightens the resemblance of the Missourian city to London. The levee on each side of the river, in days before the bridge was built, was a kind of pandemonium. An unending procession of wagons loaded with coal, was always forcing its way from

the ferry boats up the bank to the streets of St. Louis, the tatterdemalion drivers urging on the plunging and kicking mules with frantic shouts of "Look at ye!" "You dar!" These wagons, in busy days, were constantly surrounded by the in-coming droves of stock, wild Texan cattle, who with great leaps and flourish of horns objected to entering the gangways of the ferry, and now and then tossed their tormentors high in the air; and troops of swine, bespattered with mud, and dabbled with blood drawn from them by the thrusts of the enraged horsemen pursuing them. Added to this indescribable tumult were the lumbering wagon trains laden with iron or copper, wearily making

their way to the boats; the loungers about the curbstones, singing rude plantation songs, or scuffling boisterously; the nameless ebb-tide of immigration scattered through a host of low and villainous bar-rooms and saloons, whose very entrances seemed suspicious; and the gangs of roustabouts rolling boxes, barrels, hogsheads and bales, from morning to night, from wagon to wharf, and from wharf to wagon. Below the bridge, the river, gradually broadening out, was covered with coal barges and steam tugs, and above it, along the banks, one saw, as now one still sees, dark masses of homely buildings, elevators, iron foundries, and hosts of manufactories; while along the shore thousands of logs, fastened together in rafts, are moored.

The old French quarter of the town is now entirely given up to business, and but little of the Gallic element is left in St. Louis. Some of the oldest and wealthiest families are of French descent, and retain the language and manners of their ancestors; but in the exterior there are few traces of the domination of the French. Some souvenirs yet remain; streets, both English and American in aspect, bear the names of the vanished Gauls. Laclede has a monument in the form of a mammoth hotel; and the principal outlying ward of the city, crowded with vast rolling mills, and iron and zinc furnaces, is called Carondelet. On the Illinois side of the river the village of Cahokia still lingers, a moss-grown relic of a decayed civilization, and



VIEW IN SHAW'S GARDEN.

its venerable church, Notre Dame des Kahokias, is the most ancient building in the West. But from the young metropolis all visible memorials have vanished. Not one of the great circular stone towers, erected in early times as defences against the Indians, remain; block houses and bastions have been replaced by massive residences, in which live the merchant princes of the day. "The Hill" is traversed in every direction by horse railroads; and a few minutes' ride will take one from the roar of business into a quiet and elegant section, where there are miles of beautiful and costly dwelling-houses. As the ridges rise from the river, so rise the grades of the social status. Mingled with the wholesale establishments, and the offices of mining and railway companies in Main and Second Streets, parallel with the river, are hundreds of dirty and unhealthy tenement houses; on Fourth, and Fifth, and Sixth Streets, and those running at right angles with them, are the principal hotels, the more elegant of the shops and stores, the fashionable restaurants, and the few places of amusement which the city boasts; beyond, on the upper ridges, stretching back to Grand Avenue, which extends along the summit of the hill, are the homes of the wealthy. The passion for suburban residences is fast taking possession of the citizens of St. Louis, and

several beautiful towns have sprung up within a few miles of the city, all of which are crowded with charming country houses. Lucas Place is the Fifth Avenue of St. Louis, and is very rich in costly homes, surrounded by noble gardens. The houses there have not been touched by the almost omnipresent smoke which seems to hover over the lower portion of the town. In Lucas Place lived the noted Benton, and there he foamed, fretted, planned his duels, nourished his feuds, and matured his magnificent ideas. The avenues which bear the names of Washington, Franklin, Lindell, McPherson, Baker, Laclede and Chouteau all give promise of future magnificence. St. Louis is not rich in public buildings, although many of the recent structures devoted to business are grand and imposing. The hotels partake of the grandeur which distinguishes their counterparts of other cities; on Fourth and Fifth Streets there are many elegant blocks. The street life is varied and attractive, as in most southern towns; and the auction store is one of the salient features which surprise a stranger. The doors of these establishments are wide open from sunrise until midnight, and the jargon of the auctioneer can be heard ringing loudly above the rattle of wheels. The genius who presides behind the counter is

usually some graduate of the commerce of the far South. Accustomed to dealing with the ignorant and unsuspecting, his eloquence is a curious compound of insolence and pleading. He has a quaint stock of phrases, made up of the slang of the river, and the slums of cities, and he begins by placing an extravagant price upon the article which he wishes to sell, and then decreasing its value until he brings it down to the range of his customers. On Saturday evenings the street life is as animated as that of an European city. In the populous quarters the Irish and Germans throng the sidewalks, marketing and amusing themselves until midnight; and in the fashionable sections the ladies, seated in the porches and on the front doorsteps of their mansions, receive the visits of their friends. A drive through dozens of streets in the upper portion of the city discloses hundreds of groups of ladies and gentlemen thus seated in the open air, whither they have transferred the etiquette of the parlor. A far more delightful and agreeable social freedom prevails in the city than in any eastern community. The stranger is heartily welcome, and the fact that most of the ladies have been educated both in the East and the West, acquiring the culture of the former, and the frankness and cordiality of the latter, adds a charm both to their conversation and their beauty. At the more aristocratic and elegant of the German beer gardens, such as "Uhrig's" and "Schneider's," the representatives of many prominent American families may be seen on the concert evenings, drinking the amber fluid, and listening to the music of Strauss, of Gungl, or Meyerbeer. Groups of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen resort to the gardens in the same manner as do the denizens of Dresden and Berlin, and no longer regard the custom as a dangerous German innovation. The German element in St. Louis is powerful, and has for the last thirty years been merging in the American, giving to it many of the hearty features and graces of European life, which have been emphatically rejected by the native population of the more austere Eastern States. In like manner the German has borrowed many traits from his American fellow-citizens, and in another generation the fusion of races will be pretty thoroughly accomplished.

There are more than fifty thousand native Germans, from beyond the Atlantic,

now in St. Louis, and the whole Teutonic population, including the children born in the city of German parents, probably exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand. The original emigration from Germany to Missouri was from the thinking classes—professional men, politicians condemned to exile, writers, musicians and philosophers, and these have aided immensely in the development of the State. The emigration began in 1830, but after a few hundreds had come out it fell off again, and was not revived until 1848, when the revolution sent us a new crop of patriots and statesmen whose mother country was afraid of them. Always a loyal and industrious element, believing in the whole country, and in the principles of freedom, they kept Missouri, in the troublous times preceding and during the war, from many excesses. The working people are a treasure to the State. Arriving, as a rule, with little or nothing, they hoard every penny until they have enough with which to purchase an acre or two of land, and in a few years become well-to-do citizens, orderly and contented. The whole country for miles around St. Louis is dotted with German settlements; the market gardens are mainly controlled by them; and their farms are models of thorough cultivation. In commerce they have mingled liberally with the Americans; names of both nationalities are allied in



THE CATHEDRAL—ST. LOUIS.

banking and in all the great wholesale businesses; and the older German residents speak their adopted as well as their native tongue. At the time of my visit, a German was president of the city council, and bank presidents, directors of companies, and men highly distinguished in business and society, who boast German descent, are counted by hundreds.

German journalism in St. Louis is noteworthy. Carl Schurz and his life-long friend and present partner, Mr. Pretorius, are known throughout the country as distinguished journalists, and have even, as we have seen in these later days, played no small role upon the stage of national politics. The failure of the Liberal movement rather astonished the masses of the Germans in Missouri, who had the most unwavering confidence in the ability of Schurz to accomplish whatever he chose; and has left them somewhat undecided as to what future course to pursue. There are four daily German newspapers in St. Louis, one of which has been recently planted there by the Catholics, who have also started a clever weekly, in the hope of aiding in the fight against the new principles put in force by the Prussian Government—principles, of course, largely reflected among the Germans in America. The sturdy intellectual life of the Teuton is well set forth in these papers, which are of excellent ability. The uselessness of the attempt to maintain a separate national feeling was shown in the case of the famous "Germania" Club, which, in starting, had for its cardinal principle the non-admission



THE HIGH SCHOOL—ST. LOUIS.

of Americans; but at the present time there are two hundred American names upon its list of membership. The assimilation goes on even more rapidly than the Germans themselves supposed; it is apparent in the manners of the children, and in the speech of the elders.

German social and home-life has, of course, kept much of its original flavor. There are whole sections of the city where the Teuton predominates, and takes his ease at evening in the beer garden and the arbor in his own yard. At the summer-opera one sees him in his glory. Entering a modest doorway on Fourth street, one is ushered through a long room, in which ladies, with their children, and groups of elegantly dressed men are chatting and drinking beer, into the opera-house, a cheery little hall, where very fashionable audiences assemble to hear the new and old operas throughout a long season. The singing is usually exceedingly good, and the *mise en scène* quite satisfactory. Between the acts the audience refreshes itself with beer and soda-water, and the hum of conversation lasts until the



THE FOUR COURTS—ST. LOUIS.

first notes of the orchestra announce the resumption of the opera. On Sunday evenings the opera-house is crowded, and at the long windows of the hall, which descend to the ground, one can see the German population of half a dozen adjacent blocks, tiptoe with delight at the whiff of stolen harmony. The "breweries" scattered through the city are gigantic establishments, for the making of beer ranks third in the productive industries of St. Louis. Iron and flour precede it, but a capital of nearly four millions of dollars is invested in the manufacture, and the annual productive yield from the twenty-five breweries is about the same amount. Attached to many of these breweries are concert gardens, which are scrupulously respectable in all their attributes, and are frequented by thousands weekly. The Germania and Harmony Clubs, and a hundred musical and literary organizations use up the time of the city Germans who are well-to-do, while their poor brethren delve at market gardens, and are one of the chief elements in the commerce of the huge and picturesque St. James Market, whither St. Louis goes to be fed. The Hibernian is also prominent in St. Louis; he has crept into the hotel service, and the negro has sought another field of occupation.

The operation of the German mind upon the American has been admirably exemplified in St. Louis by the upspringing in the new and thoroughly commercial capital of a real and noteworthy school of speculative philosophy, at whose head, and by virtue of his distinguished preëminence as a thinker, stands William T. Harris, the present superintendent of the city public schools. Mr. Harris, during his stay at Yale, in 1856, met the venerable Alcott, of Concord, and was much stimulated by various conversations with him. At that time he had studied Kant a little, and was beginning to think upon Goethe. The hints given him by Mr. Alcott were valuable, and sometime afterwards, when he settled in St. Louis, and came into contact with Germans of culture and originality, his desire for philosophical study was greatly increased and strengthened. In 1858 he became engaged in teaching, for eight years conducting one of the graded schools. The first year of his stay in St. Louis he studied Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," without, as he says, understanding it at all. He had been solicited and encouraged to

these studies by Henry C. Brockmeyer, a remarkable and brilliant German, and so enthusiastic for Kantian study that he awoke a genuine fervor in Mr. Harris. They arranged a Kant class, which Mr. Alcott on one occasion visited, and in a short time the love for philosophical study became almost fanaticism. A number of highly cultured Germans and Americans composed the circle, whose members had a supreme contempt for the needs of the flesh, and who, after long days of laborious and exhaustive teaching, would spend the night hours in threading the mysteries of Kant. In 1858 Mr. Harris claims that they mastered Kant, and between that period and 1863 they analyzed, or, as he phrases it, obtained the keys to Leibnitz



WILLIAM T. HARRIS,
SUPERINTENDENT ST. LOUIS CITY SCHOOLS.

and Spinoza. The result of this long study is written out in what Mr. Harris calls his "Introduction to Philosophy," in which he deals with "speculative insights." Every one, he claims, will have the same insight into Kant, Leibnitz and Spinoza as he did, by reading his "Introduction." He already has a large number of followers, many of whom apply his theories, according to his confession, better than he does himself: and his *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, started boldly in the face of many obstacles, has won a permanent establishment and gratifying success. Among the most prominent members of the Philosophical Society, which was definitely organized in 1864, were Mr. Brockmeyer, J. G. Werner, now a probate judge, Mr. Kroeger (a stern, unrelenting philosopher,

enamored of Fichte, translator of the *Science of Knowledge*, and author of a *History of the Minnesingers*, George H. Howison, now in the Boston Institute of Technology, and Mr. Thomas Davidson, one of the most effective students of Aristotle in this country. Mr. Brockmeyer is the accomplished translator of Hegel's *Logic*. The *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* was prompted in this wise: Mr. Harris wrote a "Critique upon Herbert Spencer's First Principles," which was offered to *The North American Review*, but the editors failed to discover anything in it, save that it was very audacious, and returned it to the author. Mr. Harris thereupon valiantly started his own journal in April of 1867. The publication is gaining ground in this country, and has won a very wide and hearty recognition in Germany and among thinking men throughout Europe.

The Germans have, as a rule, frankly joined hands with the Americans in the public schools, and have imparted to them many excellent features. The composite system differs largely from that in vogue in other cities. There is, of course, a very large Catholic population in St. Louis, but it is pretty evenly balanced by German skepticism. The city public schools are utterly secular in their teaching, but, notwithstanding that fact, the priesthood makes constant and successful efforts to keep Catholic children from them, and wherever a new public school building is erected, Holy Church speedily buys ground and sets up an institution of her own. The Catholic laity of St. Louis, however, are, perhaps, if they spoke their real sentiments, in favor of the public schools; and there has been a vast advance towards liberalism on their part within the last few years. The Catholics have eight or nine out of the twenty-four members of the school board, and of course have much to say. It is wonderful that in a capital where the population is so little gregarious, and where, up to last year, it has been so comparatively indifferent to lecture courses, such an earnest interest should be taken in the schools by all classes. All the powers relating to the management of the schools are vested in a corporate body called "the Board of President and Directors of the St. Louis Public Schools," the members of the board to be elected by the people for terms of three years. The school revenue is derived from rents of

property originally donated by the general government, from the State school fund, and from taxes of four mills on the dollar on city property, and the yearly income from these sources averages perhaps \$700,000. The school board has unlimited authority to tax to any amount. Between the district and the high schools there is a period of seven years, during which the pupil acquires a symmetrical development admirably fitting him for the solid instruction which the finishing school can offer. But out of forty thousand children enrolled upon the public school list, only about two and a half per cent. enters the high school. The feature of German-English instruction has become exceedingly popular, and the number of pupils belonging to the classes increased from 450, in 1864-5, to 10,246, in 1871-2. The phonetic system of learning to read was introduced in the primary schools in 1866, and has been attended with the most gratifying results. The city acted wisely in introducing the study of German, as otherwise the Teutonic citizen would doubtless have been tempted to send his child to a private school during his early years. Now native American children take up German reading and oral lessons at the same time as their little German fellow-scholars; and in the high school special stress is laid upon German instruction in the higher grades, that the pupils may be fitted for a thorough examination of German science and literature. The growth of St. Louis is so rapid that the school board is compelled annually to build several large new school buildings, each capable of containing from seven to eight hundred pupils. The introduction of natural science into the district schools is indicative of liberal progress. Normal schools in St. Louis and at Kirksville and Warrensburg are annually equipping a splendid corps of teachers. The public school system throughout the State is exceedingly popular, judging from the fact that a quarter of a million of children attend the schools during the sessions. The State fund appropriated to school purposes is usually large, and although there have been objections to local taxation for school support in some of the counties, the taxes have generally been promptly paid. The largest and finest edifices in such flourishing cities as St. Joseph, Kansas City, Sedalia, Clinton, Springfield, Mexico, Louisiana and Booneville are usually the "school-houses;" and in

Kansas City, which was without railroad communication in 1865, the school buildings are now as complete, elegant and large as any in Boston or Chicago. The School of Design in St. Louis, conducted by Mr. Conrad Diehl, is rapidly growing, and has already won enviable praise in the most cultured art circles of the East.

The Catholic population within the archdiocese of St. Louis is certainly very large, probably numbering two hundred thousand persons; and from this population at least twenty-five thousand children are furnished to the one hundred parish schools attached to the various churches in the diocese. None of these schools receive any aid from the common school fund, and the pupils are in every way removed from the influences of secular education, and made a class by themselves. It is estimated that the Catholics now own more than four millions of dollars worth of church and school property in Missouri, and in their various colleges, convents, seminaries and academies in St. Louis and the other large cities of the State they have at least fifteen hundred students. They have kept well abreast of the tide of secular education, and bid it open defiance on all occasions, while the sceptical and easy-going German laughs at their zealotry, and the American closes his eyes to their growing power. Vast as is the growth of colleges and schools of various other denominations, such as the Baptist, the Methodist, and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Catholics keep even with them all. Ever since old Gribault, the first pastor in St. Louis, led his little flock of five hundred Frenchmen to the altar, Mother Church has been bold, dominant, defiant in the young capital of the West.

I was especially interested in "Washington University" at St. Louis, conducted by Rev. Dr. Eliot, so long pastor of the First Unitarian Church in that city. The institution has had a superb growth since its founding in 1853-4, despite the unfortunate intervention of the war, and now has more than eight hundred students in its various branches. Nourished by generous gifts from the East, it has made great progress in its departments of civil and mechanical engineering, mining and metallurgy, and architecture, and its law department is ably supported. To that section of the University devoted to the special



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY—ST. LOUIS.

education of women, known as "Mary Institute," the flower of Missourian girlhood annually repairs. The University seems to have had an almost mushroom growth; yet its culture is solid and substantial, and its preparatory schools are crowded with ambitious and aspiring students. The State University is located at Columbia, and has also been characterized by a remarkable growth since the war. During the struggle its buildings were occupied by United States troops, and its sessions were entirely broken up; the library was dispersed, the warrants of the institution were afloat at a discount, and various prejudices had nearly ruined it. At last Rev. Dr. Daniel Read took the presidency; and the re-organized University comprises a Normal college, an agricultural and mechanical college, opened in 1870, law and medical schools, and a department of chemistry, and now has attached to it a "school of mines and metallurgy," established at Rolla, in South-eastern Missouri. Into this mining school students will flock from all directions, and turn their attention towards a scientific development of the mineral resources of the State. Women have finally been admitted to the University, and at the commencement of 1872, a young lady was advanced to the baccalaureate grade in science.

The midsummer heats, during which I visited the Exchange of St. Louis, seem to make but little difference with the ardor and energy of its members. The typical

July day in the Missourian capital is the acme of oppressive heat; before business hours have begun the sun pours down bewildering beams on the current of the great river, on the toiling masses at the levee, and along the airless streets rising from the water side. The ladies have done their shopping at an early hour, and gone their ways; paterfamilias seeks his Avernus of an office, clad only in thinnest of linen, and with a palm-leaf fan in his hand; a misty aroma of the cool-scented ices of Hellery or Gregory floats before him as he seats himself at his desk, and turns over the voluminous correspondence from far Texas, from the vexed Indian Territory, from the great Northwest, from Arkansas, or from the hosts of river towns with which the metropolis does business. At eleven the sun has become withering to the unaccustomed Easterners, but the St. Louis paterfamilias coolly dons his broad straw hat, and, proceeding to the "Merchants' Exchange," a huge circular room into which the thirteen hundred members vainly try each day to cram themselves, he makes his way to the corner allotted to his branch of trade, and patiently swelters there until nearly one o'clock. In this single room every species of business is transacted; one corner is devoted to flour, a second to grain, a third to provisions, a fourth to cotton, etc. A whirlwind of fans astonishes the stranger spectator; people mop their foreheads and swing their palm-leaves hysterically as they conclude bargains; and, as they saunter away together to lunch, still

vigorously fan and mop. The tumult and shouting is not so great as in other large cities, but the activity is the same; and from time to time the laborers go to refresh themselves at great cans filled with sulphur water. But in a few years the magnificent new Exchange building, which will, in many respects, be the finest on the continent, will rise, and trade will not only be classified, but will have far greater facilities for public transactions than at present.

St. Louis has determined to become a leading cotton market, and, in view of the new railroad development ministering directly to her, it seems probable that she will take position among the cotton marts of the world. The opening of Northern Texas, and of the whole of Arkansas to immediate connection by rail with the Missourian capital, and the probability—alas, for the faithlessness of nations!—of white settlement and increase of cotton culture in the Indian Territory, will give a back country capable of producing millions of bales annually for St. Louis to draw upon. She will eventually become a competitor with Houston, Galveston, and New Orleans for the distribution of the crop of the Southwest, and has already, as she believes, received sufficient encouragement to justify the building of large storehouses along the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad. A good deal of the cotton once handled in New Orleans has lately been going to New York by rail, and the St. Louis merchants and factors are now using a new "compress," by means of which 24,000 pounds of cotton can be placed in a single freight car. The city is now receiving only forty to sixty thousand bales annually, but confidently counts on several hundred thousand as soon as it has perfected its arrangements for transportation. It will, without doubt, control the cotton in certain sections of Arkansas, and the southern portions of Missouri, and can make very seductive bids for the crops of many sections of Texas. To draw the attention of cotton-growers towards the St. Louis market, the Agricultural Association recently offered premiums of \$10,000 for the best specimens of various grades of cotton. The Atlantic and Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the St. Louis and South-eastern, the Cairo and Fulton, the Mobile and Ohio, and the Iron Mountain roads will probably bring large quantities of cotton to St. Louis in the future. The testimony of



"THE TRACKS"—PILOT KNOB."

many of the planters of Northern Texas is that their shipments to St. Louis have been far more satisfactory than those to Galveston.

St. Louis is emphatically the railroad center of the Mississippi Valley, and is the actual terminus of no less than fourteen important railroads, while at least thirty are pointed at her gates. By all the railroads and by river routes she received, in 1872, nearly four millions of tons of freight, being a vast increase over her receipts of 1871, and shipped 2,009,941 tons. In 1872 the railroads alone brought her nearly 800,000 tons of coal. In 1872 she expended \$7,000,000 in new buildings, and in 1873 about \$8,000,000.

Through her vast elevators, four of which are located along the banks of the Mississippi, and one of which has a capacity of two millions of bushels, passed more than twenty-eight millions of bushels of grain in 1872; and in 1873 the receipts and exports were largely increased over this figure. She contributed \$2,500,000 in duties from her custom-house in 1872: manufactured in 1873 1,384,180 barrels of flour, and received nearly that number by various rail and river routes; received 279,678 cattle, and shipped 188,306; imported and exported more than a million swine; took nearly thirty thousand bales of hemp into market; handled hundreds of millions of feet of lumber, shingles and lathes, drifted down from the Upper Mississippi, the Black and the Wisconsin rivers; and consummated vast bargains in wool, hides and tobacco.

The river trade has many peculiar features, and is subject to a thousand fluctuations and adversities which make it, at all times, hazardous. For many years past the steamboat men have had unprofitable sea-



IN THE CUT AT IRON MOUNTAIN.

sons to bewail. Their especial enemies have been low water and railroad competition. It would seem from a glance at published statistics, that the railways are gradually absorbing the carrying trade of the Mississippi Valley; but such is not the case. The rivers still remain the principal arteries of commerce; and the moment that low water is reached, or ice closes navigation, the greatest depression is visible in St. Louis; trade is at an absolute standstill. The Mississippi is the main outlet possessed by the city for her supplies for southern consumers. In view of this fact, it is of the greatest importance that the Mississippi should receive the improvements so much needed between the mouths of the Missouri and the Ohio. A formidable system of dykes and dams, it is confidently believed, would make open navigation throughout the year feasible.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the picturesqueness and vivacity of the river trade; it must be seen. One learns to appreciate the real volume of the current of the "Father of Waters" only after he learns something of the multitude of boats, barges and rafts found on its



"THE DUMPS"—IRON MOUNTAIN.

ample breast. Every conceivable variety of river boat grates its keel against the St. Louis levee: the floating palace, the "Great Republic;" the "Natchez," or the "Robert E. Lee;" the strong, flat bottomed Red River packet; the cruisers of the Upper Mississippi and of the turbid Missouri: the great processions of barges, laden with coal and iron and lead and copper ore; the huge arks of the Transportation Company, each capable of concealing a hundred thousand bushels of grain within its capacious bosom; and rafts of every size and shape are scattered along the giant stream, yet seem but like chips and straws on a mountain brook. Nearly three thousand steamboat arrivals are annually registered at the port of St. Louis. Drifting down on the logs come a rude and hardy class of men, who chafe under city restraint and now and then require stern management. Sometimes one of these figures, suddenly arriving from the ancient forests on the rivers above, creates a sensation by striding through a fashionable street, his long hair falling about his wrinkled and weather-beaten face, and his trusty rifle slung at his shoulder.

When the "ice gorges" come, the steamboatmen on these upper waters of the Mississippi suffer. Faces are dark with anxiety every day, black with fear at the news of each fresh disaster. Even the dreaded "low water," with all the dangers of "snags" and sunken wrecks, is not so much to be feared as one of the great ice sweeps which, with its glittering teeth, will in a few moments grind hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property to atoms. In December the Mississippi at St. Louis is sometimes closed by ice, and hundreds of teams cross to and from the Illinois shore upon the natural bridge over

the stream; suddenly there is the breaking up,—a gorge,—and dozens of boats, with their cargoes, are swept away and annihilated. Then come the stories of romantic and hairbreadth escapes; the population along the banks are mad with excitement over the pending fate of some unfortunate family swept out into the current when the

ice breaks up, and steamboat owners hardly dare look in a newspaper. But the record of the disasters even is not without its grim humor. In 1872 there were over five hundred and fifty disasters on the Mississippi river and her tributaries—by few of which, however, was there any loss of life. But the destruction of property is annually enormous. It occurs in almost every conceivable manner. One can hardly repress a smile at the announcements, in the terse, expressive language of the river, that "Phil. Sheridan broke loose at St. Louis," "Hyena broke her engine," "Lake Erie ran through herself," "Mud Hen blew up at Bellevue," "Enterprise broke a wrist at Cairo," "Andy Johnson blew out a joint near Alton," "Wild Cat sunk a barge at Rising Sun," "Humming Bird smashed a shaft," "St. Francis broke her doctor," "Daniel Boone crowded on shore by ice," or "John Kilgour, trying to land at Evansville, broke nine arms."* The rivermen have not been satisfied to confer upon their beloved craft the names of heroes and saints; but they rake up all fantastic cognomens which the romance of the centuries, or the slang of the period can afford, and bestow them upon clumsy and beautiful crafts alike, while they pay but little regard to incongruities of gender or class; the "Naiad" may be a coal barge, and the "Dry Docks" a palace steamer. The ice makes short work of even the largest cargoes; the river will swallow up several hundred thousand bushels of coal or grain as if it were the merest bagatelle, while the gorges gape for more.

Hundreds of barges annually leave St. Louis for Pittsburg, carrying loads of iron ore *via* the Ohio river. It is a long and wild journey, moving slowly upon the treacherous currents of the two great rivers, the men on the barges sometimes living for

nearly a month without going upon shore, feeding upon rude fare, and cuddling with their families in little cabins in the boat's great sides, like the Belgian canal-men. About Carondelet dozens of these barges are always moored, waiting the freights which pour into them from the mines in the south-east of the State. As soon as river navigation throughout the Mississippi Valley has been properly improved, the river trade of St. Louis will be quadrupled, and it can no longer be said, as it was in 1873, that the blockade at the Mississippi's mouth was so great that New Orleans alone had tobacco enough awaiting transportation to its purchasers in Europe to freight at one time twenty of the largest merchant ships which ever crossed the Atlantic ocean.

I have spoken of Carondelet; let us peer into the busy suburban ward which still clings so fondly to its old French name. The drive thither from the city carries you past the Arsenal, where government now and then has a few troops, and past many a pretty mansion, into the dusty street of a prosaic manufacturing town, near the bank of the Mississippi. Descending toward the water side from the street you find every available space crowded with mammoth iron and zinc furnaces, with immense uncouth structures of iron, wood, and glass, in which half-naked men, their bodies smeared with perspiration and coal dust, are wheeling about blazing masses of metal, or guiding the pliant iron bars through rollers and moulds, or cooling their heated faces and arms in buckets of

water brought up fresh from the stream. Here, in a zinc furnace, half a dozen Irishmen wrestle with the long puddling rods which they thrust into the seventy-times-seven heated furnaces; the green and yellowish flames from the metal are reflected on their pale and withered features, and give them an almost unearthly expression. Farther on, the masons are toiling at the brick work of a new blast furnace, which already rears its tall towers a hundred feet above the Mississippi shore; not far thence you may see the flaming chimney of the quaint old Carondelet furnace—the first built in all that section; or may linger for hours in such immense establishments as the South St. Louis or Vulcan Iron Works, fancying them the growth of half a century of patient upbuilding, until you are told that nearly every establishment has been created since the war. The Vulcan Iron Works, which now employs twelve hundred men in its blast furnaces and rolling mills, overspreads seventeen acres, boasts \$600,000 worth of machinery, and has two furnaces smelting twenty-five thousand tons of ore annually, while its rolling mill can turn out 45,000 tons of rail in a year, was not in existence in 1870, indeed there was not a brick laid on the premises. There is nothing else so wonderful as this in the South or South-west; Kansas City, in the north-western part of the State, is the only other place in Missouri which can show such material progress. The little *Rivière des Pères*, where the holy Catholic fathers once had a mission among the Osage Indians, empties into the Mississippi, close

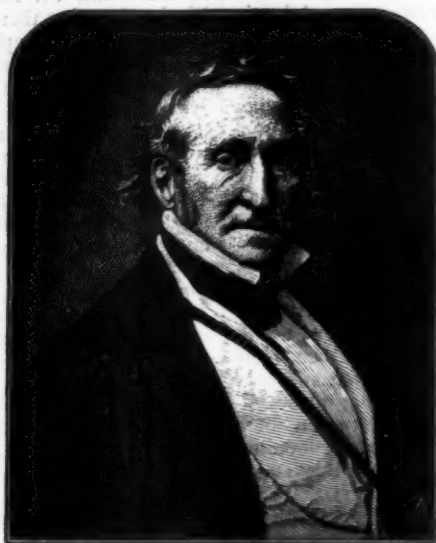
beside the Vulcan Iron Works; its banks are piled high with coal and refuse. The fathers would know it no more. They would stare aghast at the great thousand horse-power pump; at the myriads of fiery snakes crawling about on the floors of the rolling mill; at the regiments of Irish laborers, the cautious groups about the doors of the sputtering blast furnace, and the molten streams pouring into the sandbeds to form into "pigs" of iron; and could hardly credit the statement that Carondelet furnaces alone can manufacture 140,000 tons of iron yearly.



THE SUMMIT OF PILOT KNOB.

This sudden and marked progress at Carondelet is significant. Such amazing growth is indicative of a splendid future. The heart of the republic, the great commonwealth of Missouri, is to be the England of to-morrow. The elder England is fading out; her iron-fields are exhausted; and her producers growl because American iron-masters can at last undersell those of England. Missouri's stores are inexhaustible. There are a thousand railroads locked up in the great coffers of the Iron Mountain. A thousand iron ships lie dormant in the ore pockets scattered along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway; a million fortunes await the hun-

than it is in the cheapest furnaces in Wales. The four or five millions which St. Louis now has invested in the manufacture of pig-iron will, in a few years, become forty or fifty, and the furnaces in South-eastern Missouri, and the ore sent from them and smelted in the Pennsylvania furnaces will girdle the world. The aggregate production of pig-iron in Missouri furnaces in 1870 was 54,000 tons; in 1880 it will be ten times that amount, for the capacity of Carondelet alone in 1873 was nearly three times as much as that of the whole State three years ago.* If St. Louis, unaided by any special interest, could increase the value of her manufactured products from



THOMAS H. BENTON.

ters who shall come and take them. Missouri is one of the future great foundries of the world; the coal-fields of Indiana and Illinois are near at hand; the earth is stored with hematites; the hills are seamed with speculars; the work has already begun in earnest. Enough good iron ought to be produced from Missouri ores and Illinois coal to supply the wants of the United States henceforth, and at the rate at which furnaces are at present multiplying throughout the State, this consummation will be reached. All the conditions for a favorable competition with England have at last been arrived at, for the cost of labor in Missouri furnaces to-day is but a trifle more

\$27,000,000 in 1860 to more than \$100,000,000 in 1870, what may she not be expected to accomplish with the Iron Mountain at her back in the decade at whose very beginning she has demonstrated such wonderful capacity for progress?

How long, before, with proper investment of capital, St. Louis may be the center of a region producing as many millions of tons of pig iron annually as are now produced in England? As she has begun

* The coal used at Carondelet comes from the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and a new bridge across the stream at that point is contemplated, that the high prices charged during the icy season may be avoided.

—less than twenty years would allow her to arrive at that pinnacle of commercial glory; and at that epoch, even the good Reavis, the enthusiast of Missouri, the apostle of St. Louis, would be willing to receive his *nunc dimittis*.

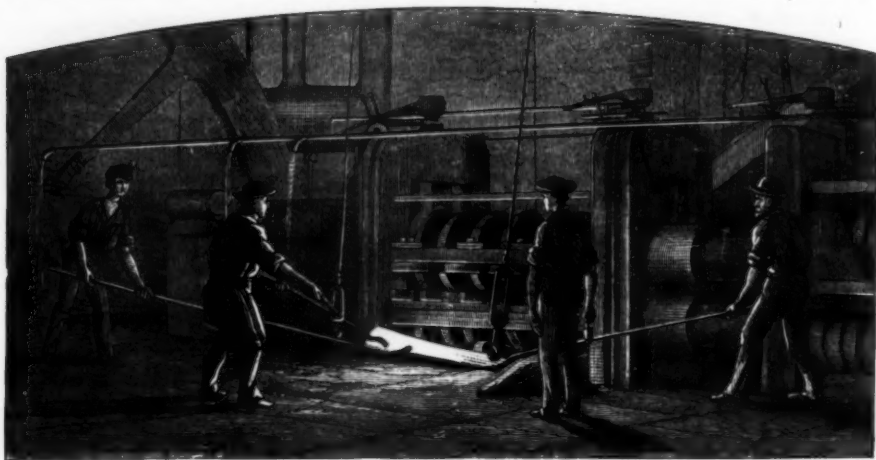
I will not take for my model the ingenious individuals who have lightened the *ennui* of their leisure by computing, upon a highly speculative basis, the exact number of tons of ore contained in the famous Iron Mountain. But there is no doubt that the term inexhaustible can with justice be applied to its stores. Certain acute English witnesses have recently, after a careful survey, declared that the coal and iron deposits of Alabama are now the most deeply interesting material facts on the American continent. Whether or not this statement is at all influenced by the knowledge that numerous investments in Alabama's iron fields have been made by Englishmen, or by ignorance of the quantity and quality of the ore in Missouri, I do not know; but there is no doubt that the latter state may certainly claim an equal share in the interest which her wealthy sister of the South has awakened, so far as the value of her deposits is concerned. It is said that the hematites of Alabama, which yield fifty-six per cent. of metallic iron, will compare favorably with the best ores of Cumberland and the North of Spain; what shall we say, then, of the ores of Missouri, which in many cases boast a proven yield of sixty-six per cent.? The main iron region of Missouri is situated in the south-east and southern portions of the state, and the greater portion of it is adjacent and directly tributary to St. Louis. The hundreds of thousands of tons of ore annually sent out of the state to be smelted all pass through or near the great city.

My visit to the Iron Mountain had been resolved upon before I entered Missouri; but my wildest ideas of its importance were none too exaggerated for the reality. The "mountain" is situated eighty-one miles south-west of St. Louis, on the Arkansas branch of the Iron Mountain railroad. The route thither in summer time is charming. The railroad runs so near to the banks of



THE CAPITOL AT JEFFERSON CITY.

the Mississippi (there high and rugged), that nervous people, not fascinated by the grand outlook over the current, may confess to a tremor now and then. But the exquisite shapes of the foliage on the one bank, and the great expanse of the "bot-toms" on the other, made a pleasing picture, to which the dazzling sheen of the broad sheet of smoothly flowing water, bearing lightly forward the white steamers and the dark, flat barges, lent a strange charm. From Bismarck, a pretty little station among pleasant fields, it was but a brief ride to Iron Mountain station, the town which has grown up out of the mining interests managed and owned in these later years by Chouteau, Harrison and Vallé. Three of the wealthiest families in Missouri are represented in the ownership of this and the adjacent region, and each has been much interested in the material development of the State. The "mountain," which rises rather abruptly from a beautiful valley, land-locked and filled with delicious fields, was originally rather more than two hundred feet high, and its base covers an area of five hundred acres. All the country round about is still crowded with reminiscences of Spanish domination. The names of some of the counties and towns call up French and Spanish souvenirs; and the "King's Highway," running through St. François county, is still often called by its original name. The people in the vicinity are quiet and usually well-to-do farmer folk, and look upon the mountain as the most wonderful of natural phenomena. The French and Spaniards seem never to



AT THE VULCAN IRON WORKS—CARONDELET.

have suspected the rich nature of the queerly shaped elevation and its surroundings; for the original possessor, Joseph Pratte, who obtained it by a grant from Zenon Trudeau, the Spanish governor, in September of 1797, mentions in his petition for a grant that the land is sterile, and only fit for grazing. Pratte's grant composed some twenty thousand arpents, or seventeen thousand English acres, and from his hands it became the property of Van Doren, Pease & Co., who were recognized as the Iron Mountain Company in 1837. Congress had meantime confirmed the Spanish grants. In 1843 the American Iron Mountain Company took the place of the above-mentioned firm. August Belmont, of New York, was among the subscribers to the capital stock, which was \$273,000; and James Harrison, of St. Louis, one of the most energetic iron workers of the West, was its first president. For many years the investments of the original companies did not pay, and the investors were sneered at as guilty of an act of folly. In those days the Iron Mountain Railroad was not, and all the ore dug out was hauled painfully forty-five miles in carts to the ancient town of St. Genevieve. But when pig iron became worth \$85 per ton, there was no lack of energy in examining the real resources of the mountain, and since 1862 the company has taken millions of tons of ore from the surface and from the deep incisions made in the hill-sides. The ores there, as throughout the section, are mainly rich specular oxides, and were originally

pronounced too rich to work. Even to this day the surface specimens are plenteous, and one could readily pick up a cart-load of lumps all ready for the furnace. In the deep cuts and along the mountain sides more than one thousand men were at work; Irishmen, Swedes and Germans predominated. The mountain is composed almost exclusively of iron in its purest form, and the regiment of laborers mine ore enough to load one hundred and twenty-five cars, carrying ten tons each, daily, and to supply two furnaces of large capacity, established at the base of the mountain. A century of hammering at the hill's sides will not bring it level with the valley, and the ore is so intermingled even with the earth, that I found a number of stout Swedes washing it very much as gold is washed for, and extracting tons which, in more careless days, had been thrown away. Iron Mountain is a typical Missouri mining town. It was mainly built up by Hon. John G. Scott, of St. Louis, an ex-Congressman, and largely identified with all the iron interests of that section. Mr. Edwin Harrison, the present president, and one of the principal owners, is an accomplished metallurgist, one of the most active business men in the South-west, and interested in a dozen large and successful enterprises connected with the development of metal. Both at Iron Mountain and at Irondale, as well as at other mining towns which I visited, the workmen have built handsome cottages, and liquor and the other debasing influences

sometimes found at mines are beyond their reach.

There was a subtle charm about the roar and ominous hum of the great furnaces after dark, when the clink of the hammers and the noise of the blasting on the mountain had ceased, and darkness had shrouded the little valley. The chimneys of the "blasts" glowed like dragons' eyes; the semi-nude figures flitting in the huge, open sheds, before the doors of the furnaces, looked like demons. When the blast was ready to be drawn off, and the masses of broken and carefully selected ore, together with the requisite charcoal and limestone, had been transfused in the fearful heat, the workmen gathered half timorously about the aperture whence the molten iron was to flow, and gave it vent. Then first sprang out a white current—the slag, looking like gypsum, and hardening as it touched the sand. Finally came the deep fiery glow of the iron itself, as it flowed resistlessly down the channels cut in the sand to receive it, from time to time fiercely hissing, and lighting up the great stone vault of the furnace with an unearthly glare, then "dying into sullen darkness," and forming the cold, hard, homely bars which are one day rolled into the rails by means of which we annihilate distance, and build cities like St. Louis.

The whole region round about is rich in mines and minerals. A few miles below Iron Mountain rises Pilot Knob, a stately peak, towering far above the lovely Ozark range, which surrounds it in every direction; and from the porphyry there and on Shepherd Mountain great quantities of ore are extracted. It is the boast of the people of the section that Iron County, in which lie Shepherd, Arcadia and Boggy mountains and the Knob, contains more iron than any other equal area known on the globe. From this valley more than one hundred thousand tons of iron have been shipped since the formation of the Pilot Knob Iron Company. The works there and elsewhere in this section were much injured, and some of them were burned, during the war, by Price's raiders. The silicious and magnetic and specular oxides found in the Pilot Knob and Shepherd Mountain region are abundant and pure. The specular oxides abound in Dent, Crawford, Phillips and Pulaski counties. The beds of bog ore extend for miles among the swamps and cypresses in South-eastern Missouri; and hematite ores are

found in almost every county in the south of the state. Throughout the coal measures of the commonwealth there are vast beds of spathic ore, which will serve even when the more available deposits have been exhausted.

And this is not all. For miles and miles along the Missouri river iron crops out from the bold and picturesque bluffs, and it is estimated that it can be easily mined and placed in barges for less than a dollar per ton. On the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad also, vast deposits of blue specular are gradually being unearthed. At Scotia, at Sullivan, at Jamestown, at Salem, the treasures of iron are astonishing. Missouri should take care to keep the furnaces for smelting these ores within her borders, for pig iron and Bessemer steel can to-day be made cheaper there, at the present prices of labor and coal, than in Pennsylvania. The policy of transporting the ores from these fresh fields to the furnaces in the Quaker State, whose occupation is gone, seems neither wise nor economical, if America desires or intends to one day supply Europe with the ore which she is beginning to clamor for. The stores of coal match those of iron; it was long



STATUE OF BENTON IN LAFAYETTE PARK, ST. LOUIS.

ago estimated that Missouri had an area of twenty-six thousand square miles of coal beds between the mouth of the Des Moines River and the Indian Territory; and along all the railroads in Northern Missouri, and beside the Missouri Pacific, coal veins have proved very extensive.

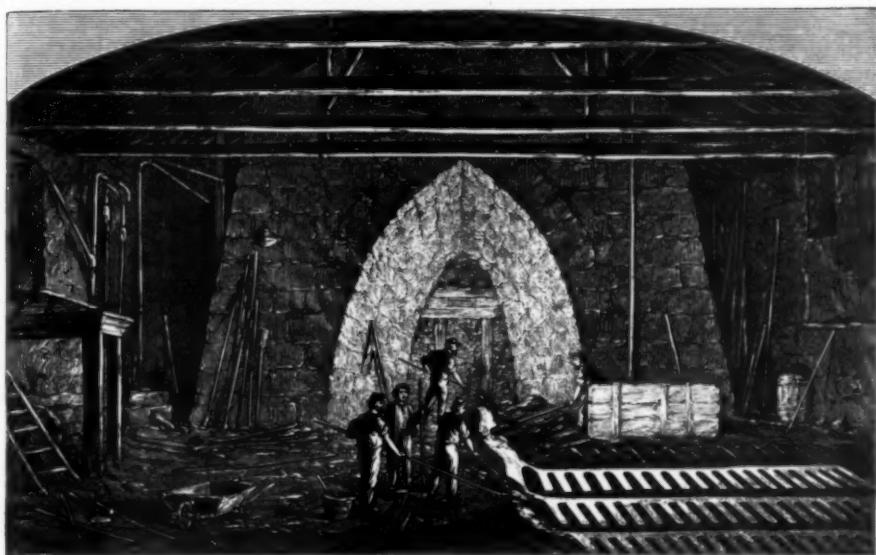
The development of the lead mines of Missouri is full of romance. More than three hundred years ago De Soto carelessly passed them by, disdaining any thing save gold. One hundred and fifty years ago Renault and La Motte hunted in the Ozark hills for the precious metal, but only found lead, and to-day La Motte's mine is still called by his name. As early as 1819 the annual yield of the lead mines in the State was three millions of pounds; in 1870 the annual production amounted to nearly fourteen millions; and in 1872 it had risen to over 20,000,000. The revival of the lead mining interest, in 1872, created almost as much excitement in certain sections as if gold had been in question. The largest investments were made in South-western and Central Missouri: old mines were reopened, new machinery was hurried in, and in Jasper County, a wild section on the borders of Kansas and the Indian Territory, a new town sprang up as by magic in the midst of a section where lead lay near the surface. There was genuine Californian excitement: furnaces, stores, shops, hotels, and churches arose on Joplin Creek,

and the town of "Joplin" was born. An impulse was there given to the lead production of Missouri, which will not be deadened until the imports of lead from Europe to this country have been vastly reduced. The area of the lead region comprises nearly seven thousand square miles. In the neighborhood of Jasper and Newton counties are large stores of zinc ores, supposed to extend into the Indian Territory. In the counties of St. François and Madison there is a fine vein of lead, of great length, thrown broadcast through limestone strata. Upon this vein are the splendid properties of the Mine la Motte Company. Most of the lead in that vicinity, and in Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Crawford, Phelps, Dent, and other counties, carries cobalt and nickel in abundance, and not far away, brown hematite iron ores are found in profusion. The extension of the Iron Mountain and the Atlantic and Pacific Railroads through the mineral regions has done more for the future development of the State than all other efforts put together. In a few years both roads will be lined with furnaces and mines of all descriptions, and will extend branches in every direction. Several varieties of copper are found in the State, and the mines in Shannon, Madison, and Franklin counties have been worked successfully. New discoveries of zinc ore are daily made in all sections: cobalt, nickel, manganese, tin, and marble are also found. The Ozark marbles of Missouri are already famous; they aid in the adornment of the national capital. Excellent building limestones—coarse reddish granite, which answers very well for large buildings, and various shades of sandstones—are to be found in all quarters.

But the iron and coal interests tributary to St. Louis dominate all others, and give the finest promise. It is evident that Missouri is about to enter in earnest upon one of the greatest industrial fields in the world as a formidable competitor. She has cheap food in a strong new country, rapidly receiving emigration; ores of surpassing richness lying close to the surface; coal in vast areas, and easily mined—coal, too, which does not require coking before it aids in the smelting of iron ore; an economical system of inter-communication by river and rail; and plenty of money lying in the strong boxes of the fathers of St. Louis. The time is coming when that capital, which has so long lain dormant,



THE GRATIOT STREET PRISON—ST. LOUIS.



THE FURNACE—IRON MOUNTAIN.

will be awakened, and turned into the service of the industry that is to make St. Louis a city with a million inhabitants in less than a generation.

Here we are again at Carondelet—passing the long ore trains hourly arriving from the Iron Mountain. What crowding, what noise and clang of machinery, what smoke and stench of coal! Here the workmen, with thick leather aprons about their waists, and gloves on their hands, are bringing the bars of pig-iron from some blast furnace, and cording them up by hundreds. Here is a crowd of perturbed Irish laborers, shrieking and dancing around a prostrate man, whose limbs have been scarred and seared by a sudden spurt of hot iron from the furnace. Some comrades are bending over him, cutting away his garments with their knives, while the iron consumes his flesh. Then they roll his limbs in ashes and water, and send for the doctor.

From Carondelet let us return cityward by another route, climbing the hill which leads to Grand Avenue, and then wandering up a country road to a vineyard, and a "garden-close" among beautiful shrubbery. The country round about is covered with vineyards, or rich corn and other grain fields. Returning to Grand Avenue, you may drive through the new "Tower Grove Park," with its pretty arbors, rustic houses, and bosquets of trees; past La-

fayette Park, much like one of the great squares in the West End of London, and, rattling through street after street, lined with elegant houses, at last descend towards the banks of the river, and the business section of the town. Although the suburbs of St. Louis are not remarkable, there are many attractive parks and parklets near at hand. The superb botanical garden known as "Shaw's," adjoining the "Tower Grove Park," is the especial pride of Missouri. The Forest Park, containing fourteen hundred acres, clothed in delicious foliage, dotted with elms, oak, ash and sycamores, festooned with grape vines, and watered by the capricious little *Rivière des Pères*, is not as yet improved, but will doubtless be the principal recreation ground of the city in time. Lindell, Belmont, and the Park of Fruits are all beautiful; and the park upon which the famous St. Louis fair is annually held, has many lovely winding walks, garden-spots, and knots of shrubbery. To this fair-ground every October hundreds of thousands of visitors flock from the whole Mississippi Valley; and the vast amphitheater, which will seat twenty-five thousand people, is daily crowded by a constantly changing audience. St. Louis worships annually one day at the shrine of this fair, which is mechanical as well as agricultural in its scope. All business is suspended; schools are closed, and a spe-

cies of high carnival is inaugurated at the fair grounds. Inside the amphitheater there is a huge procession of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, at which the good burghers look on something after the fashion of ancient Romans at the Coliseum.

After you have wandered the whole city over—dined at Porcher's and loitered in the pleasant parlors of the "University Club;" been to concerts at Uhrig's and to mass in the old Cathedral; inspected the plafonds and other gorgeous splendors of the palace in which the St. Louis Life Insurance Company transacts its business; seen Benton on his pedestal in Lafayette Park; visited the burial grounds of beautiful Bellefontaine; dived into the great vaults of the Imperial Wine Company, where a million bottles of native champagne lie always cooling; done reverence to the Water Works, where two powerful engines each force the Mississippi river to contribute seventeen millions of gallons daily to supply the wants of the city; had a peep at the prisons of the "Four Courts," and even been a looker-on at the morning matinee, locally known as "The Terrible Court," where a police judge dispenses justice, sends vagrants to the workhouse for a thousand days, and suspicious characters across the river in twenty minutes; explored the score of mammoth foundries, where iron is manufactured in every form, from gas-piping to architectural work for houses; noted the dome of the imposing Court House,—a kind of miniature "St. Paul's,"—and climbed the hill at the city's back, on which the ungainly Lunatic Asylum stands;—after all this, you may look about you for amusement, and be surprised to find that a city of four hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants cannot boast a first-class theater,* and is compelled to have its opera season in a second-rate variety hall. If you insist on being amused, however, you can read the editorial columns of the leading newspapers, and note the playful animosity which evidently guides the editorial pens. But you may also get a lesson or two in journalism, for St. Louis is as rich in journals as it is poor in theaters, and *The Democrat*, *The Republican*, *The Globe*, and *The Times* can all show admirably equipped establishments. The *Republican* building is one of the most elegant and complete



ST. LOUIS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

newspaper offices in the world; there is but one in the country which equals it, and that is in New York. *The Democrat* is a Republican journal, and *The Republican* is Democratic. The first number of *The Republican* was issued in 1868, as *The Gazette*, printed on a rude press of Western manufacture. It has twice arisen, an untiring phoenix, from the ruins of great fires. Mr. Knapp, its editor, was always an opponent of secession, and his paper might now be strictly classed as an opposition sheet. *The Democrat* was an early advocate of free soil principles, and a stout defender of the new Republican party in the troublesome times following the election of Buchanan. It is now ably managed by George W. Fishback, one of the leading journalists of the West. *The Globe* grew out of a division of interests in *The Democrat*; both it and *The Times* have grown up handsomely. *The Dispatch* and *The Journal* are evening papers, respectively Democratic and Republican. The religious and literary press of the city numbers several able periodicals, among which is *The Southern Review*, a quarterly of national reputation.

The higher intellectual life in St. Louis is not apparently as vigorous as that of many of the Eastern cities. The nature of its population prevents a large and symmetrical growth at present in that direction. The great mass of the population is either foreign born, or in the transition from the old to the new nationality; and the material growth of the city and country round

* There are several theatrical buildings, but there is no regularly organized theater.

about is so "fierce and vast"* that people have little time for abstractions, or for the graces and culture which come with literature and art. There are one or two promising artists, and Mr. Diehl and Mr. Pattison have done some good work. Some one has told me that no course of lectures has ever paid in St. Louis; this seems astonishing, if indeed, it be the fact. The libraries are numerous and good. The Mercantile is the largest, and its spacious rooms are adorned with statues by Miss Hosmer and other sculptors of note. Of course, the city boasts many splendid interiors and almost princely establishments. It could hardly fail to produce them, with a dry goods trade which, in 1872, aggregated fifty millions of dollars, and is steadily increasing at the rate of thirty per cent. yearly. Before the war the dry goods business engaged but from ten to twelve millions. The retail trade of one dry goods establishment in St. Louis now amounts to more than six million dollars annually, and there are two which boast a million, and four half-a-million each. The trade in groceries spreads over an immense section, and in this business there are three firms whose transactions amount to two millions each annually, and no less than seven which claim a million each. The sales of sugar by one of the principal sugar refinery companies amounted to 32,000,000 pounds in 1872, and yielded the Government nearly \$1,000,000 of revenue. The wholesale trade in hardware counts up several millions, and in 1871 seven wholesale firms reported sales varying from \$600,000 to \$150,000. More than one hundred million feet of lumber are usually on hand in the St. Louis markets. From five to seven million dollars are invested in leather manufactures, and the annual sales exceed fifteen millions. Three-fourths of all the sheetings sold in St. Louis are now manufactured in cotton mills in the Mississippi Valley, and St. Louis herself has invested capital in manufacturing textile fabrics for her own market. The gain that the city has made since the war is shown by the statement that in 1860 the capital invested in manufactures there was about \$13,000,000, while it is now nearly fifty millions. Fine churches, hospitals and many worthy charities show that much of

the profit from these immense businesses is properly employed. In the local and municipal politics there are but few excitements. The Germans are not so readily welcomed in official positions as they once were, because a pretty liberal exercise of power had revived their feeling of nationality rather too strongly, and they were making German blood an overweening qualification for office.

The present value of the property within the limits of St. Louis city is \$300,000,000. The bonded debt of the metropolis is a little over \$14,000,000; the floating debt is \$543,669; the amount of cash and assets now in the sinking fund, \$805,744. It is impossible in the limits of a paper of this description to give an exact statement of the amount of trade, and increase in wealth and manufactures. I have endeavored merely to show how vigorous and substantial that increase has been. New industries are constantly locating at St. Louis, or in its immediate vicinity; and a persistence is shown in their establishment which augurs grand results. The history of glass manufacture there has been one of disaster for many years; it is said that a million dollars has been sunk in unsuccessful efforts to establish it, but at last St. Louis has the credit of an establishment which can produce plate glass, said to be equal to the best of European manufacture.

St. Louis is, I believe, the only city in the United States which has adopted the Continental method of licensing the social evil, and there has been a great battle re-



CHRIST CHURCH—ST. LOUIS.

* See Gen. Walker's preface to last Census Report.



VIEW IN LAFAYETTE PARK—ST. LOUIS.

cently fought over it, in which church, society and the legislature have taken active parts. Mayor Brown, who is progressive and liberal in municipal matters, has sided with the license system, maintaining that it is the only means to the much desired end—reform and control of the fallen. The money received from license fees is devoted purely to the furthering of reformatory measures. The legislature has been induced to consider the matter seriously, and St. Louis may be compelled to relinquish a system which has been so much debated. At this writing, no decision has been made. Missouri maintains a State lottery, and that too has been somewhat discussed. It is honestly administered, but seems poor business for a State to lend its sanction to.

The Missouri river practically divides the State into northern and southern portions, flowing from west to east through the commonwealth; and north of the muddy, lazy stream lie the rich agricultural lands of which Missourians are so proud. Where the river first touches the Kansas line there is another instance of marvelous growth, still more wonderful, perhaps, than the progress of St. Louis. Kansas City, the young colossus bestriding the bold and irregular bluffs on the southern bank of the Missouri just below the mouth of the Kansas, was, in 1850, a shabby town, vainly

struggling upon the flats by the river side; it had once been a station for the wild "bullwhackers," who came to load their "prairie schooners" from the Missouri river boats; and even several years afterwards it was graceless enough to be thus touchingly classified by one of the rude men of the frontier: "There's no railroad west of Junction City, no law west of Kansas City, and no God west of Hay's City." During the war the forlorn and remote town suffered all kinds of evils; but in 1865 the Missouri Pacific railroad reached it. Then it sprang up!

Kansas City is now the terminus of nine splendid railroads, which stretch out their long arms over Kansas, Missouri, across the great desert to Colorado, give direct connection with Omaha, Chicago and the north, and tap Texas and her newly developed fields. The city seems to have sprung out of the ground by magic. Upon its scraggy bluffs, pierced in all directions by railroad tracks, more than forty thousand people have settled, and built miles of elegant streets, lined with fine warehouses, school and church edifices. They have bridged the Missouri, erected massive depots and stock-yards, fine hotels and many princely residences, and have two of the best newspapers in the Northwest. They control the market from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, have a valuation of \$42,000,000, instead of the one million which they boasted twelve years ago. The jobbing trade of the city alone amounts to \$17,000,000. The aggre-



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—ST. LOUIS.

gate deposits in the banking institutions in 1872 reached \$72,000,000. Eighty railway trains arrive and depart from the crowded depots daily. During the last seven months of 1871 two hundred thousand cattle were received in the stock-yards of the city. More beef is packed in Kansas City than in any other city in the United States. In the lower town, which lies down close to the Kansas line, a portion of it indeed being in Kansas, one sees throngs of drovers and cattle dealers; clouds of dust arise in the wake of the bellowing and plunging herds in transit; there is a lively stock market, where hundreds of persons are buzzing about from sunrise until sunset; and the railway lines ramify in so many directions, that a stranger's life is constantly in danger. Four great packing houses have facilities for taking the lives of two thousand cattle daily; their vast interiors, with hundreds of grimy and bloody butchers rending the vitals of the animals, and dexterously converting their flesh into carefully cured and packed provisions, is a spectacle as imposing as disagreeable. In 1872 more than twenty thousand cattle and one hundred and twenty thousand swine met their death at the hands of Kansas City butchers. As the eastern terminus of the great Texan cattle roads of the West alone, Kansas City can become one of the largest cities in the west. It is a busy, bustling town, in whose streets the elegantly dressed business man jostles against the slouching unkempt farmer from the back country; where the hearty currents of frontier rudeness meet and mingle with the smoothly flowing and resistless streams of business civilization. Energy is necessary—for, when a new street is to be laid out, a bluff has to be leveled; the town has only been fastened to its place by sheer audacity and tremendous pluck. Thousands of Germans and Jews have settled in all the region round about. The typical hard riding, hard drinking, blustering Missourian, who carries bowie-knife and revolver—the type of those adventurous knights who used to amuse themselves by crusading into Kansas, and committing "border-ruffian" outrages, is rarely to be seen; and when one turns up he feels so out of place in the roaring, trafficking town, that he turns his horse's head towards the open country again. Where in 1860 there was nothing to be seen but a desolate moor, now stands a depot through which a million

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI AT ST. LOUIS.



people annually pass. Kansas City will become, in twenty years, one of the great manufacturing centers of the country.

The influence and mark of Southern manners have vanished from the north-western sections of Missouri. A new type has arisen, and swept out of sight those who prevailed "befo' the waw." The same remark may be made of St. Louis. Once a thoroughly southern city in all its attributes, it is now cosmopolitan. In the northern and north-western portions of the State there are vast numbers of New England people; the tone of society and manners is a curious mixture of Colorado and Maine. In some of the counties there is wild life, and the enforcement of law is rather difficult; but such counties are the exceptions. The Missouri farmers can never allow a court to try a horse-thief; they always give him short shrift. Popular justice is very healthful in many instances, and keeps down future rascality.

Population is the prime need of Missouri. The agricultural resources of the State are immense. The river bottoms along the Missouri are as rich as the Valley of the Nile. In journeying beside them on the Missouri Pacific Railroad one sees immense spaces but recently cleared from the forests, in which there are hosts of log-cabins, and barns, with the omnipresent appendages of hog-yards, filled with dozens of swine; yellow corn-fields, acres on acres, extending as far as the eye can reach among the girdled trees; men and women cantering to market on bareback horses, grimy children staring at one from the zig-zag fences. The life is like the products of the soil, dusty and coarse; there is a flavor of corn and pork about it, but it is full of vigor. The country north of the Missouri river is rich, undulating prairie, watered by abundant streams. The Platte country is famous for hemp, grain, and superb stock, and, indeed, there is no section of Missouri which is not well adapted to stock raising. The climate is so mild that there is rarely any necessity of shelter for stock in the winter; the State is covered with a network of small streams; the grasses everywhere are rich, and grain-crops are un-failing. Millions of swine, sheep and cattle now roam over the vast swelling prairies. And the swine, I am sorry to say, roam with equal freedom in the streets of most of the towns. Millions of acres of good land south of the Osage river—a grand section for vineyards, sheep farms, and

fruit—can be had for from fifty cents to five dollars per acre. The bottom lands along the Mississippi river are all capable of cultivation, and are very rich. The staple products of the State, Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, tobacco, hay, grapes, wool and hemp,* grow luxuriantly, and yield largely.†

The foliage of the Missouri forests is exquisitely beautiful. The timber lines along the creeks, and the great woods, covering hundreds of acres, are alike charming. Even in sections where there has been no cultivation, one finds delicious lawns shaded by trees, as graceful and luxuriant as if the product of the care of centuries. The sycamores and oaks are of marvelous height, sometimes measuring 130 or 140 feet, and on all the forest monarchs hang graceful festoons of wild grape-vines, the trumpet-flower, and many pretty winding parasites. But the woodman's axe is rapidly annihilating these beautiful sylvan retreats. In the southeast of the state are enormous groves of yellow pine, in whose aisles wild animals still stalk fearlessly.

In journeying across the state along the line of the Kansas City and Northern railroad, I found dozens of little towns of the same unsubstantial outward appearance as those I had seen in Southwestern Missouri during our journey Texas-ward. The little villages seemed like those toy ones we play with in childhood, and were all of one general plan. "Saloon—Wines and Liquors" is always a conspicuous sign; and the hum and bustle of the town centers about the depot. These towns are the outgrowth of the railway; the older ones are more substantial and interesting. Lexington, Moberly and Mexico, are flourishing communities in the midst of fertile regions. St. Joseph is perhaps the most attractive, as it is the largest, in North-western Missouri. It is, in aspect, a New England town, and is built on hills along the Missouri river, hills which slope gently away until they reach rich prairies extending over thousands of acres. The sum total of its wholesale and retail trade averages twenty-five millions annually; it has costly hotels, theaters, churches, residences, a

* In 1870 Missouri produced nearly four million pounds of wool; more than a million pounds of honey; sorghum to the amount of 1,731,000 gallons, and a million gallons of wine.

† There are at present more than one hundred and fifty thousand farms in Missouri, and there is ample room for five times as many more.

mammoth bridge across the great river, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. From St. Joseph a railroad stretches across the state to Hannibal, another thriving city.

But this is a digression. These cities properly belong to the North-west, whose spirit they manifest, and whose manners and energy they represent. St. Louis and the country tributary to it, however, are Southern in interest, and must so remain. St. Louis will become one of the greatest clearing houses of the South. Its interests are allied with those of Texas, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, and the Mississippi Valley. Its rolling mills must make rails with which to lay Southern railroads, and its capital must build mills in which to manufacture Southern cotton. Along the Atlantic and Pacific Railway line must come a trade which will build St. Louis marvelously fast. Pierce City, Joplin, and dozens of other small towns, will become wealthy and important. Springfield, now pioneering in cotton manufacture, will be a great spindle center, like Lowell or Lawrence.

St. Charles, the little town nestled at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, looks charmingly picturesque seen from the high bridge over the Missouri. The houses are nearly all German in architecture, and their low, broad, sloping roofs are huddled into artistic groups. A few steamers lie at the levee, others drift lazily along the broad sheeny tide, between the rich green banks. The pretty town is really older than St. Louis, for as "*Village des Cotes*" it was settled two years before Laclède visited the site of St. Louis, and was once the seat of the State government, before the legislators betook themselves to the rather prosaic town of Jefferson City. Sainte Genevieve is another romantic old town, and a few venerable Frenchmen, lingering on the edge of these moving times, give many stories of the good old days when the trappers and *voyageurs* made the town a rendezvous, and the people of St. Louis came there to buy provisions. They cannot comprehend the grand movement which has made St. Louis a metropolis, and left their village to its primitive quiet. They see hundreds of steamers and barges slip down the broad current, and it seems to them all a dream.

There are many pretty, and some prosperous towns along the Mississippi, on the Missouri shore, between St. Louis and the

section opposite the Ohio's mouth. St. Mary's, Wittenberg, Cape Girardeau, are thriving settlements, indicating a vigorous growth in the back country, whence come dozens of rough farmers, mounted on tough horses, to see the boats come in, to get the mails and, mayhap, a little whisky. Southward of Cape Girardeau begins the "Great Swamp,"—a magnificent wilderness, extending southward to the mouth of the St. Francis river, a region picturesque enough in its wildness and desolation, as I saw it, when the giant stream had overflowed all the lowlands, and left nothing visible but a half-submerged forest. Cape Girardeau lies on a solid bed of marble, and is called the Marble City. New Madrid, a small and unimposing town in the south-eastern portion of the state, and on the river, is the scene of the colossal earthquake in 1811, when the whole land was moved and swayed like the ocean, and the tallest oaks were bent like reeds.

There are but four States in the Union which outrank Missouri in the amount of manufacturing done within their limits. Those States are New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio. It is true that Missouri and Illinois are so closely abreast that the supremacy is savagely disputed. The rate per cent. of increase in Missouri has, however, been 394 since the war, while that in Illinois has been but 257. There is an earnestness in the manner in which the Missourian declares his determination to place his State at the head of all others, which almost convinces one that he will do it. The cash value of the farm lands in the State is fully four hundred millions of dollars, and is steadily increasing. In 1872 the State produced almost one hundred million bushels of corn, nearly eight million bushels of wheat, and 17,000,000 bushels of oats. So uniting agriculture and the rapid development of manufactures, Missouri has a wonderful future before her. It is almost impossible to say exactly what the growth of any one section within her limits is. St. Louis certainly has considerably more than four hundred thousand inhabitants; the citizens claim 450,000 and, indeed, it is not improbable, judging from the rapidity with which the currents of immigration pour into it and through it. The people of Missouri have wisely left their capital in a small town, never entrusting it to the influences of a large metropolis, and at Jefferson City a legislature assembles, which is

usually, though not always, up to the level of the State's progress. Jefferson City itself is a prosperous town of seven thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Missouri river, 125 miles west of St. Louis. It has been the capital since 1828, the seat of government having previously been rather peripatetic, making visits to St. Louis, St. Charles and Marion. The State House occupies a bluff, over-hanging the river; the handsome residence of the Governor, a crowded penitentiary, the Lincoln Institute, and the Court House are the other public buildings. There is abundant and admirable lime-stone in the vicinity, and this alone, so well adapted to the construction of serviceable public buildings, may induce the Missourians to locate the capital permanently at "Jefferson." The Democrats

have been for some time in power, and have distinguished themselves rather by a lack of progressive legislation than by any tendency to undo the advance already made. The State withheld itself from the cause of secession, and the memorable phrase of Gov. Stewart, in his valedictory in 1861, shows the independence and good sense of the masses in the commonwealth: "Missouri will hold to the Union so long as it is worth the effort to preserve it. She cannot be frightened by the past unfriendly legislation of the North, nor dragooned into secession by the restrictive legislation of the extreme South." To-day the best spirit prevails; old enemies work side by side in the upbuilding, and the animosities of the past are buried under the impressive and fascinating opportunities of the present.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VII.

GIDEON SPILETT was standing motionless on the shore, his arms crossed, gazing over the sea, the horizon of which was lost in the east with a thick black cloud which was spreading rapidly toward the zenith. The wind was already strong, and increased with the decline of day. All the sky was of a threatening aspect, and the first symptoms of a violent storm were clearly visible.

Harbert entered the Chimneys, and Pencroff went towards the reporter. The latter, deeply absorbed, did not see him approach.

"We are going to have a dirty night, Mr. Spilett!" said the sailor: "Petrels delight in wind and rain."

The reporter, turning at the moment, saw Pencroff, and his first words were:—

"At what distance, from the coast, would you say the car was, when the waves carried off our companion?"

The sailor had not expected this question. He reflected an instant, and replied,—

"Two cables' lengths, at the most."

"But what is a cable's length?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"About a hundred and twenty fathoms, or 600 feet."

"Then," said the reporter, "Cyrus Smith must have disappeared twelve hundred feet at the most from the shore?"

"About that," replied Pencroff.

"And his dog also?"

"Yes."

"What astonishes me," rejoined the reporter, "while admitting that our companion has perished, is that Top has also met his death, and that neither the body of the dog nor of his master has been cast on the shore!"

"It is not astonishing, with such a heavy sea," replied the sailor. "Besides, it is possible that currents have carried them further down the coast."

"Then, it is your opinion that our friend has perished in the waves?" again asked the reporter.

"That is my opinion."

"My own opinion," said Gideon Spilett, "with due deference to your experience, Pencroff, is that in the double fact of the absolute disappearance of Cyrus and Top,

living or dead, there is something unaccountable and unlikely."

"I wish I could think like you, Mr. Spilett," replied Pencroff; "unhappily, my mind is made up on this point."

Having said this, the sailor returned to the Chimneys. A good fire crackled on the hearth. Harbert had just thrown on an armful of dry wood and the flame threw a bright light into the darkest parts of the passage.

Pencroff immediately began to prepare the dinner. It appeared best to introduce something solid in the bill of fare, for all needed to recruit their strength. The strings of couroucous were kept for the next day, but they plucked a couple of tétras, which were soon spitted on a stick, and roasting before a blazing fire.

At seven in the evening Neb had not returned. The prolonged absence of the negro made Pencroff very uneasy. It was to be feared that he had met with an accident on this unknown land, or that the unhappy fellow had been driven to some act of desperation. But Harbert drew very different conclusions from this absence. According to him, Neb's delay was caused by some new circumstances which had induced him to prolong his search. Also, everything new must be to the advantage of Cyrus Smith. Why had Neb not returned unless hope still detained him? Perhaps he had found some mark, a footstep, a trace which had put him in the right path. Perhaps he was at this moment on a certain track. Perhaps, even, he was near his master.

Thus the lad reasoned. Thus he spoke. His companions let him talk. The reporter alone approved with a gesture. But what Pencroff thought most probable was,



SHELTERED FROM THE STORM.

that Neb had pushed his researches on the shore further than the day before, and that he had not yet had time to return.

However Harbert, agitated by vague presentiments, several times manifested an intention to go to meet Neb; but Pencroff assured him that that would be a useless course; that in the darkness and deplorable weather he could not find any traces of Neb, and that it would be much better to wait. If Neb did not make his appearance by the next day, Pencroff would not hesitate to join him in his search.

Gideon Spilett coincided in the sailor's opinion that it was best not to divide, and Harbert was obliged to give up his project; but the sailor noticed that his eyes were filled with tears.



"ALL THREE RUSHED TOWARDS THE OPENING OF THE CHIMNEYS."

The reporter could not refrain from embracing the generous boy.

Bad weather now set in. A furious gale from the south-east passed over the coast. The sea roared as it beat over the reef. Heavy rain was dashed by the storm into particles like dust. Ragged masses of vapor drove along the beach, on which the tormented shingles sounded as if poured out in cart-loads, while the sand raised by the wind added, as it were, mineral dust to that which was liquid, and rendered the united attack insupportable. Between the river's mouth and the end of the cliff, eddies of wind whirled and gusts from this maelstrom lashed the water which ran through the narrow valley. The smoke from the fire-place was also driven back

through the opening, filling the passages and rendering them uninhabitable.

Therefore, since the tétas were cooked, Pencroff let the fire die away, and only preserved a few embers buried under the ashes.

At eight o'clock Neb had not appeared, but there was no doubt that the frightful weather alone hindered his return, and that he must have taken refuge in some cave to await the end of the storm or at least the return of day. As to going to meet him, or attempting to find him, it was impossible.

The game constituted the only dish at supper; the meat was excellent, and Pencroff and Harbert, whose long excursion had rendered them very hungry, devoured it with intense satisfaction.

Their meal concluded, each retired to the corner in which he had rested the preceding night, and Harbert was not long in going to sleep near the sailor, who had stretched himself beside the fire-place.

Outside, as the night advanced, the tempest also increased in strength, until it was equal to that which had carried the prisoners from Richmond to this land in the Pacific. The tempests, which are frequent during these seasons of the equinox, and which are so prolific in catastrophes, are especially terrible over this immense extent, which opposes no obstacle to their fury. No description can give an idea of the terrific violence of the gale as it beat upon this unprotected coast.

Happily the pile of rocks which formed the Chimneys was solid. It was composed of enormous blocks of granite, a few of which, insecurely balanced, seemed to tremble on their foundation, and Pencroff could feel rapid quiverings under his hand

as it rested on the side. But he repeated to himself, and rightly, that there was nothing to fear, and that their retreat would not give way. Still he heard the noise of stones torn from the summit of the plateau by the wind, falling down to the beach. A few even rolled on to the upper part of the Chimneys, or flew off in fragments when they were projected perpendicularly. Twice the sailor rose and entrenched himself at the opening of the passage, so as to take a look in safety at the outside. But there was nothing to be feared from these showers, which were not considerable, and he returned to his place before the fire where the embers glowed beneath the ashes.

Notwithstanding the fury of the hurricane, the uproar of the tempest, the thunder and the tumult, Herbert slept profoundly. Sleep at last took possession of Pencroff, whom a sea-faring life had habituated to anything. Gideon Spilett alone was kept awake by anxiety. He reproached himself with not having accompanied Neb. It was evident that he had not abandoned all hope. The presentiments which had troubled Herbert did not cease to agitate him also. His thoughts were concentrated on Neb. Why had Neb not returned? He tossed about on his sandy couch, scarcely giving a thought to the struggle of the elements.

Now and then, his eyes, heavy with fatigue, closed for an instant, but some rapid thought re-opened them almost immediately.

Meanwhile the night advanced, and it was perhaps two hours from morning when Pencroff, then sound asleep, was vigorously shaken.

"What's the matter?"

he cried, rousing himself, and collecting his ideas with the promptitude usual to seamen.

The reporter was leaning over him, and saying,—

"Listen, Pencroff, listen!"

The sailor strained his ears but could hear no noise beyond that caused by the storm.

"It is the wind," said he.

"No," replied Gideon Spilett, listening again, "I thought I heard—"

"What?"

"The barking of a dog!"

"A dog?" cried Pencroff, springing up.

"Yes—barking—"

"It's not possible!" replied the sailor.

"Besides, how in the roaring of the storm—"

"Stop—listen—" said the reporter.

Pencroff listened more attentively, and



"NEB WAS THERE, KNEELING BESIDE A BODY."



BACK TO THE CHIMNEYS.

really thought he heard, during a lull, a distant barking.

"Well!" said the reporter, pressing the sailor's hand.

"Yes—yes!" replied Pencroff.

"It's Top! It's Top!" cried Harbert, who had just awoke, and all three rushed towards the opening of the Chimneys. They had great difficulty in getting out. The wind drove them back. But at last they succeeded, and could only remain standing by leaning against the rocks. They looked about, but could not speak. The darkness was intense. The sea, the sky, the land were all mingled in one black mass. Not a speck of light was visible.

The reporter and his companions remained thus for a few minutes, over-

whelmed by the wind, drenched by the rain, and blinded by the sand.

Then, in a pause of the tumult, they again heard the barking, which they found must be at some distance.

It could only be Top! But was he alone or accompanied? He was most probably alone, for, if Neb had been with him, he would have made his way more directly towards the Chimneys. The sailor squeezed the reporter's hand, for he could not make himself heard, in a way that signified "Wait!" Then he re-entered the passage.

An instant after he issued with a lighted fagot, which he threw into the darkness, whistling shrilly.

It appeared as if this signal had been waited for; the barking immediately came nearer, and soon a dog bounded into the passage. Pencroff, Harbert and Spilett entered after him.

An armful of dry wood was thrown on the embers. The

passage was lighted up with a bright flame.

"It's Top!" cried Harbert.

It was indeed Top, a magnificent Anglo-Norman, who derived from these two races crossed, the swiftness of foot and acuteness of smell which are the preëminent qualities of coursing dogs. It was the dog of the engineer, Cyrus Smith. But he was alone! Neither Neb nor his master accompanied him.

How was it that his instinct had guided him straight to the Chimneys, which he did not know? It appeared inexplicable, above all, in the midst of this black night, and in such a tempest! But what was more inexplicable was, that Top was neither tired, nor exhausted, nor even soiled with mud

or sand! Harbert had drawn him towards him, and was patting his head, the dog rubbing his neck against the lad's hands.

"If the dog is found, the master will be found also!" said the reporter.

"God grant it!" responded Harbert. "Let us set off! Top will guide us!"

Pencroff did not make any objection. He felt that Top's arrival contradicted his conjectures. "Come along then!" said he.

Pencroff carefully covered the embers on the hearth. He placed a few pieces of wood amongst them, so as to keep in the fire until their return. Then, preceded by the dog, who seemed to invite them by short barks to come with him, and followed by the reporter and the boy, he dashed out, after having placed in his handkerchief the remains of the supper.

The storm was then in all its violence, and, perhaps, at its height. Not a single ray of light from the moon pierced through the clouds. To follow a straight course was difficult. It was best to rely on Top's instinct. They did so. The reporter and Harbert walked behind the dog, and the sailor brought up the rear. It was impossible to exchange a word. The rain was not very heavy, but the wind was terrific.

However, one circumstance favored the seaman and his two companions. The wind being south-east, consequently blew on their backs. The clouds of sand, which otherwise would have been insupportable, were then received from behind, and therefore did not impede their progress. Indeed, they sometimes went faster than they liked, and had some difficulty in keeping their feet; but hope gave them strength, for it was not at random this time that they climbed the shore. They had no doubt that Neb had found his master, and that he had sent them the faithful dog. But was the engineer living, or had Neb only sent for his companions that they might render the last duties to the corpse of the unfortunate Smith?

After having passed the precipice, Harbert, the reporter, and Pencroff prudently stepped aside to stop and take breath. The turn of the rocks sheltered them from the wind, and they could breathe after this walk, or rather run, of a quarter of an hour.

They could now hear and reply to each other, and the lad having pronounced the name of Cyrus Smith, Top gave a few short barks, as much as to say that his master was saved.

"Saved, isn't he?" repeated Harbert; "saved, Top?"

And the dog barked in reply.

They once more set out. The tide began to rise, and urged by the wind, it threatened to be unusually high, as it was a spring tide. Great billows thundered against the reef with such violence that they probably passed entirely over the islet, then quite invisible. This mole did not protect the coast, which was directly exposed to the attacks of the open sea.

As soon as the sailor and his companions left the precipice, the wind struck them again with renewed fury. Though bent under the gale, they walked very quickly, following Top, who did not hesitate as to what direction to take.

They ascended towards the north, having on their left an interminable extent of billows, which broke with a deafening noise, and on their right a dark country, the aspect of which it was impossible to guess. But they felt that it was comparatively flat, for the wind passed completely over them, without being driven back, as it was when it came in contact with the cliff.

At four o'clock in the morning they reckoned that they had cleared about five miles. The clouds were slightly raised, and the wind, though less damp, was very sharp and cold. Insufficiently protected by their clothing, Pencroff, Harbert and Spilett, suffered severely, but not a complaint escaped their lips. They were determined to follow Top, wherever that intelligent animal wished to lead them.

Towards five o'clock day began to break. At the zenith, where the fog was less thick, gray shades bordered the clouds; and under an opaque belt, a luminous line clearly traced the horizon. The crests of the billows were tipped with a wild light, and the foam regained its whiteness. At the same time, on the left, the hilly parts of the coast could be seen, though very indistinctly.

At six o'clock day had broken. The clouds rapidly lifted. The seaman and his companions were then about six miles from the Chimneys. They were following a very flat shore, bounded by a reef of rocks, whose heads scarcely emerged from the sea, for they were in deep water. On the left, the country appeared to be one vast extent of sandy downs, bristling with thistles. There was no cliff, and the shore offered no resistance to the ocean but a

chain of irregular hillocks. Here and there grew two or three trees, inclined towards the west, their branches projecting in that direction. Quite behind, in the south-west, extended the border of the forest.

At this moment, Top became very excited. He ran forward, returned, and then seemed to entreat them to hasten their steps. He then left the beach, and guided by his wonderful instinct, without showing the least hesitation, went straight in amongst the downs. The three followed him. The country appeared an absolute desert. Not a living creature was to be seen.

The downs, the extent of which was large, were composed of hillocks and even of hills, very irregularly distributed. They resembled a Switzerland modeled in sand, and only an amazing instinct could have possibly recognized the way.

Five minutes after having left the beach, the reporter and his two companions arrived at a sort of excavation, hollowed out at the back of a high mound. There Top stopped, and gave a loud, clear bark. Spilett, Harbert and Pencroff dashed into the cave.

Neb was there, kneeling beside a body extended on a bed of grass.

The body was that of the engineer, Cyrus Smith!

CHAPTER VIII.

NEB did not move. Pencroff only uttered one word.

"Living?" he cried.

Neb did not reply. Spilett and the sailor turned pale. Harbert clasped his hands, and remained motionless. The poor negro, absorbed in his grief, evidently had neither seen his companions, nor heard the sailor speak.

The reporter knelt down beside the motionless body, and placed his ear to the engineer's chest, having first torn open his clothes.

A minute — an age! — passed, during which he endeavored to catch the faintest throb of the heart.

Neb had raised himself a little and gazed without seeing. Despair had completely changed his countenance. He could scarcely be recognized. Exhausted with fatigue, broken with grief, he believed his master was dead.

After a long and attentive examination Gideon Spilett at last rose.

"He is alive!" said he.

Pencroff knelt in his turn before the engineer, and also heard a throbbing, and even felt a slight breath on his cheek.

Harbert, at a word from the reporter, ran out to look for water. He found, a hundred feet off, a limpid stream, which seemed to have been greatly increased by the rains, and which filtered through the sand; but nothing in which to put the water, not even a shell, amongst the downs. The lad was obliged to content himself with dipping his handkerchief into the stream, and hastened back with it to the grotto.

Happily the wet handkerchief was enough for Gideon Spilett, who only wished to wet the engineer's lips. The cold water produced an almost immediate effect. His chest heaved, and he seemed to try to speak.

"We will save him!" exclaimed the reporter.

At these words, hope revived in Neb's heart. He undressed his master to see if he was wounded, but not so much as a bruise was to be found, either on the head, body, or limbs, which was surprising, as he must have been dashed against the rocks; even the hands were uninjured, and it was difficult to explain how the engineer showed no traces of the efforts which he must have made to get out of reach of the breakers.

But the explanation would come later. When Cyrus was able to speak he would say what had happened. For the present the question was, how to recall him to life, and it appeared likely that rubbing would bring this about; so they set to work with the sailor's jersey.

The engineer, revived by this rude shampooing, moved his arm slightly, and began to breathe more regularly. He was sinking from exhaustion, and certainly, had not the reporter and his companions arrived, it would have been all over with Cyrus Smith.

"You thought your master was dead, didn't you?" said the seaman to Neb.

"Yes, quite dead!" replied Neb, "and if Top had not found you, and brought you here, I should have buried my master and then laid down on his grave to die!"

It had indeed been a narrow escape for Cyrus Smith!

Neb then recounted what had happened. The day before, after having left the Chim-

neys at day-break, he had ascended the coast in a northerly direction, and had reached that part of the shore which he had visited before.

There, without any hope, he acknowledged, Neb had searched along the beach and among the rocks for the smallest trace to guide him. He examined particularly that part of the beach which was not covered by the high tide, for near the sea the water would have obliterated all marks. Neb did not expect to find his master living. It was for a corpse that he searched, a corpse which he wished to bury with his own hands!

He sought long in vain. This desert coast appeared never to have been visited by a human creature. The shells, those which the sea had not reached, and which might be met with by millions above high water mark, were untouched. Not a shell was broken.

Neb then resolved to walk along the beach for some miles. It was possible that the waves had carried the body to quite a distant point. When a corpse floats a little distance from a low shore, it rarely happens that the tide does not throw it up, sooner or later. This Neb knew, and he wished to see his master again for the last time.

"I went along the coast for another two miles, carefully examining the beach, both at high and low water, and I had despaired of finding anything, when yesterday, about five in the evening, I saw foot-prints on the sand."

"Foot-prints?" exclaimed Pencroff.

"Yes!" replied Neb.

"Did these foot-prints begin at the water's edge?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Neb, "only above high water mark, for the others must have been washed out by the tide."

"Go on, Neb," said Spilett.

"I went half crazy when I saw these foot-prints. They were very clear, and went towards the downs. I followed them for a quarter of a mile, running, but taking care not to destroy them. Five minutes after, as it was getting dark, I heard the barking of a dog. It was Top, and Top brought me here, to my master!"

Neb ended his account by saying what had been his grief at finding the inanimate body, in which he vainly sought for the least sign of life. Now that he had found him dead he longed for him to be alive. All his efforts were useless! Nothing re-

mained to be done but to render the last duties to the one whom he had loved so much! Neb then thought of his companions. They, no doubt, would wish to see the unfortunate man again. Top was there. Could he not rely on the sagacity of the faithful animal? Neb several times pronounced the name of the reporter, the one among his companions whom Top knew best. Then he pointed to the south, and the dog bounded off in the direction indicated to him.

We have heard how, guided by an instinct which might be looked upon almost as supernatural, Top had found them.

Neb's companions had listened with great attention to this account.

It was unaccountable to them how Cyrus Smith, after the efforts which he must have made to escape from the waves by crossing the rocks, had not received even a scratch. And what could not be explained either, was how the engineer had managed to get to this cave in the downs, more than a mile from the shore.

"So, Neb," said the reporter, "it was not you who brought your master to this place?"

"No, it was not I," replied the negro.

"It's very clear that the Captain came by himself," said Pencroff.

"It is clear in reality," observed Spilett, "but it is not credible!"

The explanation of this fact could only be procured from the engineer's own lips, and they must wait for that till speech returned. Rubbing had re-established the circulation of the blood. Cyrus Smith moved his arm again, then his head, and a few incomprehensible words escaped him.

Neb, who was bending over him, spoke, but the engineer did not appear to hear, and his eyes remained closed. Life was only exhibited in him by movement; the senses had not yet recovered.

Pencroff much regretted not having either fire, or the means of procuring it, for he had, unfortunately, forgotten to bring the burnt linen, which would easily have ignited from the spark produced by striking together two flints. As to the engineer's pockets, they were entirely empty, except that of his waistcoat, which contained his watch. It was necessary to carry Smith to the Chimneys, and that as soon as possible. This was the opinion of all.

Meanwhile, the care which was lavished on the engineer brought him back to con-

sciousness sooner than they could have expected. The water with which they wet his lips revived him gradually. Pencroff also thought of mixing with the water some moisture from the *tétra's* flesh which he had brought. Harbert ran to the beach and returned with two large bivalve shells. The sailor composed a sort of mixture, and introduced it between the engineer's lips, who eagerly sucked it in.

His eyes then opened. Neb and the reporter were leaning over him.

"My master! my master!" cried Neb.

The engineer heard him. He recognized Neb and Spilett, then his other two companions, and his hand slightly pressed theirs.

A few words again escaped him—words which, doubtless, he already had uttered, and which showed what thoughts were, even then, troubling his brain. This time his words were understood.

"Island or continent?" he murmured.

"Bother the continent," cried Pencroff, hastily; "there is time enough to see about that, Captain. We don't care for anything, provided you are living."

The engineer nodded faintly, and then appeared to sleep.

Being careful not to wake him, the reporter began immediately to make arrangements for transporting Smith to a more comfortable place. Neb, Harbert and Pencroff left the cave and directed their steps towards a high mound, crowned with a few distorted trees. On the way the sailor could not help repeating:

"Island or continent! To think of that, when one is at the last gasp! What a man!"

Arrived at the summit of the mound, Pencroff and his two companions set to work, with no other tools than their hands, to despoil of its principal branches a rather sickly tree, a sort of marine fir; with these branches they made a litter, which, covered with grass and leaves, would do to carry the engineer.

This occupied them nearly forty minutes, and it was ten o'clock when they returned to Cyrus Smith, whom Spilett had not left.

The engineer was just awaking from the sleep, or rather from the drowsiness, in which they had found him. The color was returning to his cheeks, which till now had been as pale as death. He raised himself a little, looked around him, and appeared to ask where he was.

"Can you listen to me without tiring yourself, Cyrus?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the engineer.

"It's my opinion," said the sailor, "that Captain Smith will be able to listen to you still better, if he will have some more *tétra* jelly;—for we have *tétrás*, Captain," added he, presenting him with a little of this jelly, with which this time he mingled a few particles of flesh.

Cyrus Smith chewed the pieces of *tétra*, and the rest was divided among his companions, who found it but a meager breakfast, for they were suffering extremely from hunger.

"Well," said the sailor, "there is plenty of food at the Chimneys; for you must know, Captain, that down there, in the south, we have a house, with rooms, beds and fireplace, and in the pantry several dozens of birds, which our Harbert calls *couroucous*. Your litter is ready, and as soon as you feel strong enough we will carry you home."

"Thanks, my friend," replied the engineer; "wait another hour or two, and then we will set out. And now speak, Spilett."

The reporter then told him all that had occurred. He recounted all the events with which Cyrus was unacquainted, the last fall of the balloon; the landing on this unknown land, which appeared a desert; whatever it was, whether island or continent; the discovery of the Chimneys; the researches undertaken to find the engineer; Neb's devotion; what they owed to the intelligence of the faithful Top, etc.

"But," asked Smith, in a still feeble voice, "you did not then pick me up on the beach?"

"No," replied the reporter.

"And did you not bring me to this cave?"

"No."

"At what distance is this cave from the sea?"

"About a mile," replied Pencroff; "and if you are astonished, Captain, we are not less surprised ourselves at seeing you in this place!"

"Indeed," said the engineer, who was recovering gradually, and who took great interest in these details, "indeed it is very singular!"

"But," resumed the sailor, "can you tell us what happened after you were carried off by the sea?"

Cyrus Smith considered. He knew very little. The wave had torn him from the balloon net. He sank at first several

fathoms. On returning to the surface, in the dim light, he felt a living creature struggling near him. It was Top, who had sprung to his help. He saw nothing of the balloon, which, lightened both of his weight and that of the dog, had darted away like an arrow.

There he was, in the midst of the angry sea, at a distance which could not be less than half a mile from the shore. He attempted to struggle against the billows by swimming vigorously. Top held him up by his clothes; but a strong current seized him and drove him towards the north, and after half an hour of exertion, he sank, dragging Top with him into the depths. From that moment to the moment in which he recovered to find himself in the arms of his friends he remembered nothing.

"However," remarked Pencroff, "you must have been thrown upon the beach, and you must have had strength enough to walk here, since Neb found your foot-marks!"

"Yes . . . of course . . ." replied the engineer, thoughtfully; "and you found no traces of human beings on this coast?"

"Not a trace," replied the reporter; "besides, if by chance you had met with some deliverer there, just in the nick of time, why should he have abandoned you after having saved you from the waves?"

"You are right, my dear Spilett. Tell me, Neb," added the engineer, turning to his servant, "it was not you who . . . you can't have had a moment of unconsciousness . . . during which . . . No, that's absurd . . . Do any of the footsteps still remain?" asked Smith.

"Yes, master," replied Neb; "here, at the entrance, at the back of the mound, in a place sheltered from the rain and wind. The storm has destroyed the others."

"Pencroff," said Cyrus Smith, "will you take my shoe and see if it fits exactly to the foot-prints?"

The sailor did as the engineer requested. While he and Harbert, guided by Neb, went to the place where the foot-prints were to be found, Cyrus remarked to the reporter,—

"It is a most extraordinary thing!"

"Perfectly inexplicable!" replied Gideon Spilett.

"But do not dwell upon it just now, my dear Spilett, we will talk about it by and by."

A moment after the others entered.

"There was no doubt about it. The

engineer's shoe fitted exactly to the foot-marks. It was therefore Cyrus Smith who had left them on the sand.

"Come," said he, "it was I who must have experienced this hallucination, this unconsciousness which I attributed to Neb. I must have walked like a somnambulist, without any knowledge of my steps, and it was Top, who in his instinct guided me here, after having dragged me from the waves . . . Come, Top! Come, old dog!"

The magnificent animal bounded, barking to his master, and caresses were lavished on him. It was agreed that there was no other way of accounting for the rescue of Cyrus Smith, and that Top deserved all the honor of the affair.

Towards twelve o'clock, Pencroff having asked the engineer if they could now remove him, Smith, instead of replying, and by an effort which exhibited the most energetic will, got up. But he was obliged to lean on the sailor, or he would have fallen.

"Well done!" said Pencroff; "bring the captain's litter."

The litter was brought; the transverse branches had been covered with leaves and long grass. Smith was laid on it, and Pencroff having taken his place at one end and Neb at the other, they started towards the coast. There was a distance of eight miles to be accomplished; but, as they could not go fast, and it would perhaps be necessary to stop frequently, they reckoned that it would take at least six hours to reach the Chimneys. The wind was still strong, but fortunately it did not rain. Although lying down, the engineer, leaning on his elbow, observed the coast, particularly inland. He did not speak, but he gazed; and, no doubt, the outline of the country, with its inequalities of ground, its forests, its various productions, were engraved upon his mind. However, after traveling for two hours, fatigue overcame him, and he slept.

At half-past five the little band arrived at the precipice, and a short time after at the Chimneys.

They stopped, and the litter was placed on the sand; Cyrus Smith was sleeping profoundly, and did not awake.

Pencroff, to his extreme surprise, found that the terrible storm had quite altered the aspect of the place. Important changes had occurred; great blocks of stone lay on the beach, which was also covered with a thick carpet of sea-weed, algæ, and wrack. Evidently the sea, passing over the islet, had been carried right up to the foot of the

enormous curtain of granite. The soil in front of the cave had been torn away by the violence of the waves. A horrid presentiment flashed across Pencroff's mind. He rushed into the passage, but returned almost immediately, and stood motionless, staring at his companions. . . . The fire

was out; the drowned cinders were nothing but mud; the burnt linen, which was to have served as tinder, had disappeared! The sea had penetrated to the end of the passages, and everything was overthrown and destroyed in the interior of the Chimneys!

(To be continued.)

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

PART II.

WHEN Wilhelm and Annette returned, they found Karl asleep on the sofa, and Margaret sitting close by his side, her face pale and full of distress. It had been a terrible hour for her. As soon as she saw Wilhelm and Annette, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, thank God, you have come; he is not quite in his senses, and I have not known what to do."

Hardly daring to breathe, lest they should waken the sleeper, the three sat motionless for an hour.

At Karl's first movement, Wilhelm threw himself on his knees, and clasped him to his heart; no word was spoken; but the two men sobbed like women. While they were in each other's arms, Margaret stole softly away.

When Karl looked up he said, "The four leaf of clover, where has she gone?" Wilhelm did not understand the first words, but replied simply to the last, "She has gone to her room. It is the good teacher, Miss Margaret; she lives with us. You will love her as we all do."

Karl smiled.

The next morning, when Margaret came into the sitting room, Karl, still lying on the lounge, fixed his blue eyes steadily on her face, and said abruptly, "It was then that I so frightened you, to make your cheeks so white, last night. To-day they are red, like red lilies and white lilies in one field," and the blue eyes dwelt on the face till the red lilies had driven all the white lilies away.

Margaret passed her hand impatiently across her cheek. "Oh, I always have color," she said. It did not please her that Wilhelm Reutner's brother should have looked at her in that manner. In a

second more, her kindness of heart triumphed over the slight unworthiness of resentment, and going nearer him, she added, "I was indeed very much frightened about you last night. You seemed very ill, and I was all alone with Mary. I hope you are better; you look better."

Karl's eyes had fallen to the ground. As clearly as if it had been written in letters on Margaret's brow, he had read her first thought, and had been pained.

"Yes, I am better; I am well. It is the home which could cure me," he said, in a tone, whose grave simplicity was like Wilhelm's, and had in it an inexpressible charm.

In a moment more, he said, earnestly, "Have you ever found one four leaf of clover?" and, taking out his pocket-book, he turned its leaves over slowly, searching for something.

"Oh dear," thought Margaret, "he is certainly crazy. That was what he was talking about, last night. Poor fellow!"

"Oh yes, Mr. Reutner," she replied, "Four-leaved clovers are very common. I have often found whole handfuls of them."

"I thought you had. And have you ever one dream at night that you find the hands full of them, and give them to some one?"

Margaret looked puzzled, and was about to reply, when Wilhelm and the children entered the room. Karl laid a little folded paper, which he had held in his hand, back into the pocket-book, and opened his arms to the children, who sprang into them, and covered him with kisses until he was forced to cry out for mercy.

All day long Margaret was haunted by the words, and the voice in which they

were spoken, "Have you ever found one four leaf of clover?" "What could he have meant?" she thought. "He does not seem in the least like a crazy man. I wonder what he had in that paper," and more than once, the scholars received irrelevant answering to their questions, because their beautiful teacher's thoughts were full of this perplexing memory.

That night the mystery was cleared up. After the children had gone to bed, Karl told the story of the four-leaved clover, and took from his pocket-book the little relic leaf. Wilhelm took it in his hands, and looked at it with stern eyes.

"But why dost thou keep it, my Karl? Ach, it has cost thee dear!"

Karl reached his hand out hastily, as if to rescue the leaf.

"But it have bring me home," he said, "I will keep it so long as I live," and as he laid it back in the pocket-book, he smiled with the smile of one who recalls a bliss known only to himself.

It was indeed the "home which could cure." Karl grew better hour by hour. The wound healed, and, although the physicians said that the lungs must always be weak, Karl was in two months a strong man.

Margaret did not grow wonted to his presence in the family. It disturbed her, she hardly knew how, or why, and she chided herself often for the unreasonable feeling. Since that first morning, when with his blue eyes blazing with admiration, he had compared her cheeks to red lilies, he had never by word or glance betrayed any feeling other than the respectful affection with which his brother and sister treated her. His eyes met hers with the same clear, steady response that Wilhelm's always did, and he listened to her words with a simple reverence like that the children showed her. Often when she was speaking, he sat with his head slightly bowed, his eyes fixed on the ground; and an expression of rapt attention; but it was as a man might listen to the words of a priestess. Sometimes when he looked earnestly at her, there was, for a second, a beseeching and remorseful look, as of one who implored forgiveness; but the look was gone so quickly that Margaret never fathomed its meaning, and no one else saw it.

Margaret often wished that Karl had not come home; and yet, she never said this to herself without being in the same instant conscious that in numberless, and

in some hardly definable ways, her comfort had been much increased since his return. Karl had seen more of the world than Wilhelm and Annette, and had, moreover, a curious faculty of divining Margaret's preferences and tastes.

"The teacher would like this, or that," he had said to Annette, again and again; and Annette had replied, "How dost thou know? Has the teacher said it to thee? She was pleased before." But when Karl had carried his point, Annette always found that there came in a few days, a strong expression of grateful pleasure from Margaret.

And so the spring and the summer wore away, and the winter came back, and the long months had brought no apparent change in Wilhelm Reutner's house. But deep down in one heart under that roof, were working forces mightier, subtler than any which had ripened the spring into the summer, and the summer into the garnered harvest of autumn. Karl Reutner loved Margaret Warren. His love was so entirely without any hope of return, that it partook of the nature of the passion of a spiritual devotee, and was lifted to a plane of almost superhuman unselfishness. To say that he never thought of Margaret as a man thinks of a woman who might be a wife, would not be true. Margaret was a very beautiful woman; and Karl Reutner was a man in whose veins ran blood both strong and pure; he could not hear the rustle of Margaret's gown without a faster beat to his pulse. Yet, when he thought of Margaret's possible wifehood, it was never of her wifehood to him. He could not forbear thinking what wifehood, what motherhood would be to her; he could not forbear thinking what it would be to a man, if Margaret were to put her arms around him; he could not forbear thinking how Margaret would look with her child at her breast. But it was as a man might think, kneeling before the holiest of Raphael's Madonnas. His sole desire in life was that Margaret should have happiness. Each smallest trifle in which he could add to that happiness, was a joy unspeakable; that she seemed content, even glad in the quiet home life which he shared, was a blessing so great, that even one day of it, could almost be food for a lifetime, it seemed to him. The thought that it could not always be thus, he resolutely put away. But from the thought of asking Margaret to be his,—Karl Reutner's,—wife,

his very soul would have recoiled as it would from a blasphemy.

And yet the day came when Margaret found herself obliged to say to him that she could not love him.

It was a strange chance which brought it about.

Karl's love of flowers was a passion such as only Germans know. How, in addition to all the hours he devoted to his business, he found hours enough to make flowers grow in every window-seat, nook and ledge in and outside of the house was a marvel. But he did, and the little house was known far and wide for its blossoms. Margaret's sitting-room was a conservatory; as soon as a plant shewed signs of decay it was removed, and replaced by a vigorous one. Bloom succeeded bloom; in season and out of season she was never without flowers of red and of white.

One Saturday in February, a year from the day Karl had come home, Margaret was sitting alone in her room. It had snowed, and the day had been dreary; at sunset the sky cleared, and a beautiful rosy glow spread over the lake. Margaret sat watching it, and wondering, as all lonely people have hours of wondering, why, since the world is so thronged with its millions, there need ever be one lonely man or woman. Some one knocked at the door so gently that she thought it was one of the children, and answered without looking around. The door opened, but no one spoke. Margaret turned her head; there stood Karl, holding in his hands an oblong box of daisies in full blossom. He had been for weeks coaxing and crowding the little things until there was a thicket of the dainty nodding disks, pink, white, red, and the green leaves also crowding thick and bright. The box was surrounded by a fine lattice work, painted white, which came up like a paling, two inches above the top of the box, so that one could fancy it a mound in an English garden fenced in with white.

"It is for you, Miss Margaret. Where shall I set it," said Karl.

"Oh, Mr. Reutner, you are too kind," exclaimed Margaret, her face crimson with pleasure. "It is the loveliest thing I ever saw," and she bent her face down close to the daisies, still held in Karl's hands.

Margaret had never been so near to Karl before. The rosy lake and sky, and snowy clouds made of the window-panes behind her a background such as Raphael never painted. Her beaming face, and thrilling

presence lifted Karl to heights of exaltation, and, placing the daisy-box on the floor at her feet, he said, "They are but daisies, beautiful Miss Margaret; that was the fitting flower, for it is like my love for you. It is low on the ground, but it would bloom for you always, and you will not forbid that they should live always in your room?" And for the second time Margaret saw the blue eyes kindle as they kindled when he had told her her cheeks were like red lilies.

Margaret grew more crimson still. No words came to her lips.

It seemed as ruthless to hurt this man's love as to trample on a daisy. Yet Karl Reutner must be made to understand that there could be no thought of love between him and her. Even in that glorified moment, when he stood before her, tall, strong, upright, fair as an old Saxon viking with his golden beard and blue eyes, and pure, she well knew, as Adam in Eden, Margaret Warren remembered that Karl Reutner was beneath her in what the world calls station. There was a shade of something not wholly kind in the very kindness and gentleness with which she said:

"But, Mr. Reutner, I cannot let you give me the daisies to mean that. I am so sorry, so grieved to pain you, but I must be true."

Margaret's eyes filled with tears as she saw the look of distress on Karl's face. He stooped to pick up the box without saying a word. Margaret's heart could not bear this.

"But, Mr. Reutner, you need not take the daisies away. I would love to have them in my room, now that you understand me. You were so good to make them grow like this for me. They will be beautiful all winter," and Margaret laid her hand gently and caressingly on the edge of the box.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, I thank you," said Karl, in a very low voice. "You need not to fear that the daisies should say words to you, if you are willing that they live at your feet. They have but eyes; they will not speak. You will let them stay?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I will," replied Margaret, trying to speak in a natural voice, as if it were an every-day gift, and making room for them on a little stand by the window. Then, while Karl was arranging the box and the saucer, she went on talking with a forced rapidity and earnestness of manner.

Karl listened as one who only partly heard the words. When she stopped he said in his old, grave, calm tone, lifting his eyes to hers steadily as usual: "Thank you, Miss Margaret," and left the room.

Margaret burst into tears. She was very unhappy and utterly perplexed.

"Whoever heard of a man's thanking a woman like that, and going away looking so content and glad when she had just told him she could not marry him!" said Margaret to herself, "and what is to become of me now? I cannot live in the house with him any longer; it will not be kind; I must go away. Oh, I wish he had never come home," and Margaret threw herself on the bed, and cried herself to sleep.

When Annette knocked at the door to ask why she did not come down to tea, Margaret roused herself from her heavy sleep, and looked into Annette's face with a bewildered expression of distress. She could not remember at first what had happened. In a second it all flashed into her mind, and burying her face in the pillow she groaned aloud. Annette was frightened. She had never seen the "teacher" lose self-control. She thought she must be very ill.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, what have you? It is a fever"—for Margaret's face was of a scarlet color. "Karl must bring the doctor," exclaimed Annette.

"No, no, Mrs. Reutner," cried Margaret. "I beg you will not say a word to any one. I am not ill. I have slept too heavily. I will not come down stairs to-night, but I shall be well to-morrow."

It was the first time that Margaret's chair at the table had been vacant. Annette's explanation of her absence did not lessen the sense of gloom which every one felt.

Margaret ill! It was incredible.

"She have never looked so beautiful as I saw her not three hours ago," said Karl incredulously.

Something in his tone fell strangely on Wilhelm's ear. He turned a keen, quick look upon his brother's face, but Karl met it with one open as day, in which nothing could be read except unfeigned anxiety and wonder.

When Annette went to Margaret's room later in the evening, Margaret's face was pale, and all traces of feverish excitement had passed away. She had had two hours of hard struggle with herself; but she had resolved that she must seek another home, and, having come to this resolution, she

wished to lose no time in carrying it out.

"Sit down, dear Mrs. Reutner," she said, "I must have a little talk with you."

Annette looked uneasy. She had never seen Margaret look as she looked now. She knew that bad news was coming.

"My dear, good, kind friend, I must go away from you," said Margaret, and her voice trembled.

Annette gazed speechlessly into Margaret's face.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, what is it? Is it that you must go home?"

Margaret shook her head. "No, Mrs. Reutner, I have no expectation of leaving Chicago; but I must find another home. It is not best for me to live in your house any longer."

Great tears rolled down Annette's face, and she sobbed: "Oh, Miss Margaret, is it nothing we can do to make all better for you. It will break the father's heart and the little ones'. Will you not tell us? We have much more money now; we can buy all for you, if you will only show us how it is to be," and Annette cried heartily.

Margaret was distressed. It seemed disloyal to Karl to give her reason; cruel to Annette and Wilhelm to withhold it. She remained silent for some time. Annette sobbed again a few broken words, "Oh, Miss Margaret, you do not know what it is to the house that you are in it. Karl said, only yesterday, that you were the good angel to each one in the house. Oh, tell us, Miss Margaret. Is it that you must have larger rooms? Wilhelm will build all you want,—one, two, more."

The mention of Karl's name gave Margaret more strength to proceed.

"I will tell you, my kind friend," she said, "the real truth. It is for your brother that I must go away. He loves me; he told me so this afternoon; and it is not delicate or kind after that for me to live in the same house with him. I shall never be so happy anywhere else. Nobody will make me so comfortable, and I am very, very sorry to go away; but I must," and Margaret, in her turn, was very near crying.

Annette had dried her tears, sprung to her feet, and now stood gazing at Margaret with such stupefaction in her face that Margaret could scarcely keep from smiling in spite of her distress.

"Karl—tell you he love you—to be his wife?" gasped Annette. "Oh, Miss Mar-

garet, it has been a mistake. Karl has never told you that; Karl could not."

Margaret colored.

"I am not likely to be mistaken, Mrs. Reutner," she said, a little coldly. "I regret it more than I can say. But it is so, and I must go away."

Annette seemed like one in a dream. She was in haste to be gone. She replied at random to all Margaret said, and at last sobbed afresh:

"Oh, Miss Margaret, I must go now. To-morrow I will hear you again. I think not that the good God sent you to our house to take you away like this;" and Annette was gone.

Wilhelm and Karl were seated in the dining-room, smoking. Annette, with streaming eyes, entered the room, and hurrying breathlessly to Karl, exclaimed:

"How darest thou to ask the teacher to be thy wife? It was thou that hast made her ill, and she will go away from our house because of thee, and—" Annette stopped for lack of breath, and because the two men had both sprung to their feet, and were gesticulating violently,—Karl with an angry voice.

"God in Heaven! What dost thou take me for, Annette? Dost thou not know I would as soon ask one of the angels in Paradise to be wife to me? Who has told thee this tale?"

And Wilhelm, "Annette, art thou mad, or dost thou think Karl is a madman?"

Annette looked tremblingly from one to the other. She herself had felt like this when Margaret had first told her. In a hesitating voice she began:

"But Miss Margaret has said that thou—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Karl's face,—white as the face of a dead man,—was bent close to hers, and Karl's voice, strange, husky, was saying, in slow, gasping syllables:

"The teacher—said—I—asked—her—to—be—wife?"

Annette nodded, too terrified to speak.

Karl strode to the door, and opened it. Annette ran to hold him back, but Wilhelm restrained her. In that short moment Wilhelm had understood all. "He must speak to her," he said; "let him go. It must be told to her. She has mistaken; it was not that Karl asked her to marry him. But he has let her to know that he has worship for her. And she need not be angry for my Karl's love, if he ask nothing," added

Wilhelm, proudly; but his head sank on his breast, and he said, in a low tone to himself: "Oh, my poor Karl; my poor Karl!"

Margaret knew Karl's step. As she heard it rapidly drawing near her door, her heart beat and her cheeks flushed. What had Annette said? What new distress and embarrassment were coming to her now? Almost she resolved not to admit him. But Karl forestalled that intention. Knocking lightly on the door, he spoke at the same instant:

"Miss Margaret, for God's sake, I ask to come and speak to you one minute,—only one minute; it must be."

The anguish in his voice moved Margaret strangely. She opened the door.

Karl entered almost staggering, and with his hands clasped:

"Oh, mine God," he exclaimed, "give it to me what I shall say. Miss Margaret, beautiful Miss Margaret, angel of God, I did only ask that the love and the daisies should lie together under your feet. I could die here before you in one second, if you do not believe that never, no never, in all this world I could have asked you what you have said to Annette. You are to me as if I saw you in Heaven; you are angel of God in my brother's house. If you go away because I have said such love as this, then will I, too, go, and never shall my Wilhelm see my face again, so help me, my God."

Before Karl had spoken three words, Margaret divined all. Shame, resentment, perplexity and unspeakable distress, mingled of all three, were in her face. She could not speak. This man, then, had never dreamed of asking her to be his wife. True, he acknowledged the utmost devotion for her, and more than implied that the reason he could not ask her to marry him was that he revered her as an angel of God; but the mortifying fact remained that she had not only rejected a man who had not asked her to take him as a husband, but she had told the matter, and compelled him to come and deceive her. It was a bitter thing. Margaret could not speak; she could not look up.

Karl went on, more calmly: "Beautiful Miss Margaret, it will come that you forgive me when you have thought. And you would have seen that it was only the love like the daisy, at the feet, if you had come down stairs before you had spoken, you would have seen that you need not to go away. It is not kind to the daisy that there be no more sun."

Margaret could not speak. Karl walked slowly to the door. As he opened it, Margaret sprang towards him, and holding out her hand, said:

"Forgive me, Mr. Reutner. That is the only word I can say."

Karl took her hand in his, looked at it with no more trace of earthly passion in his eyes, than if it were the hand of a shrined saint, lifted it to his forehead, bowed, and was gone.

Now was Margaret's distress complete. Turn which way she would, she saw only perplexity and mortification. Mingled with it all was a new, strange feeling in regard to Karl, which she could not define to herself. He had never looked so manly as when he stood before her, saying, "So help me, my God!" It was the only moment in which he had ever, in her presence, seemed stronger than she. Usually his great love bound him as with withes, and laid him helpless at her feet.

A low hum of voices came to Margaret's ears from the room below. Karl and Wilhelm were talking earnestly. Only too vividly Margaret's fancy pictured what they were saying. She walked the floor; she wrung her hands; she was too wretched to shed a tear. Deep down to its very depths her proud heart was humiliated. It was a kind heart, too, spite of its pride; a loving and a grateful heart; and it was sorely wounded to have brought such sorrow to friends.

An hour passed; all grew quiet down stairs. Margaret still walked the floor. Suddenly she heard soft steps outside her door; a low knock, and Annette's voice said, entreatingly: "Dear Miss Margaret, may Wilhelm come and speak to you?"

Margaret threw the door open instantly. She was so wretched, so perplexed, that she was glad of any help from any source. She had already thought of Wilhelm, and wished that his clear-eyed and tender wisdom could in some way be brought to bear on this distressing problem.

"Miss Margaret," said Wilhelm, very quietly, "it is not much that I can say. A grief has come to us all; but that cannot now be changed: that is as if it were past; and if you will only stay in our house it can become as if it had not been. It is no shame to you that my brother have seen that you are more beautiful and good than any other woman. It is so that any man must see, Miss Margaret. I, also, who am the father in the house, I have said to An-

nette all this year that you are one good angel. And I could kneel to pray you to stay. I know my Karl. It is not with him as you think. It is only a joy to him that you stay, as it is to me and to Annette. And he will keep the vow he have vowed. If you go he will go away for ever. Give to us our brother, oh, Miss Margaret," and tears stood in Wilhelm's eyes.

"Mr. Reutner," said Margaret, very earnestly, "do you truly believe that it will do your brother no harm, I mean, cause him no pain to live with me as before?"

Wilhelm fixed his eyes on the floor in silence for some seconds. Then he said:

"Miss Margaret, that you are content, are glad, is joy to Karl and to us. So long as you find to be content, glad in our house, it is great joy. When you are more glad in your own house that will be greatest joy to Karl, to us. There will come the year when Karl will have wife and house as I. He has the great father heart which must have the children to love. You will do his life no harm. To have seen that you are God's angel shall be only light to him, not cloud. I know my Karl. Oh, Miss Margaret, will you not for one month try if it cannot be?"

So Margaret promised to stay. The first meeting with Karl was what she most dreaded, but it was over almost before she knew that it was near, and Karl's beautiful simplicity of nature made it easier than could have been foreseen.

He was standing alone in the window of the drawing-room when she went to breakfast the next morning. He had just broken a beautiful tea-rose from its stem, and was about to lay it on her plate. As she crossed the threshold he went towards her, holding it out, and saying:

"You are like a new guest in our house to-day. Oh, Miss Margaret, let the rose tell to you how we all thank God that you have come."

The tone, the look were calmly, gravely, affectionate as ever. The old life was taken up again, the stormy break in it put away for ever. Margaret's heart leaped with a sudden rapture in the consciousness that she still had the same quiet, peaceful, dear home as before.

Again the spring and the summer wore away, and the winter came, and no change was visible in Wilhelm Reutner's household. No change visible! But—ah! beneath its surface had again been at work far deeper forces than those which ripen

spring into summer, and summer into the garnered harvest of autumn.

Margaret loved Karl. Oh, what subtle triumphs love knows how to win for his own! Karl Reutner's heart had no more hope in it now than it had a year before;—no less now than then, it would have seemed to him like blasphemy to ask Margaret Warren to be his wife: yet there were days when Margaret could not see daisies without tears, so bitterly did her heart ache to recall the hour in which she had rejected the love which they had once symbolized to her.

It was hard to tell how this love had come. Its growth had been as slow, as uninterrupted, as immutable, as unsuspected as the silent growth of crystals deep hidden in chambers of stone. It was long before Margaret had dreamed of it, and very long before she had admitted it to herself. She wrestled with it bravely; it was against her will; she did not choose to love Karl Reutner. She was no less proud a woman this year than last. She had no less dreams and purposes for the future, and to be the wife of Karl Reutner was not among them. Nevertheless it had come to pass that his presence meant happiness to her, and his absence meant a vague sense of discomfort and loss. Vainly she asked herself why, wherefore! Reason was silent. The great interest of her life had been,—still was,—in books, in study, in progress in the broadest sense. Karl Reutner had not studied, had not read; he cared more for the laughing eyes of a happy child than for all the discoveries of a century. To him flowers were events; a blue sky, and a bright sun, and smiles at home were life.

The new world of which he had glimpses through Margaret's conversation,—the world of history, the world of art, the world of science,—seemed to him very great, very glorious. He kindled at mention of noble deeds, at descriptions of stirring scenes; but it was partly because Margaret found the scenes and events thrilling, and he always returned to his flowers and his music with a sense of rest.

Sometimes when playing one of Mozart's early sonatas, so divine in its simplicity, and sweetness, and strength, he would say, "Ah, Miss Margaret, it is only the simple tones which can speak the truest. Listen to this," and while Margaret listened, it would seem to her that the world and its kingdoms had all floated away in space.

"To be very good, and to make that

all are happy, Miss Margaret, is that not enough?" he said one day. He had grown nearer her, and dared to speak as he could not have spoken a year ago. "Is not that enough? Why must the little men think they can understand all? This world is not for that. It is that we are made pure in this. There comes another world for the rest. That is my creed, Miss Margaret."

But Karl did not add the rest of his creed, which was, that Margaret had the light of both worlds in her soul.

Often Margaret felt abashed before the spirituality of this man's nature; often she thought while she looked at him, that he had indeed entered the Kingdom of God, by becoming "as a little child." Then again, the worldly, the ambitious side of her nature gained the ascendancy, and she said: "This is a merely material life he leads after all; day's work after day's work, and a peasant's song at the end! What have I in common with him?" Oh very stoutly the carnal heart of Margaret Warren wrestled with the angel which was seeking a home in it. But the angel was the stronger. More and more clearly shone the celestial light; more and more clearly Margaret saw the celestial face.

It was a year and a day since Karl came home. Margaret had looked forward to the anniversary day with mingled dread and hope. The pretty daisy-box had long ago been taken away from her room; the daisies had bloomed their day out, and died, and other flowers had taken their place. Margaret wondered if Karl would give her another such token. Except for the deep yearning desire in her heart that he should so do, she would have known that nothing was less likely than that he should do anything on that day to remind her of its being an anniversary. The day passed without even an allusion from any one to the past. In all hearts there was too sore a memory of the last year. Margaret felt this keenly. "Alien that I am in this house," she thought, "I make it impossible for them to keep the festivals of their love. Two years since Karl came home—only two years; and it seems to me that it is a life time."

It was near sunset. A rosy glow was suffusing the lake, and Margaret sat again at her window watching it. Again came a low knock at her door, and again she answered without turning her head, and Karl entered.

"Miss Margaret," he said, "may I come and talk with you? It is that I wish that we all go to another house to live. This is not as it should be; it is small. I have talked much with Wilhelm, and I can pay all the money, but he will not. He is wrong; and will not you, Miss Margaret, help me to make that he sees the truth? For the little ones, when they are large, it will be that they must know more people; this place is not right. And you too, Miss Margaret, it is always grief to me that your rooms are so small. You should have large rooms, and many windows for the south sun until night."

Margaret glanced lovingly round the rooms.

"I love these little rooms," she said, impulsively, "I should be very sorry to leave them." As she spoke, a sudden memory of the daisy-box flashed into her mind. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could not hide them.

Karl stretched out both hands with an eager gesture, exclaiming, "But Miss Margaret, Miss Margaret, it shall not be, if it is pain to you. I did not dream that you would be sorry to go. I will no more say."

"Oh it is not that, Mr. Reutner," said Margaret, "not at all. I believe it would be better for all to have a larger house; I did not mean that I would be really unwilling to leave these rooms; I was thinking of something else," and again the tears filled her eyes.

"Oh Miss Margaret!" cried Karl. He had never seen tears in her eyes before. The sight unmanned him. His "oh Miss Margaret" was a cry from the very depths of his heart.

The hour had come. Who keeps calendar for the flowers that each blossom bides its time, and blooms at its fated second by sun, by moon, by star, or by breeze! Who keeps calendar for hearts?

The hour had come. Margaret looked full into Karl's face, and said in a low voice, "I was thinking of a year ago, yesterday, Mr. Reutner; and I was so sorry for having made you unhappy then."

Astonishment and wounded feeling struggled on Karl's features for a second. That Margaret should voluntarily allude to that bitter day seemed heartless indeed. In the next second, something in her face smote on his sight, dazzling, bewildering, terrifying him. The celestial light in her heart shone through her eyes.

Karl gave one piercing look, piercing as

if he were seeking to read some farthest star,—then sank slowly on his knees, buried his face in Margaret's lap, and spoke no word. Margaret laid one hand lightly on his head. Tremblingly he took it, lifted his head, still without looking into her face, and laid his cheek down on the firm soft palm.

Karl Reutner could not speak. He did not distinctly know whether he were alive. With her free hand, Margaret stroked his hair as she might that of a tired child. An ineffable peace filled her soul.

At last, Karl said, very slowly, almost stammeringly, without lifting his head, "Miss Margaret, beautiful angel of God, I cannot look in your eyes; to see them again would make my heart stop to beat. Will you let that I go away from you now, out under the sky? When I can come back, even if it is a long time, may I come to you?"

Margaret bent her head and whispered, "yes, Karl."

He stooped still lower, kissed the hem of the gown on whose folds he had been kneeling, and then without one look at Margaret, went slowly out of the room. When he came back, the short winter twilight was nearly over; stars were beginning to shine in the sky; Margaret had not moved from her seat; the door stood still ajar as he had left it; softly, so softly, that his steps could hardly be heard, he crossed the room, and stood, silent, before her; then he lifted his hands high above her head, and opening them, let fall a shower of daisies: on her neck, bosom, lap, feet, everywhere, rested the fragrant blossoms.

"Now you will let that they tell you all," he said, "now you will let that they lie at your feet."

His tone was grave and calm; his looks were grave and calm; but his eyes shone with such joy, such rapture, that Margaret, in her turn, found it hard to meet them.

An hour later, when Karl and Margaret went into the dining-room, hand in hand, Wilhelm and Annette gazed at them for a moment in speechless wonder. Then Annette ran out of the room sobbing. Wilhelm said aloud: "God be praised!" Then walking swiftly towards them, he looked first into Margaret's face, then into Karl's, and exclaimed again: "God be praised."

"Wilhelm," said Margaret, "will you, too, forgive me for the day I made sad for you a year ago? Karl has forgiven it."

Wilhelm's answer was a look. Then he

fell on Karl's neck, and was not ashamed of the tears that would come. Not often do two men love as did these twin brothers.

It all seemed to Wilhelm and Annette impossible, incredible. Their eyes followed Karl, followed Margaret with an expression which was half joy and half fear. But to Karl and Margaret the new happiness seemed strangely natural, assured. Like a crystal hidden in stone, it had grown, and now that the stone had been broken open, and the crystal set free, every ray of the sun that fell on it was multiplied, and the brilliant light seemed only inevitable.

Later in the evening Karl put a ring upon Margaret's finger. It was dark, and she could not see the design.

"Could you promise not to see till the sunlight should come to-morrow?" said Karl. "I would like that the sun should light it up first for your eyes."

Margaret smiled. "Oh, foolish Karl! I will try not to look; but you ask a great deal."

Karl turned the ring round and round on the finger, as Margaret's hand lay in his.

"I have a long time had this ring,—more than one year. It was to be for you if I died, or if you were to be married to—" Karl could not now pronounce the words "another man." He went on: "I thought that then you would wear it and not be angry. I not once thought I could put it on for you with my own hand," and Karl lifted both Margaret's hands, covered them with kisses, laid them against his cheek, on his forehead, on his heart.

It was strange to see this lover, in these few hours, already so free from fear. His childlike simplicity of nature was the secret of it. Knowing Margaret to be his own, he joyed in her as he joyed in sunlight. He took the delights of seeing and touching her, as freely as he would bask under the blue sky. He could no more feel restraint from one than from the other.

"Karl, if you really do not want me to see the ring, you must roll a tiny bit of paper round it," said Margaret. "It feels very large."

"Yes, it is large. It could not be small to tell what it tells," replied Karl, rolling a fine tissue paper carefully over and under it, and twisting it firmly. "Mine own, mine own," he said, kissing the hand and the ring, "when the to-morrow sun shines from the lake to your bed, lift your hand in the light and look."

When the "to-morrow sun" first shone

on Margaret's bed, Margaret was asleep. When she waked, the room was flooded with yellow light. Dimly at first, like memories of dreams, came the recollections of her new happiness; then clearer and clearer in triumphant joy. She raised her left hand in the great yellow sunbeams, which seemed to make a golden pathway from the very sky to her bed. Slowly she unwound the rosy tissue paper from her ring. A low cry of astonishment broke from her lips. She had never seen anything so beautiful. On a broad gold band was curled a tiny thread-like stem, bearing a four-leaved clover of dark green enamel. The edge of each leaf was set thick with diamonds, and the lines down the center were marked by diamonds, so small, as to be little more than shining points. Margaret's second thought was one of dismay. "Oh, the wicked Karl! To spend so much money! It would almost furnish our little house. What shall I do with such a ring as this?"

But surprises were in store for Margaret. When she gently reproached Karl for having spent so much money on the ring, his face flushed, and he hesitated a moment before replying. Then he said, with inexpressible sweetness, taking both her hands in his, "My Margaret, I have much money. I was glad before, for Wilhelm, and the little ones. But now that I can make all beautiful for you, I so much thank God. It was a chance that I have it. I know not how to find it, as your people do. It was the land."

Karl Reutner was indeed a rich man. Lands which he had bought a few years before, for, as he said, "such little of money," were now a fortune in themselves. And it was in consequence of this increase of his wealth that he had so earnestly besought his brother Wilhelm to let him provide a new home for the family.

"But now, my Margaret, it shall be for you," he said. "I hope that there shall be enough that you have all things you have ever had dream of."

Margaret sighed. Almost she regretted this wealth. It was not thus she had pictured her life with Karl. But her love of beauty, of culture, of art, was too strong for her to be long reluctant that the fullness of life should come to her.

"Oh Karl! Karl!" she said, "I cannot believe that I am to have you, and all else in life besides. Dear one, I do not deserve it."

Karl was lying at her feet, his head resting on her knees, as he had bowed it when he first knew that she loved him; only that now he dared to gaze steadily into her eyes. He did not reply for some moments. then he said :

"The good God knows, my Margaret. Perhaps there will come sorrow for you, if it needs for his Heaven that you be more of angel than you are. But for my love, that is only like the daisies. It is enough that it can make a beautiful ground where you walk."

Since these things which I have written, many years have gone by, and have not yet brought sorrow to Margaret. The windows of her beautiful home look out on the blue lake; and into the nursery where her golden-haired children sleep, the morning sun sends its first beams, as it used to send them into her tiny room, in Wilhelm Reutner's house.

On the wall of Margaret's own room hangs the picture of Königsee, and the head of the shadowy maiden of Ischl still wreathed with edelweiss blossoms.

"I love her, my Karl. She told me that thou wert not dead. She is glad of thy joy each hour," Margaret often says.

On the right hand of the portrait of Königsee, framed in velvet and ivory, and also wreathed by edelweiss blossoms, hangs an oval of soft gray surface, on which is a tiny, and faded, and crumpled clover, "the four leaf of clover;"—"which saved my papa's life," little Karl says, pointing to it with his chubby finger, "my papa says so." When little Karl is older he will understand better. This too is wreathed with edelweiss blossoms, fresher and whiter

than the others. Margaret also has sailed with Karl on the Königsee, and she gathered these edelweiss flowers on the edge of the Watzman glacier.

Above these hangs a quaint old bit of heraldry. It is the coat of arms of the Whitson family, and belonged to Margaret's grandmother, who was a Whitson, and well-to-do, years ago in England. It is an odd thing, and to some minds much more than an odd thing, that this old coat of arms should be an oak tree in a clover field, and that there should be this tale: That once when a sorely pressed king of England was escaping from his pursuers he came to a field of purple clover, with an oak tree in its center; and that a churl Whitson, to whom the field belonged, and who chanced to be mowing it that day, helped the king up into the oak tree, and lied bravely to the pursuers, saying that no man had passed that way, so the king, grateful for his life, gave the lands to the churl, and the right to a crest bearing the oak and the clover.

This, I say, is an odd thing, and to some people more than an odd thing. To Karl Reutner, for instance, who is so impressed by it, that he has had garlands of oak and clover leaves carved on the cradle in which all his babies sleep; garlands of oak and clover leaves carved over the doors and windows of his wife's room; garlands of oak and clover leaves wrought on silver and on glass to hold choice fruits and wines; and wrought of gold and gems in many a dainty device for his wife to wear. And those who look closely at these garlands find that there is not one without a four-leaved clover.

ANSWER.

(FROM UHLAND.)

THE rosebud which I had from thee,
Which thy dear fingers culled for me,
Is dead of grief, to leave thy side;
It scarcely lived to eventide.
And now, behold its spirit flee,
A little stanza, back to thee.

THE SHAKESPEARE DEATH-MASK.

It has been known for some time past, that there was in existence, somewhere in Germany, a cast of the face and forehead of Shakespeare, taken from nature immediately after death.

A plaster cast of this kind, as is well known, is usually taken whenever a bust of a man is to be made after death, the plaster being spread upon the face and allowed to harden. Into this shell or concave mold thus obtained, plaster in a liquid state is poured, and a convex mold produced, which is a fac-simile of the features, and which is called technically a death-mask.

The plaster cast above referred to purports to be a death-mask of Shakespeare. It is further claimed that this cast was the foundation for the bust of Shakespeare which is over his tomb in the church at Stratford, and was indeed taken for the purpose of producing that bust. If these claims are valid, it is obvious that the cast in question is one of extreme value. There are what are called Life Portraits of Shakespeare, but they differ greatly in character, and there is no certain evidence that any one of them was taken from life. The cast, therefore, if genuine, is the only source for obtaining an accurate knowledge of the dramatist's features, and is the proper basis for producing a true likeness of him.

Learning that the eminent artist, William Page, of New York City, President of the Academy of Design, was engaged in producing a new likeness of Shakespeare, based upon this German cast, I visited his studio in March, 1873, and had the pleasure of seeing his work and the photographs from which he was working. I found Mr. Page an enthusiastic believer in the authenticity of the Death-Mask, though he had not seen it, but only photographs of it, and could not give me any definite information in regard to its location and ownership, except that it was somewhere in Hesse-Darmstadt, and that it had been described a few years ago in an English publication issued by Sampson, Low & Co., of London.

The face and head which Mr. Page had produced from the hints contained in these photographs differed so widely from all the other recognized portraits of Shakespeare, and, I may add, were in themselves so much more satisfactory to the student of the plays, so much more suggestive of

what we might conceive to have been the earthly dwelling-place of the mighty spirit which had created Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello and Lear, that I confess to having had my curiosity greatly excited, and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity of a contemplated visit to Europe, to make some inquiries on the subject. The result of these inquiries I purpose now to give.

The book referred to by Mr. Page was found to be "Life Portraits of William Shakespeare, by J. Hain Friswell," 8 vo., 1864. The book was out of print, and it was only after considerable inquiry and advertising, that a copy could be obtained. I also found in Berlin another publication on the subject, of somewhat later date, being a long article by Herman Grimm, in the "Künstler und Kunstwerke," published in Berlin, in 1867.

The cast, or Death-Mask, was found in Darmstadt, in possession of Dr. Ernest Becker, private secretary to the Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt. Dr. Becker kindly allowed me to examine it at my leisure, and to take measurements of it, and furnished me with photographs, as well as with supplementary oral information in regard to its history.

Dr. Becker was not the discoverer of the treasure. It came into his possession among the other effects of his deceased brother, Ludwig Becker, court painter and naturalist, who discovered it in Mayence in 1849, and carried it to England and exhibited it there in 1850.* Ludwig

* As the accounts in Friswell and elsewhere, respecting Ludwig Becker, are confused and conflicting, I quote the following extract from a letter from his surviving brother, Dr. Ernest Becker, to whom I wrote for more precise information. The letter is dated, Darmstadt, Dec. 21, 1873.

"My late brother was a portrait painter by profession, and lived at Darmstadt. In recognition of his talents, especially in painting water color miniatures, the late Grand Duke of Hesse conferred on him the title of Court Painter. I cannot exactly state what year he moved to Mayence, probably about 1845 or 6. You know that in 1847 he bought the small miniature of Shakespeare on his death-bed [a *hier*,] in Mayence, and that in 1849 he found the cast. The same year he went to England, evidently with the intention of making his discovery known there. Besides, he had an invitation from a Scotch family to visit them in Edinburgh. Last, not least, his great interest for everything connected with art and science always induced him to extend his intellectual horizon. During his residence at Darmstadt he was in constant scientific communication with Prof. Kamp of the Museum of Natural History here, and it was no doubt by him that he was introduced to Prof. Owen in London."

"In 1850, he left for Melbourne, drawn by the same thirst for new impressions and new fields of activity, of which I spoke before. He soon gained there a highly esteemed position among his countrymen, as well as among the English; he remained in scientific correspondence with Professors Kamp and Owen; he was selected by the Government to accompany the Colonial Collection arranged for the London

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Becker, going afterwards on an exploring expedition to South Australia, left the cast for safe keeping during his absence in the care of Prof. Richard Owen, the well known anatomist and curator of the British Museum. Prof. Owen had the cast in his custody for about ten years, during which time it was examined and discussed by many eminent English scholars. Ludwig Becker having perished in the South Australian expedition, the cast with his other effects went to his brother, Dr. Ernest Becker, who took it to Darmstadt, where it has since remained.

From these various sources, that is, from Prof. Owen, who gave me, both orally and in writing, many particulars in regard to its history while in England, from Dr. Becker of Darmstadt, and from the two books which have been named, I gathered the following facts:

I. THE KESSELSTADT PICTURE.

A German nobleman, Count Francis von Kesselstadt, who was also a dignitary of the church, and whose ancestors had for many generations been residents in and near Cologne, died at Mayence, in 1843.

He had a valuable collection of curiosities and works of art, which were sold at auction at Mayence, in 1843, after his death. Among the articles thus sold was a small oil painting, which is known to have been in the possession of the family for more than a century, and which, in the family traditions, was invariably regarded



THE KESSELSTADT PICTURE.

as a portrait of Shakespeare, and bore indeed an inscription to that effect,

Den Traditionen nach, SHAKESPEARE,

with the date 1637.

This picture was bought at the public sale by S. Jourdan, an antiquary of Mayence, and by him sold in 1847 to Ludwig Becker.

The Kesselstadt picture forms a most important link in the chain of evidence. No engraving or copy of it, so far as I can learn, has heretofore been made. The wood-cut of it, accompanying the present article, is made from an original photograph taken for this purpose, at my request, by Dr. Becker. The picture represents its subject as lying in state, on a bier, with a wreath round his head, and a candle-stick dimly seen in the back-ground. The inscription is on the back.

From the date, 1637, not 1616, and from certain peculiarities in its appearance and style, Mr. Becker and others, antiquarians and artists, who examined it, came to the conclusion that it had been painted from some older likeness, or in all probability had been produced from a death-mask. Acting upon this surmise, Mr. Becker immediately set about making further inquiries. He first found that a plaster of Paris cast of some kind had been in the possession of the Kesselstadt family, but that on account of its melancholy appearance it had been treated with little consideration, and what had become of it no one knew. After two years of fruitless search and inquiry,

Industrial Exhibition in 1852, when the rebellion among the Germans broke out in this Colony, and made it impossible for the Government, in the face of the feeling then existing against the Germans, to send a native of that country.

"In 1860, the Government fitted out a grand expedition across the Australian continent, under the guidance of Burke and Wills, which my brother joined as Naturalist. None of the members came back but one servant. My brother died of scurvy on the 24th of April, 1861. After his death, Prof. Owen returned the cast to his family, i. e. his brothers (he was unmarried), and since that time it is here, in Darmstadt."

he at length, in 1849, discovered the lost relic in a broker's shop in Mayence, among rags and articles of the meanest description.

2. THE DEATH-MASK.

A comparison of this cast with the picture convinced Mr. Becker immediately and has, I believe, convinced every one who has compared them, that they are related to each other and are representations of the same person.

On the back of the cast is an inscription, the letters and figures being such as were made two centuries and a half ago, and the inscription altogether having the appearance of being coeval with the cast. An examination of the cast, while in England, by experts at the British Museum, showed that the inscription had been cut at the time the cast was made. A microscopic examination by Prof. Owen also showed that the hairs still adhering in the cast are human hairs.*

The inscription on the back of the cast, in deeply cut letters, is as follows:

† A° Dm 1616

The cross is the usual mark in such inscriptions, to signify "Died." The letters A° Dm are the familiar abbreviation for Anno Domini.

It is, then, clearly a cast of some one who died in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death; it is clearly also connected with the Kesselstadt picture. In fact there can hardly be a doubt, there hardly *is* a doubt, that this cast of 1616 is the original from which was painted the picture of 1637, which picture is, according to the Kesselstadt tradition, a portrait of Shakespeare.

No evidence has yet been discovered to show that any member of the Kesselstadt family was in England at or near the time of Shakespeare's death. It is stated, indeed, in some recent publications on this subject, in this country, that a member of the Kesselstadt family was in England in

the early part of the reign of James I., and that the cast was obtained at that time. The only foundation for this statement is a passage in Friswell's book, in which he puts in a historical form the theory or hypothesis which Becker has suggested to account for the existence of the mask in the Kesselstadt family. Friswell had no evidence, and did not pretend to have any, except the documents put forth by Ludwig Becker. In these documents minute evidence is given of the purchase of the picture and the mask, and of the tradition that the picture had been in the family over a century. All beyond that is conjecture. To make this conjecture more intelligible, Friswell puts it in the narrative form in these words:

"A German nobleman had an ancestor who was attached to one of the ambassadors accredited to the court of King James I. This gentleman was, like many of his countrymen at a later period, a great admirer of the genius of Shakespeare, and, as a memorial of him, bought the cast, in all probability from the sculptor of the tomb, Gerard Johnson, had it carefully preserved, and took it with him to his own country."

That this was only Mr. Friswell's mode of stating a hypothesis is evident from the pages which follow, in which he quotes the documents, not one of which makes the slightest mention of this most important link in the chain of evidence. On this point I questioned Prof. Owen of the British Museum, who had charge of the cast while in England; his reply was, that could this fact in any way have been established, there is hardly any amount of money which the Museum would not have paid for the treasure. In the recent publications on the subject by Herman Grimm, he also dwells with great emphasis upon this point, and says, indeed, that the chief object of his publication is to call the attention of historical investigators to the desideratum, in the hope that some one in England or Germany may yet light upon this most needed piece of information. Grimm says: "The final proof for convincing public opinion in London is wanting, the proof, namely, that the mask did come from England to Germany. And, therefore, what I have to say about it here is said, not merely to signalize the mask on account of its beauty and its value, but with a view of calling public attention to it and ascertaining whether any one is able to aid in settling this cardinal question: 'Did any

* On these points I quote again the statement of Dr. Becker, as contained in his letter of Dec. 21, 1873: "The cast was left in Prof. Owen's hands, with the object of collecting such evidence as could bear upon its authenticity. It was then that Prof. Owen caused a searching inquiry by different competent men, principally from the British Museum,—I do not remember their names,—who found that the inscription on the back bore the character of the writing of the beginning of the seventeenth century; that the inscription was made before the cast was perfectly hardened, because the edges after cutting would have looked different had they been made years after into the hardened plaster. Prof. Owen proved by microscopic investigation that the hairs were human hairs, &c. All possibilities that the cast might be the result of a forgery were excluded, and nothing spoke against its genuineness."

member of the family, in whose possession the mask was, visit England in the course of the last, or of the seventeenth century? For this family is extinct, and up till now (1867) it has not been possible to obtain any information concerning such a trip to England." To this testimony I add finally that of Dr. Becker himself, the present owner of the mask, who told me so late as last summer, (1873) that this portion of the historical evidence was wanting. Both Becker and Grimm deny, indeed, the necessity of such evidence, to prove the authenticity of the mask, but both admit that the evidence has not been forthcoming.*

There is, then, as I said before, nothing whatever to show that any member of the Kesselstadt family was in England at or near the time of Shakespeare's death. There is, however, full evidence that the picture was in the family for more than a century, and was, by them and their guests, universally accepted as a portrait of Shakespeare. It is known, also, that the city of Cologne, in and near which the Kesselstadt family lived, kept up for nearly three hundred years a lively commerce with London in works of art.

To understand clearly the hypothesis which has been put forth in regard to the origin of this cast, it is necessary to revert for a moment to the bust of Shakespeare over his tomb in the Stratford church. This bust is the earliest likeness of him heretofore known. We do not know its exact date, but it was certainly before the Droeshout Engraving in the folio of 1623, for Leonard Digges, in the commendatory verses prefixed to that volume, expressly refers to the "Stratford Monument."

This monumental bust is known to have been made by Gerard Johnson, a sculptor or "tomb-maker," of London. For this fact we have the explicit statement of Dugdale, in these words: "The monument of John Combe, at Stratford-sup'-Avon, and Shakespeare's, were made by one Gerard Johnson." Another authority, Wivell, informs us that this Johnson was a Hol-

lander, born at Amsterdam, twenty-six years resident in London; that he was a "tomb-maker," and had four journeymen, two apprentices, and one Englishman in his employ.

Nothing is more probable then, than that the family of Shakespeare had a cast of his face taken in Stratford after death, and sent down to the "tomb-maker" in London, as a guide in making the bust. There is abundant evidence that this was the customary mode of proceeding in those days. The sculptor, or tomb-maker, Johnson, then, according to the hypothesis, after having completed the bust, laid aside the cast upon his shelf, among piles of similar disused materials, such as every tomb-maker or sculptor then or now collects in the course of his labors, and some acquaintance of his from the Fatherland,—perhaps some *attaché* of the German ambassador,—poking about among the rubbish, saw this striking effigy, and learning its origin, bough. or begged it, and carried it away with him into Germany, where, in course of time, it found a lodgment in the Kesselstadt family.

Such was the theory, or hypothesis, put forth by Ludwig Becker, on bringing this curious relic to England in 1850.

Of the opinions expressed in regard to it by the many eminent men who took an interest in the matter, I quote only two, as given me by Prof. Owen. The late Baron Pollock, after examining the mask and weighing carefully the evidence, as a man of his professional habit of mind would be likely to do, said: "If I were called upon to charge a jury in regard to this point, I would instruct them to bring in a verdict in favor of the claimant." Lord Brougham, the other authority quoted by Prof. Owen, did not seem disposed to go quite so far. He would neither acquit nor condemn, but, like a canny Scot, gave as his verdict, "*Non liquet.*"

The picture in the possession of Dr. Becker has in itself little value. Its chief value lies in its connection with the mask. It gives to the mask the undisputed testimony of an unbroken and accepted tradition in the Kesselstadt family, for more than a century, connecting it with Shakespeare. The picture, however, though not in itself particularly valuable, either as a work of art or as a likeness, has yet some interest on general grounds. Artists and critics all agree in referring it to the age named in the inscription—1637. It is in

* After writing the foregoing paragraph, fearing that I might possibly have forgotten, I wrote to Dr. Becker, and received in answer as follows: "He (Prof. Owen) told me that if it could be proved that one of the Counts of Kesselstadt had, in former times, been in England, the chain of evidence in favor of the cast would be considered as complete. Though I lay no stress on this point (as the Kesselstadts may just as likely have bought the cast in Germany as in England), yet I looked through the family archives at Treves, and read the family history kept there, but found no mention of a Kesselstadt having crossed the Channel. The last Count, whose collection was sold in Mayence, in 1847, was indeed in England, but it is tolerably certain that the cast was in the possession, and even disappeared from the collection, before this journey."

the style of the Vandyke school of art, then prevalent in England, and was, in all probability, the work of some pupil of Vandyke. It is painted in oil, on parchment, in miniature, and represents a corpse lying in state on a bier, with a wreath of green leaves about the head. Besides the evidence of its age, drawn from the style of



THE DEATH MASK.—FIG. 1.

painting, there are equal testimonies in the costume,—the open work at the seam of the pillow-case, the folds of the white linen sheets, the cut and collar of the shirt,—all pointing to the age of Shakespeare,—all to be seen, of exactly the same fashion and pattern, at this very day, at Ann Hathaway's Cottage, across the green fields, a mile away from Stratford, where the old-fashioned bedstead and its furniture are still preserved just as they were three hundred years ago.

The mask, or cast, creates immediately in the beholder, even when nothing has been said to him in regard to its claims, the impression that it represents some remarkable man. The experiment has been frequently made, and uniformly with this result. It was exhibited thus to Herman Grimm, without a word of explanation. "At the very first glance," says Grimm, "I thought to myself that I had never seen a nobler countenance." "What a noble, clean cut, aquiline nose; what a wonderfully shaped brow! I felt that this must have been a man in whose brain dwelt noble thoughts. I inquired. I was told to look at the reverse of the mask. There, on the edge, cut in figures of the 17th century, stood, A. D., 1616. I could think

of no one else who died in this year than one who was born in the year that Michael Angelo died—*Shakespeare*."

Another impression that one can hardly fail to receive from the mask, is the absence of any marked nationality in the features. The same remark is made of the well-known mask of Dante, in Florence; there is nothing Italian about it. So there is nothing distinctively English in this cast, which claims to be the Death-Mask of Shakespeare. It gives us, as do his writings, the idea of a generic man, a representative of the human race, rather than of any distinct nationality. That was my own feeling in looking at it, without knowing that any one else had ever entertained the same thought. Prof. Owen, in the conversation we had on the subject, volunteered the same idea, and added that he had heard the same idea expressed by others.

Another character of the mask, equally marked, is the exceeding fineness and delicacy of the lines which make up the countenance. Grimm notices this peculiarity. No one, in fact, can fail to observe it who looks upon the mask.

While the mask differs, in one respect or another, from every recognized likeness of Shakespeare, there is no marked feature in any one of them which cannot be traced to the mask, the variation being easily explainable by the personal peculiarities, caprice or unskillfulness of the particular artist. Thus the bust represents a round,



THE DEATH MASK.—FIG. 2.

full-faced man, decidedly puffy in the cheeks, while in the mask the face is thin and spare, and wears a thoughtful and rather melancholy look. Now, it is well known

that the flesh after death always falls away, giving this character to the face. So universal is this result, that artists, in molding a bust or painting a picture from



THE DEATH MASK.—FIG. 3.

a death-mask, always make allowance for the falling away of the flesh, or fill it out to the supposed fullness of life, either from conjecture or from some photograph, or other evidence of the ordinary condition of the face in health. This was done in the bust made of the late Prince Albert after his death. Gerard Johnson, in undertaking to supply the supposed falling off in the flesh, simply over-did the matter, and gave us a rollicking, jolly Englishman instead of the thoughtful author of "Hamlet." Underlying this superabundant fullness of flesh, however, the eye can easily trace all the essential lines of grace and thought to be seen in the mask.

The bust is noticeable for the shortness of the nose, and the extraordinary distance, —one and a quarter inches,—between the nose and the mouth. This enormous length of the upper lip is partially relieved by the moustache. One has, however, only to imagine the moustache removed, to feel what an unsightly face the poet must have had, if this bust represents him truly. The cast and the other likenesses give the usual proportions to this part of the face. John Bell, the sculptor, expressed to Prof. Owen the conjecture, from anatomical reasons, that the maker of the bust had met with an accident at the point of the nose, and so, instead of commencing *de novo*, and doing all his work over again, had cut away enough of the lower part of

the nose to give the article the requisite amount of nostril. The bust certainly has the appearance of having undergone some such manipulation.

Another point in which the mask and the bust differ is in the distance between the eyes, and also in the distance between the eye-brows. The unoccupied space in the center of the forehead, between the beginning of the ridge of hair on one side and the beginning on the other, is larger than I recollect to have seen in any human being. A corresponding width exists between the two eyes. This feature gives to the face, as seen in the mask, an amplitude of forehead that is truly majestic, and one, in looking at it, cannot help feeling that he understands better than he did before where those great creations of genius came from, that have so long filled him with amazement. The bust-maker, on the contrary, through inadvertence, or mistaking certain accidental irregularities of the plaster for a continuation of the hair, has run the brows almost together, more closely even than in ordinary faces, and, to maintain consistency, has, in like manner, brought the eyes together, to make them correspond with the brows. The effect of the narrowing of the forehead is heightened by the fullness and puffiness of the cheeks already described; and the result of the whole is to give us the impres-



THE DEATH MASK.—FIG. 4.

sion of a jolly, good-natured beef-eater, instead of the majestic thinker that looks at us from the mask. And yet we can see how, through inadvertence, misconception and unskillfulness, the one has grown out of the other.

The mask has met with a slight accident, injuring one of the features. The tip of the nose on the right side has crumbled, or been broken, marring a little the nostril on that side. The other nostril, however, is whole, and the profile, from whichever side viewed, is without break. With this slight exception, the mask is in a wonderfully complete state of preservation.

There are discolorations in different places, and this gives to the photographs of it a spotted appearance, as though the whole mask were indented and irregular. On the contrary, the surface is, with this one exception, without break. The black spot, in particular, over the right eye-brow, which Mr. Page has taken to be a dent or pit, extending, according to his notion, even to the brain, and showing actual loss of a part of the brain, is no dent at all, but simply a discoloration of the plaster. The surface at this point is, *me teste*, perfectly smooth and unbroken.

Mr. Page, however, is so confident on this point that he has made the scar a prominent feature in his portrait, and has based the authenticity of the mask upon it. He even thinks that Shakespeare himself refers to an unsightly blemish of this kind, in the beginning of the 112th sonnet:

"Your love and pity doth the impression fill,
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow."

There is, indeed, upon the mask the evidence of a wound, but it is in another place, and is of quite a different character from Mr. Page's supposed dent. About midway between the arch of the eye-brow and the top of the dome, say two and a half inches back from the eye-brows, is a line two and a half or three inches long, and running in a diagonal direction across the skull. This shows clearly the existence of a wound,—a flesh cut,—which has been sowed up, and has healed. The marks of the suture are plainly visible. In the series of small photographs accompanying Grimm's article, already quoted, this cicatrice does not appear. It is plainly visible, however, in the larger photograph which I brought with me from Darmstadt, and is still more clearly seen in the mask itself.

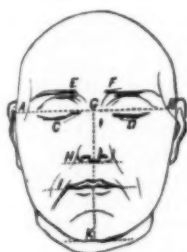
I may also mention in this connection that the ridge of the nose in the mask has the appearance of having been slightly flattened by something pressing upon it. A

pressure of that kind upon a ridge of plaster would crumble it, not flatten it, in the manner this is done. From this circumstance Mr. Page has suggested the ingenious theory that the cast originally taken was of wax, which, being soft and yielding, has been flattened at this point by some carelessness in the handling, and that the plaster cast, taken afterwards from the waxen one, has simply "followed copy." This is, of course, only conjecture, but is a conjecture worthy of consideration.

The engraver, in making the cuts which accompany this article, has with commendable fidelity endeavored to show the spots or discolorations which appear upon the mask. But these, as shown in the photographs, and still more as shown in the wood-cuts, give, unfortunately, a very erroneous idea of the condition of the mask itself. With the exception of the slight crumbling at the point of the nose, the surface of the mask is everywhere unbroken and smooth, with no appearance of injury or decay.

The features, as revealed by the mask itself, have a manly beauty, of the intellectual type, that is very noticeable, and that has called forth spontaneous admiration from all who have looked upon it. There is also an indescribable expression of sadness that no one fails to notice. Fanny Kemble, on seeing it, burst into tears. This may be explained, in her case, by her emotional nature, and by the circumstances of her life-long connection with the Shakespearean characters. But others, not given to emotion or to fancy, have noticed the same feature. Even the photographs convey this impression. This expression of the countenance is due, probably, to some extent, to the falling away of the flesh after death.

Grimm suggests, in this connection, another idea that is worthy of consideration, namely, that in the first moments after death the real character comes out in the countenance. He says: "Though life may prove deceptive on this point, not so death. It is as if, in the first moments after death had laid his sovereign and soothing hand upon man, the features reassumed before our eyes, as final imprint, that which they enclosed as the actual gift of creative nature, namely, the very sum and substance of life. Strange resemblances reappear in these first moments after the last moments, wonderful confirmations of character."



As one means of judging of the character of this mask, as well as comparing it with the other likenesses, I obtained from Dr. Becker the following measurements, given in English inches.

1. Length of a straight line, AB, from ear to ear (the exterior part of the ear excluded) 10.3 in.
2. Distance between the eyebrows, EF, 1.6 in.
N. B. The extreme ends of the eyebrows are not exactly equidistant from the middle line of the face, the right being distant 0.75 in., and the left 0.85 in.
3. The length of a straight line, CD, from the center of the pupil of one eye to the center of the other, 2.75 in.
This enormous distance between the eyes and between the eyebrows is the most striking feature of the face, and gives it much of its peculiar character.
4. Supposing a line drawn horizontally through the eyes, and another drawn at right angles down the line of the nose, mouth, and chin, we have from the line of the eyes the following distances :
a. From the line of the eyes to the bottom of the nose, GH, 1.67 in.
b. From the bottom of the nose to the center of the mouth, HI, 0.95 in.
c. From the mouth to the bottom of the chin, (not the beard) IK, 1.8 in.
d. The whole distance from the line of the eyes to the bottom of the chin, GK, 4.4 in.

Some of the hairs of the moustache, eyelashes, and beard are seen in the mask, having adhered to the original concave shell, and been transferred thence to the convex mask. These hairs, on examination with a glass, are found to be of a reddish brown, or auburn, and correspond in this respect with what we know historically, from other sources, to have been the actual color of Shakespeare's hair.

The eyes are closed, and the left eye shows that the process of decay had begun to set in, part of the cornea protruding from beneath the lid. It is rather a curious fact that the same thing exactly had taken place, and with the same eye, in the mask of Cromwell's face.

The moustache is rather full and in the shape now generally worn, the ends hanging down diagonally to the right and left, so as to cover the corners of the mouth. The "tomb-maker" in the Stratford bust, has curled them up, which alters the whole expression of the face, giving it a jaunty, rollicking air. The rest of the beard is shaven, except a small tuft under the chin, of the kind now called an "imperial." The nose is thin, delicate, slightly aquiline, and the profile altogether is extraordinarily beautiful. The boldness of the outline, as one looks at the mask in profile, raises the expectation of a narrow

face and head, instead of the broad, commanding face and forehead which meets the eye on turning the mask and looking at it full in front.

3. THE TERRA COTTA BUST.

In connection with this mask, I desire to say something of a terra cotta bust, which was discovered about the same time, and which is almost without doubt an early likeness of Shakespeare.

In 1845, the Royal College of Surgeons in London, desirous of enlarging their buildings for the better accommodation of their museum, obtained some adjoining ground which had been occupied as a warehouse by Spode & Copeland, merchants engaged in the China trade. The warehouse had been erected on the foundations of the old Duke's Theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This theater is the one mentioned continually in Pepys's Diary.



THE TERRA COTTA BUST.

It was built only forty-six years after Shakespeare's death, namely, in 1662, under the direction of Sir William Davenant, and for the use of his theatrical company. Sir William, it will be recollected, had



THE STRATFORD BUST.

the vanity of claiming to be a son of Shakespeare, and strove in various ways to connect himself with the memory of the dramatist. Davenant received from Taylor, a brother of the Taylor who was one of the actors in Shakespeare's own company, the well known Chandos Portrait, presently to be described. Betterton, a leading actor in Sir William Davenant's Company, in this "Duke's Theater," became afterwards the owner of the Chandos Portrait, showing, on his part also a personal interest in Shakespeare's memory. Furthermore, Shakespeare's Plays were the chief pieces acted by this Company and in the "Duke's Theater."* Nothing more natural, therefore, than that the building itself should contain some architectural souvenir of its favorite dramatic celebrity.

In tearing down the warehouse just mentioned, the entire ground plan of the old theater was disclosed. Among other things, an ornamented arched portal was laid bare, which had formed the main entrance into the theater. The workmen,

in battering down the wall on one side of this portal, found among the bricks and plaster that came tumbling down the pieces of a shattered terra cotta bust. Thinking that these might be of some antiquarian value, the workmen called at once the curator of the museum, Mr. William Clift, F. R. S. Mr. Clift and his colleague and son-in-law, Prof. Owen, collected and put together such fragments of the shattered bust as could be found, but were unable to make out a certain likeness to any dramatic celebrity. The nearest conjecture they could make was that the bust was not Shakespeare, but that it might have been intended for Ben Jonson. The fact, however, of there having been a bust of this kind ornamenting one side of the portal, naturally suggested to them the probability of there being another bust in the corresponding side, which had not yet been disturbed by the workmen. They proceeded therefore, to examine it, and found, sure enough, on the opposite side, a terra cotta bust in perfect preservation. The bust was carefully removed and cleaned, and became the property of Mr. Clift, and after his death went by inheritance to his son-in-law, Prof. Owen. The latter, after holding it a few years, sold it for three hundred guineas to the Duke of Devonshire, who in turn presented it to the Garrick Club, in whose possession it now is.*

The bust has no name or date, no monogram or other indication, either of the sculptor or of the subject. But the resemblance of the features to the best likenesses of Shakespeare, the place of honor assigned it in the theater, the sufficient negative evidence that the fellow bust could not have been Shakespeare, and might have been Ben Jonson, have caused the surviving bust to be generally accepted as a likeness, and if so, a very early likeness of Shakespeare.

I examined this terra cotta bust with some attention, but was not able to take measurements. The impression that it made upon me was the same as that produced by the Death-Mask, except that there was nothing of that air of sadness which so strikingly marks the latter, and except also that there did not seem to be the same breadth of face, and distance between the eyes.

* In the new *Variorum Shakespeare*, now in course of publication by Mr. Furness of Philadelphia, I see, in the appendix to the volume that contains *Macbeth*, a reprint of Sir William Davenant's revision of this play, "as now acted at the Duke's Theater," 1674. In regard to this new edition of Shakespeare, I speak, I believe, the opinion of nearly all Shakespearean scholars, on both sides of the Atlantic, in testifying most emphatically to its merits. Such a careful and complete digest and summing up of all that is valuable in Shakespearean criticism and commentary has never before been accomplished.

* No print of the terra cotta bust, so far as I am aware, has heretofore been made. The engraving here given is from an original photograph, made at my request, and obtained from the Garrick Club, London, through the mediation of my friend, Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, of the *New York World*.

The profile, however, and the general contour were the same; there was the same cleanness of cut in the nose, and in the features generally, the same unmistakably intellectual type of face. Of all recognized likenesses of Shakespeare there is none that, in my opinion, comes so near to the general character of the Death-Mask.

The facts which I have given in regard to this terra cotta bust were obtained from Prof. Owen in an interview at the British Museum, and afterwards, at my request, sent me by him in writing.

A few words in regard to other likenesses.

4. THE STRATFORD BUST.

The first in point of time seems to be the Stratford bust. Some account of this has already been given. A few additional particulars will be of interest.

Shakespeare is buried in the church at Stratford-upon-Avon, near the north end of the chancel, and there is a slab over the tomb, on a level with the floor of the chancel. On the north wall of the chancel, at an elevation of a little more than five feet, and immediately over the tomb, is an ornamented niche or frame-work of stone, containing a bust of Shakespeare, nearly life-size, and extending down to the middle of the person. Shakespeare died in 1616, and this monument is referred to by Leonard Digges in 1623. It must have been made, therefore, between these two dates, and most likely immediately after the death of Shakespeare, and was probably executed under the directions of his son-in-law and executor, Dr. John Hall.



THE DROESHOUT ENGRAVING.

The bust is formed out of a block of soft stone, and was originally painted over in imitation of nature.

The poet is sitting, as if in the act of composition, his hands resting on a cushion, one hand holding a pen, the other a sheet of paper, while his eyes are looking, not at his work, but straight forward towards the spectator. The pen was originally of stone, but this having been broken by a careless visitor, nearly a century ago, since that time an ordinary quill pen is usually kept in his fingers. The hands and face originally were of flesh-color, the eyes of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or cloak was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under part crimson, and the tassels gilt.

In 1793, Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint. Not many years ago this paint of Malone's was removed by some detergent very carefully prepared and applied, and the bust is supposed to be now very nearly in its original condition.

This Stratford bust is of great value, as having been made so early, and as having in all probability, been cut from some authentic likeness, possibly from the German Death-Mask. As a work of art, however, it is open to very obvious criticisms. The skull has the smoothness and roundness of a boy's marble, and about as much individuality or expression. The eyes and eyebrows are unduly contracted, the nose has evidently been shortened by an accident of the chisel, the cheeks are puffy and spiritless, the moustaches are curled up in a manner never found except on some city exquisite, the collar looks like two pieces of block-tin bent over, and finally, the expression of the eyes, so far as they have any expression, is simply that of easy, rollicking good nature, not overburdened with sense or intellect.

5. THE DROESHOUT ENGRAVING.

Next to the Stratford bust, in the matter of authenticity as a portrait of Shakespeare, is the copper-plate engraving by Martin Droeshout, prefixed to the first folio edition of the plays, that of 1623, and generally known as the Droeshout Portrait.

Droeshout engraved the head of Chapman, (translator of Homer,) of Fox (the martyrologist,) and of many other well known persons. What portrait was used by him in making this engraving of Shake-

speare is entirely a matter of conjecture. The probability is that it was some coarse daub by the actor, Burbage, who had some pretensions as a painter, and who would be very likely to make a picture of his disguised fellow actor. If such a picture were hanging somewhere about the theater, nothing more natural than for the actors, Heminge and Condell, in bringing out an edition of their friend's plays, to use for the engraving this picture with which they were familiar. All this, however, is pure conjecture. What more concerns us to know is that Ben Jonson has testified in the strongest terms to the correctness of the likeness. His words, printed on the page facing the engraving are as follows:

"This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. J."

Ben was extravagant in his feelings, whether of love or of hate, and equally so in his terms of praise and dispraise. But there is no evidence of his untruthfulness. After making every abatement for his warmth of manner, and his tendency to emphasis and point rather than to exactness of expression, it is yet impossible to suppose that he would have written these lines, unless the engraving was substantially a likeness. That the original, from which the engraving was made, must have been poor and bold as a work of art, is manifest on the slightest inspection. This, however, is by no means incompatible with its having been a faithful likeness. As Mr. Friswell justly remarks: "Untaught artists chiefly strive to catch the likeness; they depend upon this, indeed, for their success; and many a poor fellow who gained his precarious livelihood by painting portraits of the landlord and landlady of a public house and of the best parlor gentry who frequent it, is more faithful in his resemblances than Sir Joshua Reynolds. * * * * The artist idealizes his subject and tones down its eccentricities; the amateur or the dauber, who is 'clever at a likeness,' makes prominent, nay, even exaggerates, the peculiar style by which his sitter is known to his associ-



THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

ates. His touch may be as hard as a block of marble, his flesh-color like brick dust, but his 'likeness' is undeniable, or he would not be able to earn a crust."

The work of the engraver, in this instance, corresponds to the work of the painter. The engraving is, to the last degree, hard and stiff. It is evidently the product of one whose aim was to make a likeness, rather than a work of art.

In comparing the face and head thus presented to us with those already discussed, we observe, that while there are great differences, both in detail and in the general impression, it is easy to see the same man underlying them all. If we suppose the Death-Mask the point of departure, there is in the Droeshout engraving less divergence than in the Stratford bust, and more than in the terra cotta bust. There is the great distance between the eyes, and the amplitude of forehead, so noticeable in the Mask. The flesh of the face is fuller than in the mask, but not puffy as in the bust. The nose, not chopped off as in the bust, is, however, as straight as a stick, instead of having that delicately aquiline formation observable in the mask. The beard is shaven from the chin, but a few hairs are sprouting on the under lip, and there is a very light moustache. The forehead is high and bald, in all the pictures, but the hair hangs in long, smooth locks over the ears and the back of

the head. The costume is evidently some theatrical display put on for the occasion, and "smacking very much of the stage tailor." There is a doublet, buttoned up to the chin, and a plaited lawn ruff standing out all round in a most uncomfortable and ungraceful position, and stiffened apparently, in the edges and elsewhere, with wire. One feature, the most noticeable of all, is the projection of the forehead. In all the other likenesses, without exception, the forehead, with its noble expanse, recedes gradually and evenly. But in the Droeshout engraving, the forehead is like some beetling cliff, projecting, almost overhanging the brows in a way that is hardly less than monstrous. This misshapen character of the forehead may without difficulty be accepted, not as a part of the likeness of the poet, but as part of the unskillful etching of the engraver. It looks certainly not unlike a huge goitre transferred from the throat to the brow.

6. THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

Of painted likenesses of Shakespeare, none ranks so high as that known as the Chandos Portrait. This picture is in the National Portrait Gallery, and is the property of the nation, as represented by the trustees of that institution.

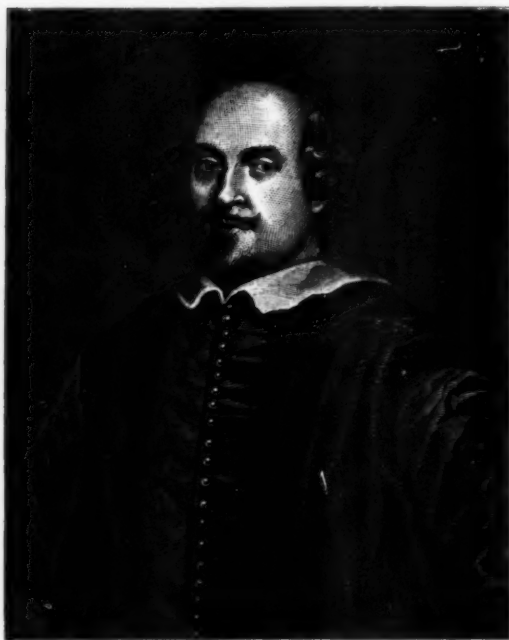
This picture originally belonged to, and probably was painted by, John Taylor, painter, a brother of Joseph Taylor, a player of Shakespeare's company. It was left by Taylor, by will, at his death, to Sir William Davenant. Davenant dying insolvent, the administration of his effects was granted in 1668 to John Otway, by which means the picture came into his possession. After Otway's death, Betterton, the actor, bought the picture. At Betterton's death it was, in like manner, bought by Mrs. Barry, the actress, who afterwards sold it for forty guineas to Robert Keck, of the Temple. From Keck it went by inheritance to a Mr. Nicholls, and thence to Mr. Nicholls's only daughter, who was married to James, Marquis of Caernarvon, afterwards DUKE OF CHANDOS. From the Duke of Chandos the picture went to his daughter, Anna Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham. On the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's pictures, in 1848, this Chandos Shakespeare was bought by the Earl of Ellesmere, and by him presented, in 1856, to the National Portrait Gallery, where it now is.

The picture was engraved, while in Betterton's hands, by Vanderghucht; subsequently, in 1719, by Vertue, and in 1747, by Houbraken; after that, and down to the present time, by numerous, or rather almost innumerable engravers. The face of the Chandos portrait is indeed the one altogether best known to the public.

The picture is of life size, in oil, on canvas. In its general character it seems to resemble more nearly the terra cotta bust than any other likeness that I saw. The nose is straight and long, as in the Droeshout engraving, but is thinner and more delicately formed, and, in that respect, conforms more nearly to the Mask, yet it has not the slightly aquiline curve of the latter. There is not the same distance between the eyes, and the same breadth of forehead, that are to be seen in the Mask and in the Droeshout likeness, though the forehead is still ample and strikingly noble. There is more general softness in the picture than in any of the other likenesses that have been named, except perhaps, the terra cotta bust. The picture is decidedly artistic, and the artist has apparently, to some extent, sacrificed literal likeness to artistic effect. The complexion is dark; there is a pinkishness of color about the eye-lids; the lips are inclined to be full and sensuous; the ear that is visible is tricked out with a ring; the hair, a dark auburn, that in the Droeshout is plaited and smoothed down, hangs here in easy, unstudied profusion on the sides and back of the head, while most of the lower part of the face is covered with a soft beard of the same color. No lines of deep thought are in the face, no furrows on the brow. There is an equal show of softness, almost effeminacy, in the costume. The dress, so far as it can be made out, is of black satin, and the collar is of fine plain lawn, folding over easily but simply.

At the first blush, on looking at the Chandos picture and then at the Droeshout, one can hardly believe them to be representations of the same person. Yet, on placing them side by side, and deliberately tracing the lines of each, one after the other, the substantial identity of the two is clearly established.

In the opinion of competent experts, Mr. Page, for instance, the Chandos portrait has internal evidence of having been painted from life. "When I look at that picture," says Mr. Page, "I am sure that the man who painted it looked directly into the eye of



THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

Shakespeare." The conjecture is certainly a very plausible one, that John Taylor, whose brother was a dramatic associate of Shakespeare's, did paint from life his brother's friend and companion.

7. THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

The only remaining likeness that it seems necessary to notice is that known as the Stratford Portrait. The picture that goes by this name belonged to Mr. W. O. Hunt, Town Clerk of Stratford-upon-Avon, in whose family it had been for over a century. It was supposed to be some old portrait, but whose no one knew. Mr. Simon Collins, of London, a well known restorer of pictures, happening to be in Stratford, in 1860, this picture was submitted to his examination. He discovered that the original picture had been painted over, by a later hand; the face being covered with hair, and with a heavy beard. On the removal of this exterior stratum of paint, the true original, which lay beneath, was brought to light, and was found to be a striking likeness of Shakespeare. The discovery made a sensation in Shakespearean circles. The picture was brought to London and exhibited,

and caused much discussion. The owner finally very generously gave it to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and it is deposited among the other articles of curiosity at the Shakespeare House in that town.

This picture is traced with certainty to William Hunt, grandfather of the late owner. This William Hunt is supposed to have acquired it, with some other old paintings, in the purchase of his house from the Clopton family, in 1758. That however is mere conjecture, though a probable one.

No one who has seen the Stratford bust can look upon this picture without satisfying himself at the first glance that the two are connected. The connection indeed, is universally conceded. But was the picture made from the bust, or the bust from the picture? The Stratford people strongly insist on the latter, believing firmly that the picture was taken from life, and was the original of the bust. Critics and

scholars outside of Stratford take for the most part the opposite view. Mr. Halliwell probably represents the average opinion of the critical world, in believing that the picture was made from the bust, and made fully a century after the bust. It has even been suggested that the picture may have been made about the year of the Garrick Jubilee, in 1769, and in commemoration of that event.

Whatever theory of it be true, the picture is without doubt one of great value, and is worthily placed for perpetual keeping in the same town with the bust, to which it is so closely connected.

The impression which these various likenesses, when thus reviewed, make upon the mind of the observer, especially the impression made by the Mask, is that of majesty and force: what a noble face this man had! how worthy of the noble thoughts to which he gave utterance! and we feel instinctively like applying to him the words which he has himself put into the mouth of Hamlet, when pointing to his father's portrait:

"See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

A w
A wh
The v

A par
The g
And p

And s
While
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So she
Count

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An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

THE SPINNING WHEEL.



"SHE GIVES A TOUCH AND A CARELESS WHIRL."

A WHITE pine floor and a low-ceiled room,
A wheel and a reel and a great-brown loom,
The windows out and the world in bloom—

A pair of 'swifts' in the corner, where
The grandmother sat in her rush-wrought chair,
And pulled at the distaff's tangled hair;

And sang to herself as she spun the tow
While 'the little wheel' ran as soft and low
As muffled brooks where the grasses grow
And lie one way with the water's flow.

As the Christ's field lilies free from sin,
So she grew like them when she ceased to spin
Counted her 'knots' and handed them in!

'The great wheel' rigged in its harness stands—
A three-legg'd thing with its spindle and bands;—

And the slender spokes, like the willow wands
That spring so thick in the low, wet lands,
Turn dense at the touch of a woman's hands.

As the wheel whirls swift, how rank they grow!
But how sparse and thin when the wheel runs slow
Forward and backward, and to and fro!

There's a heap of rolls like clouds in curl,
And a bright-faced, springy, barefoot girl:
She gives a touch and a careless whirl,

She holds a roll in her shapely hand
That the sun has kissed and the wind has fanned,
And its mate obeys the wheel's command.

There must be wings on her rosy heel!
And there must be bees in the spindled steel!
A thousand spokes in the dizzy wheel!

Have you forgotten the left-breast knock
When you bagged the bee in the hollyhock,
And the angry burr of an ancient clock—

All ready to strike—came out of the mill,
Where covered with meal the rogue was still,
Till it made your thumb and finger thrill?

It is one, two, three—the roll is caught;
'Tis a backward step and the thread is taut,
A hurly of wheel and the roll is wrought!

'Tis one, two, three, and the yarn runs on,
And the spindle shapes like a white-pine cone,
As even and still as something grown.

The barefoot maiden follows the thread
Like somebody caught and tether'd and led
Up to the buzz of the busy head.

With backward sweep and willowy bend
Monarch would borrow if maiden could lend,
She draws out the thread to the white wool's end,

From English sheep of the old-time farm,
With their legs as fair as a woman's arm,
And faces white as a girl's alarm.

She breaks her thread with an angry twang
Just as if at her touch a harp-string rang
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang

That came to a halt on her cherry lip
While she tied one knot that never could slip,
And thought of *another*, when her ship,—

All laden with dreams in splendid guise,—
Should sail right out of the azure skies
And a lover bring with great brown eyes!

Ah, broad the day but her work was done—
Two 'runs' by reel! She had twisted and spun
Her two score 'knots' by set of sun,

With her one, two, three, the wheel beside,
And the three, two, one, of her backward glide,
So to and fro in calico pride
Till the bees went home and daytime died!

In apron white as the white sea foam,
She gathered the wealth of her velvet gloom,
And railed it in with a tall back-comb.

She crushed the dew with her naked feet,
The track of the sun was a golden street,
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,
And it looked like a pattern lifted high;
But she never dreamed of angels high,

And she spoke right out: "Do just see there!
"What a blue and white for the clouded pair
"I'm going to knit for my Sunday wear!"

The wheel is dead and the bees are gone,
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,
And her feet are shod with golden dawn.

From a wind-swung tree that waves before,
A shadow is dodging in at the door,—
Flickering ghost on the white pine floor,—

And the cat, unlearned in the Shadow's law,
Just touched its edge with a velvet paw
To hold it still with an ivory claw!

But its spectral cloak is blown about,
And a moment more and the ghost is out,
And leaves us all in shadowy doubt

If ever it fell on floor at all,
Or if ever it swung along the wall,
Or whether a shroud or a phantom shawl!

Oh, brow that the old-time morning kissed!
Good night, my girl of the double and twist
Oh, barefoot vision! Vanishing mist!

"O BIRDS THAT FLIT BY OCEAN'S RIM."

O BIRDS that flit by ocean's rim,
And make your plaint to silent sky;
O waves that lap horizons dim,
Ye shall be tranquil by and by!

O rose-tree, giving petals fair,
In some lost garden lone to lie—
Weep not because your stems are bare,
They shall re-blossom by and by!

O singer, singing in the night—
Turn not and curse the heavens and die;
Your heritage is peace and light,
You shall be richer by and by!

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"THE DAY BADE THEM ADIEU AS THEY PLUNGED INTO THE SHADOWS."

CHAPTER XXI.

"I AM NOT WELL IN HEALTH, AND THAT IS ALL."

Was it morning? The light in the room seemed dim as Katey opened her eyes. But winter mornings have late twilights. It must be time to rise. The call to prayers would come soon, and there were the letters!

Some one moved out from behind the head of the bed and bent over her. It was Clary Luckiwinner, mopping her tear-stained face with a lace-edged handkerchief.

"Why, Clary!"

"Oh, then you know me at last, dear Miss Earle! You have been dreadfully ill, and your sister is here, and—but oh, I must not talk to you," she broke off, penitent and frightened.

Katey closed her eyes. She was so weak that this little scene exhausted and confused her. So Delphine was here! And she had been ill! Slowly her awakened thoughts traveled back to the point where forgetfulness began. Then she hid her face among the pillows.

Delphine came presently and fed her with broth, and bade her go to sleep like a good child. She could hear the girls whispering outside the door, where Clary had gone; but even this died away upon her ear, and she lost herself again. How long a time passed she did not know. She slept and woke, and slept and woke again. Sometimes it was daylight upon which she opened her eyes, and sometimes a soft glimmer, as from a shaded lamp, filled the room; and all the while she was slowly coming back to herself. How far she must have wandered in the darkness!

Her mind was growing clearer. The past rose up before her, as it might perhaps in the day of judgment, when every secret thought as well as deed would stand revealed. It had been all a lie from the beginning, she knew. He had come to her with a vow to another woman upon him. He had allowed himself to fall into temptation. He had been too weak to go away when safety lay only in flight. She herself had led him on. Unwittingly, she had been a snare to him, knowing nothing of the truth. She could see now how he had struggled, weakly. "I am your bitterest enemy," he said. Her bitterest enemy! And yet she did not hate him. At this very moment, when she knew how false he had been, she felt that if he but stood in the door and beckoned, she should rise and follow him. Oh, he must not come; she must never see him again. He could be nothing to her; she must forget him. That would have been easy to do once; but now—could she ever untangle these threads which had knit together the two lives?

Delphine, in her rich, dark dress, with pretty shining ornaments about her neck and at her ears, sat by the little table holding a lamp, knitting a hood of soft white wool. She rose hastily when Katey moved among her pillows.

"How good it was in you to come!" said Katey, stroking her hand, when she had submitted to being fed, like a baby, with a spoon. Poor Katey! Something had dropped out of her life, leaving it empty and bare. It seemed all at once as though the world were cruelly cold. The least kindness was a surprise.

"Of course I should come! What do you mean, child? I am thankful your illness occurred when it did, and not a month later, after we had gone. You don't know how sick you have been, Katey."

Delphine's voice quavered. She bent over her work.

"Did Jack know?"

"I wrote a dispatch for him one day, but Robert said we had best not send it, unless——" She did not finish the sentence.

So they had thought she might die! It would have been better, perhaps. It would have been easier. Death settles many a vexed question. And yet there was something she desired to do first.

"Has it been long? Have I been ill a long time?"

"Nearly a fortnight."

"Have—have I had any letters, do you know?" Her voice trembled, in spite of the effort to speak calmly.

"Yes; Jack and Josie have both written. You shall hear their letters to-morrow."

"And that is all,—you are sure? There might be some mistake."

"Yes, O yes, that is all."

From whom did the child expect letters? thought Delphine, carelessly. It was a sick girl's fancy, and she spoke of something else. But Katey did not reply. With her face hidden in the pillow, she was trying to stifle the great pang of disappointment which Delphine's words had brought. And yet, why should she be disappointed? Only a moment before she had been alarmed lest he had written to her with tender words; and then where would her strength be? She must write to him at once; she could not rest or sleep again till this was done. If she could only throw her arms around Delphine's neck and tell her the whole story! But Delphine had been bitter in her denunciations of Dacre. It would be far easier to make Jack her confidant. Still, what might not Jack do in his wrath?

"I am going out for a little while," Mrs. Estemere said presently, laying down her work. "I have an errand to do, and Miss Severance has kindly offered to go with me. Little Miss Luckiwinner will sit by you until I return. I shall caution her about talking too much."

So, after a few moments, Clary crept in to take her proud position beside the bed.

Mrs. Estemere's step had hardly died away before Katey turned to her. "Raise my head a little, Clary, and bring my writing-desk to me."

Clary stared in affright. Had Miss Earle lost her senses again?

"I want to write a letter," Katey explained.

"But you are not well enough. Mrs. Estemere said I was not to talk to you."

"I don't ask you to talk to me. Only bring me the desk. Please, Clary."

"Oh, I don't dare to," Clary replied, trembling with fright at her temerity, yet determined to be faithful to her trust. "You might be ill again and die," she gasped. "Oh, I cannot, dear Miss Earle; don't ask me to. Wait until Mrs. Estemere comes back."

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"Then I shall get it for myself," she said at last with determination, making a movement as though about to rise from her pillows.

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"Wait one moment. Will you not wait just one moment?" and she ran out of the room. Now was the time to execute her threat. But that was impossible, Katey knew. She was by far too weak. She had spent her little strength in the encounter with Clary. She could only lie quite still, crying weakly.

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"Then you didn't get up?" she exclaimed, and the head disappeared again. Once more it showed itself. What was the girl trying to do? "I went down to—to speak to somebody; and won't you please let him talk to you about it?" she said, confusedly. A taller form appeared behind Clary's little figure.

"May I come in?" and putting Clary aside, Professor Dyce entered the room.

"Miss Luckiwinner seems to think it an occasion demanding authority. What is this about writing letters?"

He came forward and took the hand lying upon the coverlet, holding the wrist a moment.

"Ah, this will not do," he said, gravely. "I thought we could trust to your good sense. You will bring back your fever in this way."

"But I wanted to write,—just a little note," she added, quickly. "I would be very quiet afterwards; I would never ask to do anything again. Only this once," she begged.

He was regarding her flushed face with grave, stern eyes, but at the quaver in her voice their expression changed.

"Could not Miss Clary, here, write for you? or I?" he asked, gently. So she had been crying; her eyes were still full of tears.

Katey shook her head.

"Bring me the desk," he said to Clary. She hesitated, but she gave it into his hands.

"May I open it?" He took out paper and placed it before her; he selected a pencil and began to point it deliberately. "Do the young ladies disturb you?"

"Not at all. They have been very quiet, I am sure. But my classes?"

"Wait in hope. In the meantime the most of them have fallen into my hands. There," laying down the pencil, "this is to be a very brief epistle—only a line or two?"

"Yes."

"Then Miss Luckiwinner and I will leave you for a few moments," and he ushered Clary from the room, closing the door, beside which Clary waited, however. The Professor paced up and down the hall, his head bent, his hands clasped behind him. Clary hearing no movement within the room ventured to leave the door and lean upon the window-sill at the end of the hall. The Professor paused before her.

"Well, Clary," and the strong, bright tone which he had used in the sick-room had left his voice, "it's all a tangle, isn't it?"

"What is, sir?"

"O, life, and—everything."

"I—I don't know," Clary replied, bewildered.

"No, of course you don't; why should you?" he said, cheerfully. Then he rapped at Katey's door.

"Come in." The flush had left her face; it was almost as white as the pillows about it. The letter was finished and enclosed, and lay, face down, upon the desk before her. "I was not a long time, you see," and she tried to smile.

"No."

"And now, will you send this? It is stamped and addressed, ready for the mail."

Certainly," he replied, in so bright a tone that Clary was puzzled again. But every-day life held many mysteries to Clary. She never got beyond a dull, confused wonder, which shed no light upon them.

He held out his hand for the letter, but Katey still kept it clasped tight in her own. Would he glance at the address? There was an unspoken request in her eyes. "It need not be laid upon the desk with the others?" and the color swept over her face. "Will you not trust me?" and she gave the letter into his hand.

"But you won't do this again?—not until you are stronger, at least; you will promise me?"

Her mind was growing clearer. The past rose up before her, as it might perhaps in the day of judgment, when every secret thought as well as deed would stand revealed. It had been all a lie from the beginning, she knew. He had come to her with a vow to another woman upon him. He had allowed himself to fall into temptation. He had been too weak to go away when safety lay only in flight. She herself had led him on. Unwittingly, she had been a snare to him, knowing nothing of the truth. She could see now how he had struggled, weakly. "I am your bitterest enemy," he said. Her bitterest enemy! And yet she did not hate him. At this very moment, when she knew how false he had been, she felt that if he but stood in the door and beckoned, she should rise and follow him. Oh, he must not come; she must never see him again. He could be nothing to her; she must forget him. That would have been easy to do once; but now—could she ever untangle these threads which had knit together the two lives?

Delphine, in her rich, dark dress, with pretty shining ornaments about her neck and at her ears, sat by the little table holding a lamp, knitting a hood of soft white wool. She rose hastily when Katey moved among her pillows.

"How good it was in you to come!" said Katey, stroking her hand, when she had submitted to being fed, like a baby, with a spoon. Poor Katey! Something had dropped out of her life, leaving it empty and bare. It seemed all at once as though the world were cruelly cold. The least kindness was a surprise.

"Of course I should come! What do you mean, child? I am thankful your illness occurred when it did, and not a month later, after we had gone. You don't know how sick you have been, Katey."

Delphine's voice quavered. She bent over her work.

"Did Jack know?"

"I wrote a dispatch for him one day, but Robert said we had best not send it, unless——" She did not finish the sentence.

So they had thought she might die! It would have been better, perhaps. It would have been easier. Death settles many a vexed question. And yet there was something she desired to do first.

"Has it been long? Have I been ill a long time?"

"Nearly a fortnight."

"Have—I have I had any letters, do you know?" Her voice trembled, in spite of the effort to speak calmly.

"Yes; Jack and Josie have both written. You shall hear their letters to-morrow."

"And that is all,—you are sure? There might be some mistake."

"Yes, O yes, that is all."

From whom did the child expect letters? thought Delphine, carelessly. It was a sick girl's fancy, and she spoke of something else. But Katey did not reply. With her face hidden in the pillow, she was trying to stifle the great pang of disappointment which Delphine's words had brought. And yet, why should she be disappointed? Only a moment before she had been alarmed lest he had written to her with tender words; and then where would her strength be? She must write to him at once; she could not rest or sleep again till this was done. If she could only throw her arms around Delphine's neck and tell her the whole story! But Delphine had been bitter in her denunciations of Dacre. It would be far easier to make Jack her confidant. Still, what might not Jack do in his wrath?

"I am going out for a little while," Mrs. Estemere said presently, laying down her work. "I have an errand to do, and Miss Severance has kindly offered to go with me. Little Miss Luckwinner will sit by you until I return. I shall caution her about talking too much."

So, after a few moments, Clary crept in to take her proud position beside the bed.

Mrs. Estemere's step had hardly died away before Katey turned to her. "Raise my head a little, Clary, and bring my writing-desk to me."

Clary stared in affright. Had Miss Earle lost her senses again?

"I want to write a letter," Katey explained.

"But you are not well enough. Mrs. Estemere said I was not to talk to you."

"I don't ask you to talk to me. Only bring me the desk. Please, Clary."

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"But you won't do this again?—not until you are stronger, at least; you will promise me?"

"I shall never do it again," burst out Katey with a little sob; too weak and miserable to realize how much her words revealed. Then she turned her face to the wall, and he went away. But Clary added another to her list of unanswered queries: why did a great light come into his eyes at sight of Katey's tears?

Delphine returned to find her patient quietly sleeping, and Clary ensconced in breathless, painful quiet in the great chair by the bedside. Evidently her commands had been carried out to the letter.

There was no opportunity at the time to recount the story of Katey's willfulness, and Clary, after turning the matter over in her small head, decided to say nothing about it. She kept her own counsel, since no harm followed. Katey even seemed better the next day; and wondered in her own mind if she ought to confess her misdeed. But that would involve telling the whole story, from which she shrank now. She was morbidly faithful, perhaps. But, because he had proved false, was she set free from every promise? They could never be anything to each other; but she would not turn against him, and tell everything she knew to his disadvantage. Then Delphine would divine at once the cause of her illness and would overwhelm her with pity and sympathy. Ah, no; it would be wiser and more easy to bury it all in her own heart.

When she was able to be moved Delphine carried her off to her own home. Jack and Josie had returned from their wedding journey, and were settled in the same town. Then, before many days Delphine had bade them all a cheery adieu—there were never any forebodings in her mind—and sailed away with her husband and child for a year's absence. But Katey was by this time domiciled with Josie, where she was to remain for the present, and where rest and new scenes would bring strength and peace, if not forgetfulness. And so the winter passed away, and Spring came again.

What is this longing which possesses us all in the spring-time;—not for the distant future, but for the far away in the past. A vague regret, a shadowy remembrance tinged with pain of loss. It comes to us like a fuller heart-beat in the midst of busy cares. It holds us for an instant, then is gone. Not a recollection, for we grasp at nothing; no picture rises before our minds. It is too brief, too

mystical for that. The rain drops upon the white stones under the window, and there falls upon heart and soul a sense of—what? Another patter of rain? When? and where? A sudden gust, and the breath of the salt sea is borne in upon us. Ah! we had almost grasped it, we had almost lived again. What? we know not. It is gone; only the pain still vibrates. Some tense, forgotten string within had been touched in passing.

Slowly the summer went by. The thread was broken at last. The thoughts which had sprung back continually to Dacre had learned to dwell upon other objects. He had never written. He had made no effort to overbear her decision or to excuse himself. From Minna Hauser she heard sometimes. Only once had she spoke of him; and then to say that Christine, hearing nothing, was anxious and alarmed. Long before this Katey had told Jack and Josie of her appearance upon the stage at the Junction, and given them an account of the Hauser family. Only Christine's love-story she had withheld; partly because it had been imparted to her in that most binding of all confidences, which asks no promise—and partly because it was so interwoven with her own brief romance. Her romance! There would, doubtless, come no other to her life. She looked forward without interest. The future, to be sure, was not now as it had been at first,—a great open sea, cold and gray, and crossed by no white-winged ships; the roads of her fancy led no longer to a high, blank wall. There were Jack and Josie, Delphine and her family,—they bounded her world; and there was her work; for work she must, or life would be unbearable. The summer was almost over, and she was going back to La Fayette. Professor Dyce had written a brief note to say that there had been many changes in the school, but her place awaited her if she chose to return. And she was going back. The dull routine was tedious, but it was work and ready to her hand. It would engross her mind; and she would do it conscientiously for want of a better, nobler mission. She had no ambition; she felt no call, such as comes to some women, to do great deeds. But the commonest duties well done confer nobility upon the doer, and it was work; she came back to that always. She should go on year after year, growing old and worn and white-haired in that little corner room looking down upon the Gothic porch of a church. People would pass in

and out there,—old and young, bridal parties and funeral corteges; but it would hold one picture forever in her mind: the stillness of a summer night, the lowering clouds shutting out the stars, a handsome face bent close to hers, a dusky figure moving slowly over the way. Ah! she thought she had forgotten. She rose up quickly from sitting listlessly in her own room at Josie's, and began hurriedly to dress. They were going to visit a collection of pictures, and even now Josie ran up the stairs and tapped at her door.

"What! not dressed! and I am late, too. O Katey, you are an idle girl," she added playfully, "you have done nothing all the morning, while I—do you know Jack thinks I am a wonderful housekeeper?"

"I don't doubt it." Katey was tying her bonnet-strings under her chin, and searching for her gloves. "I agree with him heartily."

"How sweet you are in all that pink," said Josie, when they were entering the picture-gallery. "But you are so tall and grand that I am quite insignificant beside you." And she made an abortive attempt to draw her diminutive figure to a fuller height. "You always will look like a princess in disguise. I believe if you were to walk down the street in a print gown, and with a handkerchief tied over your head, half the town would turn and stare after you."

"It would be strange if they did not," laughed Katey.

"Do laugh;" and Josie turned her eyes upon her with the wistful gaze Katey had marked many times before, but would not appear to notice; "you are so very quiet and grave of late."

"Am I? I have been ill, you know, and that can never be amusing; and I have had many things to think of, some of which have troubled me not a little." She said it quietly, moved to no purpose when she began. Dacre's name had never been mentioned between them in all these months which they had spent together. But now she would speak. They were almost alone. An old man with a mottled beard and a hooked nose,—a dealer, perhaps,—was moving from one picture to another, eying them with a cold, critical air. A younger man, shabbily dressed,—possibly an artist,—stood near by, sighting a landscape through his half-closed hand. They were early; there were no others in the room.

"I shall never see Dacre Home again." Katey's great, grave eyes were fixed upon the canvas before them, with the far-seeing eyes of a sibyl. It was a little French study: an arbor, a stand, a wine-glass, a white shoulder, some black drapery, a screen of vines, a pair of dark eyes peeping through—but she saw nothing of it.

Josie caught her sleeve. "Do you really mean it? Oh, I am so glad! You cannot think how anxious I have been, and yet, I would not try to force your confidence. And you are convinced at last, that he is utterly worthless?"

"No;" Katey said stoutly. "There is much that is good in him."

"O Katey! How can you think so? I dare not trust you then. I am afraid you will go back to him."

"Because I will not turn against him? You need not be afraid," she added, "I can never go back to him."

"But you are not going to pine away?" One never knew what Katey might take upon herself to do.

"Do I look like it?" and she turned upon Josie the face that had lost something of its bloom and freshness, but was still round in its outline, and sweeter than ever in its grave, thoughtful expression.

"No," responded Josie, doubtfully. "And you are sure you are not making yourself unhappy over it?"

"Quite sure," Katey replied. Then the room began to fill rapidly, an acquaintance accosted them, and they said no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PICNIC.

THE changes to which Professor Dyce referred in his note to Katey were greater than she imagined. President Humphrey had been called to an institution in the far West, leaving Professor Dyce in charge at La Fayette until the trustees should decide upon some one to take his place. Miss Severance had been summoned to her home, and finally resigned her position in the school on account of domestic troubles; and at least half of the pupils had left, many from the South, with the forethought—or foreknowledge—of prophecy, having never returned after the Christmas holidays. Others failed to appear at the beginning of the spring term, when the fall of Sumter warned the nation of the dreadful future. A summer of excitement and

confusion, never to be forgotten, followed, and it was only a handful, compared with the former number of girls, who gathered at the opening of the fall term. There were murmurs of dissatisfaction among these in regard to the principles and proclivities of the head of the school; for Professor Dyce was openly and avowedly for the Government. Katey soon saw that this dissatisfaction was fostered and encouraged by Miss Wormley, who for some unknown cause had evidently conceived a dislike for the man whom she had formerly fawned upon and flattered. A line, imaginary, and yet not the less strongly marked, was forming a division among the teachers. Upon one side were Professor Dyce, Miss Hersey and Katey; upon the other, Professor Payne, Professor Grôte and Miss Wormley, while the instructor in modern languages was not regarded by either party, and little Mr. Milde kept his own counsel and smiled equally upon both.

For the evening study-hour the girls gathered now in the music-room. It was less dreary than the great, half-empty school-hall. Many and bitter were the discussions waged here in the half hour of twilight recreation after tea. Be-jewelled, be-furbelowed though the girls were, they had found a depth at last beneath these things. The whole air of the house was changed; it had no longer the appearance of a quiet, well-regulated school; but of some chance abiding-place, where people, jealous, distrustful of each other, waited during a little time with feverish impatience for what, no one knew. Among these warring elements Professor Dyce moved silently, outwardly calm, self-possessed, and assured. It was a relief to Katey to feel that his eyes were no longer upon her; that the foolish suspicions which she had awakened at first had died out, or been forgotten in other and more important affairs. She took up her diminished classes with fresh zeal. The stirring events of each day in the outside world, with the duties close by her hands, banished all morbid regrets; and brought her mind to a healthier tone. She wondered still about Dacre, but without pain. The little formula of prayer to which her lips had become accustomed so long ago, she still kept up. It could do her no harm, nor him. And something like faith enlarged her vision at times, and made her to feel that it would not be in vain. Still she heard nothing of him. Even Minna Hauser, for some reason, had ceased to write.

There was less of discipline now in the school than there had been once. With the exception of Professor Dyce, who held them all with a strong, firm hand, the teachers relaxed something of their former vigilance. The recitations were naturally shortened since the classes were so small, and the hours of recreation were increased. In place of the processional walk about town, which had once comprised the daily exercise, Professor Dyce led the girls often in these pleasant September days quite beyond the limits of the city.

One day, a month perhaps after the beginning of the term, he announced at morning prayers that the school would spend the afternoon in the country. He would leave Miss Wormley, through whose knowledge of the suburbs he had perfected the plan, to give its details; and with this he left the desk and the school-room, followed by some such daring expressions of delight as a soft clapping of hands from the younger girls. Miss Wormley explained that immediately after dinner omnibuses would be in attendance at the door, to convey the young ladies to a point some four or five miles from town, within easy walking distance of a grove, where they would take an early tea, and return to the city before dark.

Professor Paine excused himself from the party, and Miss Hersey decided that it would be necessary for her also to remain at home. Miss Wormley, busily collecting the lunch-baskets which the housekeeper had prepared, smiled a peculiar and not altogether pleasant smile when this announcement was made to her.

"The care of the young ladies will devolve upon you and me, then," she said to Katey, in an unusually gracious tone.

"Yes; and upon Professor Dyce. He is going, of course?"

"Professor Dyce? O, of course." And again the watery blue eyes half closed in an odd smile.

They set off at last, a gay party, filling a couple of omnibuses, merry, happy, and forgetful for the time of their differences. The road was smooth and hard, and they bowled along at a fine pace when the paved streets of the town were once left behind. The country was fresh and greener than in midsummer; the air mild, yet not too warm; the day perfect. What more could they desire?

Upon the outskirts of a suburban village they descended from the omnibuses, and went on, a straggling company, led by Miss

Wormley, up the pleasant country road to the picnic ground, a half mile away.

"Is it much farther?" Katey ventured to ask at last. The afternoon sun was fiercely hot; no shadow from welcome wayside trees fell upon the dusty road. The shawl and basket upon her arm were growing heavier each moment.

"No; we turn in at that gate. There is the grove," Miss Wormley replied.

A bend in the road had long since hidden their starting-point. They had left every trace of human habitation behind. Rough, hilly fields, broken into knolls, and even mountains in the distance, met their eyes on every hand. Across these, in irregular, devious wanderings, straggled a narrow belt of woods, disappearing only where the horizon shut down upon it at last.

The Professor stepped forward and opened the gate as Miss Wormley paused before it. He waited until the last had passed through. Katey had lagged behind. He took the basket from her hand and walked on beside her without speaking. The grass was cool and soft to the feet; a faint breeze rose and came to meet them as they reached the edge of the woods, stirring the branches of the trees; a startled bird fluttered away, uttering a shrill, piping call to its mate. It was a pleasant summer scene, suggestive of peace.

"One might almost forget the war," Katey said, letting her eyes wander after her thoughts to the distant hazy hills.

"Is it then so easily forgotten? Oh, not for me," the Professor replied, in a deep, suppressed voice, a fire burning in his eyes.

"The drum, the drum, it calls so loud,"

he said, half to himself.

And would he go? Jack had written the week before that he expected his commission daily. Oh, how near this was coming to each one! How real this terrible dream might yet be! She, too, had enlisted heart and soul. That was all a woman could do. Her busy hands, to do their possible, meek office, followed, as a matter of course, needing no fresh consecration. But often her desires soared beyond this. "Dear Jack," she had written, feeling only this uplifting of the soul beyond all dreadful forebodings. Then she laid her face upon the paper, no other words came with the rush of strong emotion. When she was calmer, she took up the pen again. "It must be sweet to die for one's country,"

she added, with that holy enthusiasm which only women and martyrs know.

They walked on silently for a moment; then Katey spoke again softly.

"But the school! How could you leave the school?"

"It has never been any but a temporary affair with me," he replied. "I should give it up at once if there was only some one to take my place. I have to wait a little longer for my degree,—that is all. Nothing else need keep me here. But, indeed, six months hence there will be no school. You think me a prophet of evil?" For Katey turned her face upon him full of surprise and doubt.

"The result is inevitable, and not far in the future either. Ah! carefully;" as one of the little girls, running back to meet them, stumbled and would have fallen had he not caught her.

"Please, Miss Wormley wants to know if we are to make a fire?"

"To be sure;" and he hastened on with the child to where the others had gathered under the trees, close to a noisy little brook clattering down over the stones. The girls were tired and heated, and somewhat inclined to be cross after the dusty walk upon which they had not calculated; but his presence soon put them in good humor. Notwithstanding the grave air he always wore, and the authority which he could exercise upon occasions, a certain gentle deference, a courtly manner, which years of society, perhaps, had imparted to him, and which was never forgotten in his intercourse with the smallest and most insignificant of the sex, flattered and won upon the girls imperceptibly. They might rail at him in secret for his political principles; but each one was ready to do his bidding, and proud if a word of commendation fell to her from his lips. There was a flutter of ribbons about him now when Miss Wormley announced that it was time to think about tea, each one hoping to be drawn into his service. The younger children ran to gather wood to feed the fire he had lit in a dry hollow, the older ones prepared to spread the cloth, and set out the contents of the baskets, while Katey and Clary Luckiwinner set about making the coffee under his direction.

They chattered and laughed over their rural repast as only school-girls can and will. They told stories, and even sang songs at its conclusion, grouped about in picturesque attitudes upon the moss-grown

rocks and stumps of fallen trees. Then, when the cloth had been cleared, and while the baskets were repacked and gathered together again, they wandered away as they chose. "Not too far," cautioned the Professor, "we must be moving towards town in an hour; it would not be wise to let the twilight catch us scattered among these woods and hills."

Miss Wormley and Katey had been collecting the baskets; even Clary had been tempted away by the others. Closing the last one with an exclamation of satisfaction, Miss Wormley strolled off after the girls. Katey was tired; she had served them all without sparing her strength. She had dismissed the last who volunteered to assist in clearing away the remains of the tea, sent them off towards the fields where their eyes had followed the others wistfully, and assumed the task herself. She sat down now to rest. The Professor, at a little distance, had thrown himself upon the ground, his back against the trunk of a tree, and had lit a cigar, too busy with the reverie called up by the silence, or the smoke slowly curling about his head, to notice her. She rested comfortably, having no fear now of what he might say, though his glance should discover her. In what a childish fear and dread she had avoided him all the past year! And how all these imaginary terrors had fled in the presence of the real. Then her thoughts flew, as they did so often now, to Jack. Ah! what should we do but for the blessed care for others which takes us out of our own narrow selves? Dear old Jack! He was, perhaps, already on his way to Washington, where Josie would follow him. Jack in the blue, with a sword at his side! Jack's handsome eyes looking out from under a visor! But Jack was always a hero to her, and he would live to come home again. There is a conviction stronger than hope, different even from faith, a kind of foreknowledge, and this Katey possessed now. She might have her terrors when others quaked. She might see her dark days when the clouds hung low,—but he would come home.

She said it to herself with a smile on her lips, though something wet fell upon the hands lying in her lap. Then she looked up hastily, and met Prof. Dyce's eyes. He must have been regarding her for a long time, certainly there was no surprise in his face at seeing her there.

"You are quite well?" he said inquir-

ingly. There was something like anxiety in his tone.

"Oh, yes."

"And happy?" It was an odd question, uttered so quietly, without the suggestion of a smile.

"Oh, yes," Katey said again.

That was all. He rose, throwing away his cigar. Did he take care of her? Did he watch over her? A little quick throb stirred her heart. There had been a moment of desolation thinking of Jack, and of Delphine so far away. What if anything should happen here at the school? There was no one to whom she could turn. She had not thought of Professor Dyce.

The faintest shadow of approaching night had already fallen. Miss Wormley approached now in evident haste. Prof. Dyce watched her drawing near.

"We rest upon a volcano in La Fayette," he went on to Katey. "It is only a question of time. The end must come. For myself, I have succeeded in the undertaking which brought me here. I have transferred my interests elsewhere. Six weeks—a month—I could leave to-day without loss, though I should like my degree; but you—it is different with a woman. If your position becomes dangerous—if I, who can see so much better than you to what all this may lead, having means of knowing what you can but be ignorant of,—if I tell you some day that the time has come for you to leave, will you trust me, and go?"

Katey gave one look into his eyes.

"Yes," she said, unhesitatingly, "I will."

Then, even as she uttered the last words, Miss Wormley joined them.

"It is time we started for home;" and the Professor consulted his watch.

"There is no haste, it is early yet," said Miss Wormley. It struck Katey as odd. The night was close at hand. Or was it her manner which was strange? There was a kind of suppressed excitement about the woman. She panted as though she had been running. The Professor, standing upon a rock above them, searched the woods on either side. The girls were nowhere in sight.

"I have called them," Miss Wormley said quickly. "They will be here directly. Of course you have seen the view from the knoll?" she added to Katey, motioning with her head in the opposite direction from that by which they had entered the woods.

"No," Katey replied. "I was tired, and have been resting; and, indeed, I knew nothing about it."

"Is it possible? Why, that is the aim and object of every picnic party here. It would be a shame not to see it. Professor Dyce!" He turned at her voice. "I will wait here for the girls, who are on their way back now from the knoll, if you will take Miss Earle there for a moment. It is a pity that she should miss the view, which she says she has not seen."

"Nor have I," replied the Professor. "I must confess my ignorance as to the situation of this knoll even. I trust it is not far," he added, with unconscious ungallantry. "It is later than I thought."

"O no; but a short distance. I can easily direct you there, and she proceeded to point out the way, which seemed to Katey both complicated and long in its various turnings."

"It must be too far for us to think of going now," she said.

"Not at all. You will soon see," Miss Wormley replied. "And you will be well paid for the slight exertion. But don't linger there," she called after them, "or we shall have to go home without you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

KATEY'S CONFESSION.

KATEY followed the Professor, who led the way with some haste and without replying to this playful remark. As they came out into the open fields the daylight seemed to flare into unexpected brightness. It was the shadows among the trees, perhaps, which had brought the twilight so soon.

"Where are the girls?" and Katey looked about her in surprise, for no one was in sight.

"They have probably crossed to the other side," the Professor replied. "Miss Wormley has called them together. If you are anxious, we will turn back. Still, I think this must be the knoll. Are you equal to a run to the top of it? Give me your hand. This cannot be the spot," he said, when they had gained the summit only to find another hill rising at a little distance to a greater height, shutting out the view from before them. Katey was already half-way down upon the other side. She was filled with misgivings. "Let us go as fast as we can," she said. But the

way lengthened before them; the deceitful knoll,—if this were really the one they sought,—seemed to move back coquettishly at their approach. Already the horizon had disappeared, and heavy shadows were creeping towards them.

"How foolish!" exclaimed Katey, at last. "Professor Dyce, where are we going, and for what?"

"I don't know."

"Nor I."

They stared at each other. Then they laughed.

"We must return as quickly as possible," said the Professor, beginning to retrace his steps. "It will be dark before we reach La Fayette. I am sorry to disappoint you—"

"It is no disappointment," Katey hastened to say. "I did not care to come, but Miss Wormley insisted upon it."

The way seemed much longer than when they first passed over it, and the shadows gained upon them with alarming speed.

"Are you quite sure?" Katey ventured presently. "I think we should bend more to the left. I don't remember this clump of firs; do you?"

"We might not have noticed it. But I believe we should enter the woods at that turn."

Katey's heart fell in sudden fright. But she followed, without speaking. She was by no means sure; perhaps he was right. They gained the woods. The day bade them adieu as they plunged into the shadows and pushed on in silence. They reached the brook, which sang noisily on its way. The surroundings were strange. Their companions were nowhere in sight.

"Hark!" But it was only the cry of a distant hawk.

"We are too far down," said the Professor, in the kind, hopeful tone people use with children to allay their fears. It alarmed Katey. "If we follow the brook we shall soon reach them." And again he led the way. It was an ill-trained, willful little stream, that had heeded the beckoning of its own fancy; it led them a devious way. Often they jumped its narrow width, when their progress was stopped by a fallen tree or a great boulder which the spring freshets had brought down. The darkness was falling fast now. At a little distance it was difficult to distinguish the trees, or guard against the snares and pitfalls in which Katey's tired feet were con-

tinually caught. They spoke no word. They only went on and on, until, all at once, Katey, faint and dizzy and bewildered, would have fallen, had not the Professor's strong hand held her up. He seated her upon the trunk of a prostrate tree.

"It is useless to go farther," he said quietly. He stepped upon the log beside her, and, raising his fingers to his lips, gave a sharp, shrill whistle. He waited a moment. Katey held her breath to listen. But there was no response. Again and again he repeated it. He changed it to a shout. A flock of crows rose overhead, with a great flapping of wings and hoarse, oft-repeated caws, dying away at last in the distance. His voice had awakened no other sound. He sat down beside her.

"We need not hasten now," for Katey had made a movement to rise. "We should be quite as likely to take the wrong direction as the right. We either entered the woods above the point where we lunched, and so have been going farther away from it all the time, or have passed the place and not recognized it."

"But Miss Wormley and the girls? They must be searching for us now."

"Give yourself no anxiety about them," said the Professor. "They were safely housed an hour ago, I doubt not. Finding that we did not return, Miss Wormley would take the girls home, and, perhaps, send some one after us. We will hope so, at least, and act accordingly. At the worst, we have only to wait for daylight, when we may find ourselves close by the turnpike. But I think we might make one other attempt. We will try the open fields. If we can only find the road, even if followed in the wrong direction, it must lead to some village or town, from which we can easily reach La Fayette."

They gained the open ground. Above them shone the stars, too bright by far; a soft, trembling darkness filled all the space below, in which they moved as in a fog-swept sea.

"This is folly and madness," said the Professor. "We will go back and build a fire. They will certainly send some one to look for us." And they retraced their steps to where the heavier shadows betokened the presence of the woods. He found a log where she could sit supported by the trunk of a tree.

"But you have no shawl, and the evening is cool."

Thus reminded, she took up the shawl which, with one of the lunch-baskets, she had carried, unconsciously, all the way, and wrapped it about her, while he gathered dry leaves and sticks, and lit a tiny fire just beyond her feet.

"The wind is from the woods. We may safely make it burn as brightly as we can;" and he fed the flames, which, crackling and snapping, and rising higher and higher, surrounded them at last with a circle of light, making the outer darkness still more dense by contrast.

"I must make a wider search for fuel," he said presently. "You will not be afraid if I leave you for a while. We may have to remain here some hours, and a rousing fire would serve a double purpose."

Katey closed her eyes, when he had gone. The delight of physical rest for the moment overpowered all other sensations. She did not sleep, but her thoughts became dreamy and confused. A sudden vision aroused her. Miss Wormley's face, full of malignant satisfaction, seemed to peer out of the darkness; but it vanished as she opened her eyes. She was still alone. The flames, unfed, had died down. She was cold, and conscious now of hunger. How fortunate that they had brought away one of the baskets! If it would only prove to contain something more desirable than spoons and forks! But where was Professor Dyce? She listened anxiously for his step. Could he have strayed beyond sight of the fire, since it had burned so low, and lost his way again? A great terror seized her—of the darkness, which seemed full of staring eyes—of the silence, which held mysterious whispers. She could not stay here. She threw an armful of brush upon the flames, and turned to the woods, where he had disappeared, treading noiselessly, as though her light step might awaken some new, fresh fear. Suddenly she perceived him, not many yards away, sleeping, as she thought at first, stretched out beneath the trees, his elbow upon the ground, his hand supporting his head. His forehead was contracted, his heavy brows knit. No dreamer ever wore so anxious, so stern a countenance. Looking closer, but fairly holding her breath lest he should perceive her, she saw that his eyes, although open, were bent upon the ground; and as she moved back cautiously, he dropped his head upon his arm with a deep sigh.

Was he, then, so troubled, while he had

hid his anxiety from her? Sometimes care is infectious, and sometimes it is like the plank on which the children see-saw,—the depression of one elevates the other. Katey's spirits rose. They could not be really lost, she thought hopefully, retracing her steps. At the worst, as he had said, they could wait here until daylight released them. He need not be uneasy if it was on her account. And yet she would not call him. But she made the dry twigs snap in her hands, as she fed the fire, noisily. She still knelt before the blaze, opening the lunch-basket, when he rejoined her.

"So you are awake. I came back once and found you sleeping," he said, with a smile.

But no smile could deceive her now. "What is that? And you have carried it all the way!"

"I was not aware of it, I can assure you. How fortunate!" she exclaimed, bringing out one treasure after another. "Not only sandwiches and rolls, and more sandwiches, but such superfluous products of civilization as knives and forks! And what can this be?" She brought out a tin cup which held a paper, half broken open,—*"Coffee!"* Her manner had entirely changed. He wondered, looking down upon her, as, clasping basket and viands and all in her arms, she said, with a pretty, playful air of distress:—

"Professor Dyce, I am shockingly hungry. It can't be long before they come," she went on in a bright tone, setting out the sandwiches upon the end of the log nearest the fire; "and in the meantime we will take supper. Will you bring some water from the brook, for the coffee?"

He disappeared among the trees to return in a moment with the cup filled. They placed it upon the glowing coals.

"You don't care for cream, I suppose?" said Katey, when it had boiled furiously, and been set aside at last.

"O no; not at all."

"And much sugar is not good for one. It might be wise to dispense with it altogether."

"True, especially as we have none."

"And coffee is never so delicious as when drank from the cup in which it is made," and Katey prepared to test her theory. The heated rim approached her lips. "And never so hot, I am sure," she concluded, with tears in her eyes.

The Professor laughed.

"You should wait until it has had time

to cool; and it has not yet settled. I have camped out more than once. Coffee from a tin cup is no novelty to me."

And he recounted some boyish experience with an animation which Katey felt to be forced. He watched and listened constantly, she knew. What did he dread? What did he expect? Why was he so absent and preoccupied? As for herself, she was contented and at rest now. They had food and fire, and presently some one would come.

"Are there any bears or wolves about here?"

"O no;" and he smiled, as though amused by what she felt to be a childish question. Her face grew warm in the fire-light, but still she went on:—

"Is there anything one need fear?"

His head had been turned as though listening. He looked around at her now.

"No. Are you afraid?"

"I am not afraid; but ——" then she stopped, reddening to her hair.

He uttered a short, crisp laugh.

"You thought I might be, perhaps."

Katey turned her head away.

"Will you not tell me why you are anxious?" she said.

His face became grave at once.

"Not for any harm which can come to us here, I can assure you. There is no reason why you should not sleep as peacefully as in your own bed. And, indeed, it is time you were asleep. Do you know how late it is?"

"No."

He took out his watch, glanced at it, and held its face to her.

"One o'clock!" Then she remembered something else. "They should have been here before now," she said.

He made no reply. His face was averted, and he was suddenly busy over the fire.

"I think I can make you more comfortable;" and he disappeared among the trees, returning in a moment with his arms full of dried leaves, which he threw down before her. Two or three similar journeys and his work was done.

"And now, if you will make a couch of it and put your feet to the fire, I think you may sleep for an hour or two. This moss-covered log may serve for once as a pillow. Wrap your shawl well about you, and don't be anxious; nothing can harm you. I shall not go far away."

Then, as Katey prepared to follow his advice, he threw another armful of brush

upon the blaze before vanishing into the darkness. She wrapped herself warmly, as he had told her to do. Sleep would not come at her bidding, but the change of position was restful, and with her cheek against the shawl she followed out the queries which his manner had raised within her. Why did he bid her sleep, and say nothing more of the party who would come to seek them? Had he given up all hope of it? She could not but feel that they should have been here before now. The blazing fire must be visible for miles. It would have guided any one to them at once. Or in the utter stillness of the night a voice would have reached them from a distance. But who was there at the school to start upon such a quest? Professor Paine, if he knew the circumstances. He was too rigidly just and conscientious to do otherwise. He would not let his bitterest enemy come to harm if he could save him. And in Professor Dyce's absence he was at the head of the house. But what would Miss Wormley say to him? What account of their disappearance would she give? And then, in a moment, the conviction flashed upon Kate's mind that Miss Wormley had willfully misled them and had deserted them at last. No one would come; it was useless to longer expect it. She sat upright with the thought. A step drew near, and Professor Dyce appeared.

"Well?" and Kate's voice was strained and anxious.

"I thought you were asleep, child."

"I can't sleep. I believe I am nervous," she added, with a little hysterical laugh. "Have you heard anything? Have you seen anything?"

"Nothing at all!" He had thrown himself down before the fire. He did not avoid her eyes now. "We must rely upon ourselves," he said. "No one will come in search of us. They should have been here hours ago. Don't be frightened!" for Kate had buried her face in the folds of her shawl. "We shall have no difficulty in finding our way as soon as it is daylight."

"You believe it?" and Kate's eyes searched his face.

"Without a shadow of doubt."

"Then there is nothing to be anxious about," and her voice was cheerful and assured.

"You are warm?" and he fed the fire again.

"O yes; entirely comfortable, thank you."

"Then try to sleep. We may have a long tramp before us yet."

"I cannot; I feel like a gypsy;" and with the little red shawl twisted fantastically about her, as she drew nearer to the blaze, she looked not unlike one. "I begin to enjoy it, since there is really nothing to fear."

He made no reply. She bent forward, her hands clasped around her knees, her dark face warm and bright in the fire-light.

"Professor Dyce," she said presently, in a low, almost timid, voice. He raised his head from his arm, where he lay regarding her.

"Well?"—when she did not go on.

"I want to tell you something; only don't look at me, please."

"Shall I cover my face, or turn away?"

"Neither; only look at the fire; that will do; though I believe I am not afraid of you now."

"Which implies that you have been?" and he raised his eyes quickly, then dropped them again.

"I suppose so, since I am conscious that I am not now; but that is metaphysics."

"In which gypsies are not supposed to indulge."

There was a flutter of the leaves over head, moved by a passing wind. Far away in the distance the call of some night-bird awoke the stillness, as she paused again.

"It is nothing," she went on slowly. "Only I should like to tell you about that night when we were detained at the Junction. I saw you in the concert hall. I—I was with the singers—you know."

"Yes, I know;" and an odd smile crossed his face.

"You must have thought it strange?" she said, timidly. Her forehead flamed at the recollection of the little red petticoat.

"I believe I did; very strange."

"But it was nothing at all." And then very quickly she recounted to him the story of her acquaintance with the Hauser family.

"Why did you not tell me of it at once?" he said, at its conclusion. "A word would have explained what could not but appear strange to me."

"I was angry; I saw that you distrusted me."

"Why should I not?" He had risen while she was speaking, and paced back and forth now with short, impatient steps.

"I was very rude to you afterwards," he said presently. Then he took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon."

"O, that is all long past," Katey replied, in confusion. "I deserved it. But I was too proud to speak."

"And suffered for your silence. Or, perhaps, you did not suffer," and he eyed her sharply.

"Yes; it hurt me to be doubted so," she answered slowly. "But—" she regarded the fire thoughtfully without finishing the sentence.

"I want to thank you," she said at last, raising her eyes and breaking the pause which he had not interrupted, "for *everything*. I can't talk about it," she added, hurriedly, while a little shadow stole over her face, but I want to assure you that I have appreciated your kindness all the time. I think I could sleep now," she

went on in a different tone, before he could reply. "But what will you do? You have not closed your eyes to-night."

"I shall watch the fire. I could not sleep if I tried."

"You will not go away?"

"O no, no."

"You will stay here, and make yourself comfortable by the fire, I mean."

"Certainly; if you wish it."

"I do, indeed. And then, perhaps, you will sleep in spite of your resolution. There is nothing to fear, you said?"

"Nothing about us here, I assure you;" and, wrapped in her shawl, her head resting upon her moss-covered pillow, Katey soon forgot her troubles.

(To be continued.)

OUR ESCHATOLOGY.

BY AN ORTHODOX MINISTER.

THE specific purpose of this article is to consider only so much of what is usually included under the above heading as relates to the *final* condition of the dead, and to show that the current theories upon this subject are unreasonable and untenable.

The traditional and common belief respecting the final allotments and experiences of men is that there are two distinct states—one of unmixed interminable woe; the other of unalloyed eternal happiness.

But the last cannot be true unless the first is false. That is, the endless punishment of the lost will render perfect happiness in heaven impossible, because for the redeemed to be perfectly happy while the unsaved are completely and irredeemably miserable, implies the destruction of those faculties of the soul which are essential to its existence, viz., perception, memory, and moral sensibility.

The primitive suffering of vast multitudes will be known by the redeemed if they retain their ability to perceive facts. Now unless they have lost their moral sensibility, unless they have lost that pitying love and tender sympathy for their kind when in suffering, which most fits them for heaven, they will have sentiments of grief, of sorrow amounting to positive pain, as

soon as they are aware of the fact that many, and, perhaps, some of their own relatives and friends, are suffering in hell. If this be so, there will be an alloy in their happiness, and, therefore, it will not be perfect.

Their memory will also recall the circumstances of their earthly probation; their association with some who are now lost; the fact that they are dear friends and relations, with whom they were in daily contact, and whom they might have influenced for good, and who, but for their negligence, or worse, their evil influence, might now be among the redeemed. Will not such recollections be an alloy in the experience of the saints in heaven? They certainly will, unless they have been transformed into unfeeling monsters as worthy of hell as any they perceive to be there. For example, "Here is a man who leads a life full of wickedness and evil—a life destructive of morality, of the peace of families, and the manhood of the young. He keeps one of the most corrupt saloons in the great city. Hundreds of young men are decoyed to this place of death. With his own hand he puts the intoxicating bowl to their lips; he leads them to places of prostitution and all uncleanness; he throws

around them influences which make their degradation certain. Under the spell of the siren, whose tones charm them on toward the portals of woe, they are allured in the way of vice till the last carousal comes, and they enter that sleep which knows no waking. At last the spirit of God takes hold upon the conscience of him who has been the cause of all this corruption and ruin. He gives his heart to the Savior, is washed from his sins, and transformed by divine power, and when life is spent, through infinite love, is admitted to the joys of heaven. But where are those young men? Ask him whose repentance was sincere, but who could not undo the work of ruin he had wrought. Can his heaven be what it would have been were there no wailings in that dark world because of him? Must he not say, 'I did it?' Is it possible that he should be indifferent to the consequences of his own acts?"* If so, then the work of grace by which he was prepared for heaven has made him less humane than he was after his conversion while yet on earth. For then the remembrance of his former wickedness, and its sad consequences, filled his soul with anguish. Surely he cannot have less moral sensibility, less tenderness in heaven than he had on earth. And though he may approve the justice of God in excluding the victims of his misconduct from heaven; yet, he will be conscious that his was the work that secured their unfitness, for it, and, therefore, he must feel more than his earthly anguish of regret and sorrow at the awful consequences of his misdoing. If so, and so long as it is so, he cannot be perfectly happy.

It will be said that this is an extreme case, and, perhaps, that all the conditions here supposed can never exist. But consider what must be the feeling of the "saints in light," in view of the future punishment of those whose sad fate they have done nothing to secure. Will they have no emotion of grief in view of the woes of the damned? Will the mere fact that they have had nothing to do with their ruin, render them indifferent to their misery? It is not so with good men on earth. They are shocked and pained at the sight of the punishment and suffering of men for whose crimes they are in no way responsible. And the higher the type of manhood, the more profound this feeling

of sympathy. Is there anything to authorize the belief that translation to heaven will take away from men those very qualities of character which are essential to their Christian manhood here? "Is there less nobility in heaven than on earth?—a humanity less thoughtful, less sympathetic, less worthy of imitation?" Surely the justice and humanity of the upper world are not inferior to what would be called justice and humanity in this. And it is not conceivable that our preparation for heaven should require the abdication of those humane instincts and feelings which are our best adornment in this life. "We should be doing violence to that which is highest and most distinguishing in our nature, were we to assume that at death we shall drop all these sympathies, and enter upon a state of unconcern in regard to the well-being of this great family of man. What would be the estimate in which we would hold any person who was utterly indifferent to the woe and evils which are visiting his fellow-beings? Heartless, we would say, unworthy the name of man! Would our judgment be any the less severe were this indifference said to be the result of either the inexpressible happiness, or the immaculate purity of the individual? If so, then happiness or purity make men less noble, less perfect in character. Angels are interested in the inhabitants of this world, as is shown by a multitude of incidents recorded in the Scriptures; and is it possible that departed spirits sustaining direct relationship to us should be wholly without sympathy for those connected with them by indissoluble ties?"*

But it is said that such a sympathy "would put a damp on all the joys of heaven." But, even if this were true, it would still be a miserable shift of theology which should require the destruction of that which is the best fruit of the culture of divine grace—that which we are compelled to regard as most excellent, most God-like and most deserving of honor and praise in men—in order to secure their perfect happiness hereafter.

There are some things in the universe that are better than perfect bliss. Goodness, benevolence, humaneness, sympathy, and love are better; and it is more important that they be preserved. If one or the other is to be sacrificed, there can be but one choice which; that is, with those

* Rev. L. R. Fisk, D. D., in the N. W. C. A.

* Dr. Fisk.

who think more of humanity than they do of their creeds.

But it does not follow that there will be more sorrow than joy in heaven. Joy is not incompatible with pain. Here joy and sorrow are in the same breast. It is not uncommon for the dying Christian to triumph in hours of acutest suffering. All good men suffer more or less every day as they witness the dreadful miseries about them. But they are not wholly unhappy on that account. On the contrary, they are often pronounced happy men. When we say that a man is happy, we do not mean that he is perfectly so, or that he has no sources of unhappiness; but that while he may have much to render him unhappy he has more to make him happy. It is but rational to infer that it will be so hereafter, and that there will be inexpressibly more joy than sorrow in the experiences of the blessed. Yet there will also be much to render their happiness defective. "There will be pity for the suffering, a sorrow which does not abate, for humanity will not become deadened amid the ages of eternity." You are not fit to be in heaven if you cease to sympathize with the lost.

But the most repulsive feature of the current Eschatology is that it makes God a *particeps criminis* in this heartless indifference to the woes of the lost, by affirming that the ever-present view of the irremediable suffering of millions of his own offspring will not produce a ripple of disturbance in his infinite happiness. "We know that sin, and the punishment of sin, are ever before Him; and yet He is supremely blessed. The smoke of torment is perpetually rolling up in the presence of the Omnipresent without disturbing in the least the ineffable peace and blessedness of that pure nature which is the paradise and elysium of all who are conformed to it." Still further, and more shocking if possible, it not only represents God to be cruelly indifferent himself, but solely responsible for a like indifference on the part of the blessed to the sufferings of their fellow-beings; by ascribing their inhumanity to their "acquiescence in the will of God."

Now it is plain that this is a gross misrepresentation of the divine character.

The foundation principle of a correct system of Eschatology is, that notwithstanding the existence of sin, and the punishment of sin, God is nevertheless always good, always loving and merciful, and always just. No system can be credible

which denies that these attributes are always co-existent in God. That there is no hindrance to their co-existence will be evident if we keep in mind the fatherhood of God, and the likeness of the divine administration to what we conceive should obtain in the methods of the wise and kind human parent. A little consideration will show that love requires both the divine and the human parent to do to, and for their offspring, precisely what justice requires them to do, and *vice versa*.

In this point of view it also becomes apparent that justice and love in any parent are necessarily co-existent and inseparable; that neither God nor man can truly love his offspring without, at the same time, being just to them; or be just to his offspring without, at the same time, loving them. It follows that punishment is as much a dictate of love and mercy as of justice; and further, that punishment is never justifiable unless it is dictated by love, and administered in love. No parent or administrator has any right to inflict punishment who cannot do it in love. The conception of an administrator, whether in the family, the civil, or the divine government, taking pleasure in the infliction of suffering because it is a just punishment, is revolting to all Christian or refined instincts. Such a being would be a monster. And still further, it must be conceded that no one is fit for the high trust of retributive administration in either of the relations just named who does not come to the infliction of punishment with sentiments of profound regret, and of sincere sympathy and pain, in view of the suffering he is about to inflict. The father who punishes his child with indifference to its pain, or without positive grief, is considered inhumane, if not inhuman. The civil judge who pronounces the sentence without an emotion of sympathy for the suffering culprit, is declared to be unworthy the ermine. Good men look with detestation upon heartless indifference to the suffering of even criminals. Even so to conceive of the Divine Father and Judge as consigning His own offspring to interminable and hopeless misery without a sentiment of sympathetic grief, and then turning His back on them for ever, never to have an after-thought of fatherly pity for them, is to conceive of a being at once inhuman, ungodlike, and satanical. Such a conception of God effectually demonizes and de-thrones Him. "It is contrary to the whole

spirit and teaching of the Gospel, which inculcates a fellowship with the sufferings of others, commanding us to weep with those that weep, and 'bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' It is contrary to the revealed character of God, whose very nature is to pity, not abortively, but with an active, curative, efficient sympathy, all suffering whenever and wherever He perceives it. To suppose God can see His own offspring suffering at any period of their existence, and not be moved with compassion toward them, is to divest Him of that very element of His character by which He holds sway over human hearts."* He would no longer be the God revealed to us in the face of Jesus Christ, nor a Being whom the Christian heart could reverence and love.

It follows as a correlative truth that the divine Father can and does suffer in sympathy with the distressed. He is represented in the Scriptures as having sorrow, and this sorrow is of the nature of suffering, a painful experience, or it is nothing, a mere mockery of words.

It is said that such sympathy on the part of God for the lost "would be the destruction of the divine blessedness." But this does not follow. The only legitimate inference is, that God cannot be perfectly happy so long as any of his offspring are miserable. The Scriptures declare that God is "blessed forever;" but they nowhere say that he is perfectly happy. It is one thing to be perfectly happy, and another to be predominantly so. Doubtless, God's predominant experience must be one of happiness, since he has other and infinite sources of joy, besides the contemplation of the condition of mankind.

It is also said that any limitation of happiness is an imperfection, and, therefore, to say that God can suffer in sympathy for the lost, that he can experience the least "tinge of pain" from any cause, is contrary to the divine perfections. That is, God must be perfectly happy forever; though in order to be so, he be divested of that which is most excellent and lovely in any character, whether human or divine, viz.: a profound sympathy for all in distress, and invested with a demoniacal heartlessness and indifference to the misery of his immortal child!

But we have unmistakable evidence of

divine suffering in the agonies of the cross, which are wholly indefensible either as a just transaction or as an adequate method of redemption, on any other hypothesis than that the divine nature in Christ suffered with the human. It is urged by those who hold that the sufferings of Christ were vicarious, that their atoning efficacy depended on the dignity of the sufferer—that the substitute must be divine as well as human. But how can this be true if the divine nature did not suffer? If a theanthropic character was necessary to Christ's mediatorial work, and if the suffering of the cross was an essential part of that work, then there could be no atoning efficacy in that suffering unless it was also theanthropic.

Moreover, the cross was not even an expression of God's love, if he did not suffer in the crucifixion of Christ. What evidence of the love of God was there in a suffering in which he did not and could not participate? But God himself rebukes this cheap zeal to honor his perfections by the declaration, "God is love," and by assuring us that it is the conclusive evidence of his love that He *did* suffer to save sinners: "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners Christ died for us"—not that "God died," but that he "tasted death for every man," which has no meaning at all, unless it be that the divine nature in Christ suffered.

We are authorized by the Scriptures, and constrained by the laws of our rational and moral being, to think of God as having a nature like our own, and to invest Him with those attributes of character which are the best fruit of the culture of His spirit in the hearts of men. It is regarded as a crowning excellence in a man that he has an active sympathy for his fellow men in distress, which leads him to personal sacrifice in their behalf, and to share their sorrows in order to alleviate them. To say that a man had no capacity for such virtue, would argue an imperfection in his moral character, instead of honoring him. And the statement that God can suffer does not imply an imperfection in the divine character. It simply asserts a defect in His happiness, that through His sympathy for suffering humanity His own blessedness is impaired. But a defect in God's happiness for such a cause, instead of being an imperfection, gives greater luster to His character. It is the denial of this that dishonors Him.

* From an article by the present writer in *The Christian Union* on "The Long-Suffering of God."

But how long will God's suffering for sinners last? The common theory is that it lasts only through the probation of this life—that it will then be exhausted, and God will have no sympathy for sinners while they are enduring the dreadful woes of eternal punishment. But there is no foundation either in reason or revelation for this theory. Look at it for a moment in the light of the following illustration: A man is lying at the point of death; a minister is with him during his last hour. He assures him that God is still placable and gracious; that "His mercy endureth forever;" that He loves him, and is willing to pardon and receive him. But the sinner dies unbelieving and unsaved. From that moment all is changed; the hitherto loving, tender, pitying God suddenly becomes implacable, unsympathizing and indifferent to that sinner's awful fate. With regard to that individual, the feelings of God are now wholly reversed, and henceforth He can have no sorrow or regret in view of his misery, but must forever be to him only a consuming fire. "Surely this is the *ne plus ultra* of impiety. Here is a God whose moral qualities change with the changing hours." One hour He is loving, tender and gracious; the next He is callous and unmoved, even by the spectacle of unutterable misery! Surely none who think can believe it.

God's sympathy for the distressed results from His love for them, and there can be no valid reason assigned for believing that it will ever cease while suffering continues. "The divine suffering in the life and death of the God-man Jesus Christ is not to be regarded as comprehensive of all God's suffering for men, but rather as a temporary manifestation of a disposition to sympathize with and save the suffering, which is part of the eternal nature of God, and which must, therefore, be as enduring as the suffering. He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows not only on the cross, but through all the past since grief and sorrow began. And since God's nature is so unchangeable, 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever,' He will continue to

bear the griefs of others so long as grief shall last."^{*}

And what then? Shall we deny the doctrine of future punishment? No. And we do not. Because God sympathizes with the miserable, it does not follow that there is no misery. The world is full of anguish, and God sees it all and regrets it, but it continues to exist, nevertheless. So, because the future punishment of the incorrigible will be a source of pain to God, it does not follow that there will be no future punishment. Nor is it by any means a necessary or logical inference that future punishment will not be endless, and that all will eventually be restored to happiness and heaven. True, the divine love and sympathy are curative in tendency, but they do not always prove effectual in restoring men to virtue. The God-man suffering on the cross was one incontrovertible instance of the divine sympathy and love for sinning men. But thousands witness that spectacle, and believe it to have been a divine sacrifice, who are not reformed nor saved thereby, but die as they have lived—in their sins. What warrant has any man for supposing that the eternal, unchanging love and sympathy of God's nature will be any more efficacious in reforming and saving the soul after it is damned than before? The inference would rather be that if the divine love proved unavailing here, it would continue to be so hereafter. But while we may feel compelled reluctantly and sadly to admit the fact of eternal punishment, we are all the more bound to strenuously and persistently vindicate the divine character against the monstrous and impious caricature implied in the supposition that God looks with indifference or complacency upon the woes of the lost.

We conclude, then, that while hell exists there must be sorrow in heaven, and that the prevalent theory that heaven is a state of perfect happiness, in the sense that no alloy of sympathetic grief can enter into the experiences of God and the blessed, is unreasonable and unscriptural, and, therefore, untenable.

* "The Long Suffering of God."

STUDIES OF SOME BRITISH AUTHORS.

ANCESTRY: I.

I KNOW not how it may be with others, but as for myself, I confess that I have a great deal of curiosity in regard to the ancestry of authors. From whom did they derive their genius, if they have genius, I ask, or their talent, if they have any talent? Was it handed on to them as the torch was handed on to the fleetest in the old Greek race? or was it kindled in their own fiery souls? Whose descendants were Shakespeare, and Milton, and Byron? Were they

"Inheritors of unfulfilled renown?"

or were they the first, as well as the last, of their family?

Mr. Francis Galton, an Englishman of letters, of a scientific turn of mind, published, three or four years since, a curious volume, the thesis of which is that genius is hereditary. It is maintained with considerable ingenuity, but not, I think, with much success. There is a world of difference between genius and talent, but the difference, which most men feel, though few can define it, Mr. Galton does not appear to perceive. That talent is sometimes hereditary he occasionally proves—never, I think, that genius is. Such, at least, is my impression, and I propose to test its correctness in the following paper, in which I shall endeavor to trace the ancestry of some notable English authors. As I have no theory to prove, I shall not attempt to settle their intellectual status. There can be no dispute about genius or talent where the greatest are concerned.

I shall not go very far back in the history of English Literature for genealogical knowledge, because it does not exist there. We have only begun to learn to write history, and we are only beginning to learn to write biography. I should like to know something about the ancestry of that joyous, gracious old singer,

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Prelude those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

But there is nothing that can now be known. His earliest biographers are silent respect-

ing his parents, and the latest have only discovered that he was probably the son of Richard Chaucer, a vintner of London. From whose dear, motherly bosom he suckled the milk of human kindness, no one even conjectures. There is no solid biographical ground under our feet until we reach the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, as far as most of the writers after Chaucer, until we reach Wyatt and Surrey are concerned, it does not greatly matter.

A historic interest attaches to the family of Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the person of his father, Sir Henry Wyatt, who was imprisoned and racked in the Tower by Richard the Third, as a punishment for his adherence to the house of Tudor; and there is a tradition that he would have starved to death there, but for the timely appearance of a providential cat, which brought him a pigeon every day, from a neighboring dovecote. After the death of the usurper he became a Privy Councilor to Henry the Seventh, and after the coronation of his successor, he was made a Knight of the Bath. For his valor at the battle of Spurs, he was rewarded by the honor of Knight Banneret. He was also Treasurer of the King's Chamber, and he filled other high offices; in short the father of Wyatt was a person of importance. His mother appears to have been raised to her ladyship from a humbler position than distinguished the Wyatts of Yorkshire. Her maiden name was Anne Skinner, and she was the daughter of a John Skinner, of Riegate, Surrey.

The family of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was of high blood and antiquity, long before it was immortalized in him. It dated back before the conquest, and it was twice connected with royalty. How this dangerous honor was attained does not concern us much, but it was through intermarriages; the first being the marriage of a Sir Robert Howard with the daughter of a Duke of Norfolk, who was the granddaughter of an Earl of Norfolk, a younger son of Edward the First; and the second, the marriage of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, the father of our Surrey, with the Lady Anne, the youngest daughter of Edward the Fourth. The father of this How-

ard, by the way, was raised to the Dukedom by Richard the Third, whose cause he supported, until it went down in blood at Bosworth Field, where he figured, in Shakespeare, as "Jockey of Norfolk," and where he was slain. Lady Anne bore several children, but they all died young, and after her death her childless lord married again. His second wife, the mother of the poet, was the Lady Elizabeth Safford, a daughter of Edward Safford, Duke of Buckingham. It was an unhappy marriage, for the Lady Elizabeth was not only twenty years younger than her husband, but she loved and was beloved by the Earl of Westmoreland.

If we owe to one noble author, Surrey, the invention of blank verse, we owe to another—Buckhurst, the first use of it in tragedy,—in other words the first English tragedy in blank verse. The author of *Ferrex and Porrex*, and the stately Induction to *The Mirror for Magistrates*,—Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset,—was of a very distinguished family, the founder of which in England, Herbrand de Sackville, came over with William the Conqueror. Sackville's father, Sir Richard Sackville, held important offices in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Elizabeth; his mother, whose name was Winifrede, was the daughter of Sir John Bruges, or Brydges, who was at one time Lord Mayor of London. His grandmother was, I imagine, of higher rank, being the aunt of poor Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth. It adds to one's interest in Sir Richard to remember that he was the friend of good old Roger Ascham, whose principal work, *The Schole-Master*, was specially provided for the instruction of his grandson, young Mr. Robert Sackville. The estimation in which Sir Richard was held by Ascham is set forth by himself in his preface to *The Schole-Master* where he is thus characterized: "That worthy gentleman, that earnest favourer and furtherer of God's true religion; that faithful servitor to his prince and country; a lover of learning and all learned men; wise in all doings; courteous to all persons, showing spite to none, doing good to many; and as I well found to me so fast a friend, as I never lost the like before."

About seven years after the axe of the executioner had descended upon the neck of Surrey, and while young Mr. Thomas Sackville was thinking of marriage, a young

gentleman of rank was born at Penshurst. His name was Philip Sidney, and his lineage was high. The Sidneys are supposed to have been of French extraction, and to have come to England about the reign of Henry the Second, to whom William de Sidney was chamberlain. The grandfather of Philip Sidney, who was cousin to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, held offices of dignity and importance in the household of Henry the Eighth, and was celebrated among the commanders who were present at Flodden Field. His son, Sir Henry Sidney, received the honor of knighthood, and was appointed Ambassador to France by Edward the Sixth, who was more his friend than his sovereign, and who breathed his last in his arms. Lady Mary, the wife of Sir Henry, was the eldest daughter of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who fruitlessly attempted to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne. The Sidneys were living at Penshurst when Philip was born, but they were not out of favor at Court, as so many noble families were, for the lad was named after the royal husband of Queen Mary, who appointed Sir Henry her vice-treasurer. It is not often that we see the great of other days as they appeared to their contemporaries, and when we do, they are not so strongly individualized as we could wish. We have to imagine much, as in this old sketch of the parents of Sidney, which was drawn by Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, who was Sidney's kinsman, and loved him dearly, and the last of whose three titles to remembrance on his tomb was that he was his friend. "Sir Henry Sidney," my Lord Brook writes, "was a man of excellent natural wit, large heart, sweet conversation, and such a governor as sought not to make an end of the State in himself, but to plant his own ends in the prosperity of his country. On the other side, Lady Mary Sidney, as she was a woman by descent of great nobility, so she was by nature of a large, ingenious spirit. Whence as it were even racked with native strengths, she chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time, than to come upon the stage of the world with any manner of disparagement, the mischance of sickness having cast such a veil over her excellent beauty, as the modesty of that sex doth many times upon their native and heroic spirits."

The affection which this worthy couple lavished upon Master Philip was touching

from its gravity. A letter which Sir Henry wrote to his son in his twelfth year, is still extant. He was at school at Shrewsbury, and had written two letters to his father, one in Latin, and the other in French. They came safely to hand, and as the letter which acknowledged them was the first that he had ever written to him, it was not empty of advice. He should do this, and he should not do that. He should master the sense and matter of what he read, as well as the works which would both enrich his tongue with words, and his wit with matter. He should be merry, but not too merry. He should be cautious in the use of biting words, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. "Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side, and think that only by virtuous life and good actions you may be an ornament to your illustrious family." In the postscript, which was written by his mother, Sidney is advised to read the letter over every four or five days, and to heed its wise admonitions. "Farewell, my little Philip," my Lady Mary concludes, "and once again the Lord bless you." More than three centuries have passed since this noble pair put their hands to this document; the language in which it was written has changed; the world has changed; but the affection which dictated it remains unchanged, lighting up the antiquated words and the obsolete spelling. The intellectual gravity of the child to whom it was sent,—and not idly, we may be sure,—justifies all the praise that has since been heaped upon his matchless endowments. He was always a man, Lord Brook gives us to understand, eminent by nature and industry, and worthy of his great father, who once called him, in the hearing of his admiring kinsmen, *Lumen familie sue*.

Soon after Master Philip had completed his sixth year, and while the winter wind was drifting the withered leaves about the groves of Penshurst, the lad being housed with his parents, there was great rejoicing at York House, the town residence of the Keeper of the Great Seal. A child had been born to him, in whose feeble frame was lodged the largest intellect then existing in England, and the largest, with one exception, that adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James. His name was Francis Bacon. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was descended from a family of some

antiquity, was a man to be respected, if only for his prudence. He had done what few Englishmen of note had done—he had passed through the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Mary, without persecution. Elizabeth, who was not so fortunate, made him Keeper of the Great Seal in the first year of her reign, and invested the office, for the first time, with the authorities and privileges of the Chancellorship. She knighted him, and admitted him to her Council. She trusted him as she trusted few, and it must be owned that he deserved her confidence. It was largely through his influence that the dangerous question of her legitimacy was settled, and her title to the crown recognized. "She relied upon him," says Camden, "as the very oracle of the law." What especially commended him to her, as the years wore on, was his dislike of Mary Queen of Scots. He asserted the right of succession to the Crown in the house of the Stuarts, exclusive of Mary, to whom he was very hostile. How far his hostility was patriotic, and how far it was was politic, cannot now be ascertained; enough that it elevated him in the good graces of his imperious mistress. A prudent, cautious man, he laid the foundations of his success in the days of her burly father, who granted him an estate at Redgrave, on which he had erected a house, as well as another at Gorhambury, near St. Albans. Elizabeth visited him at the former, and told him that the house was too small for him. "No, Madam, my house is not too small for me," answered the wily old courtier; "but your Majesty has made me too great for my house." He was of enormous bulk, which drew forth the remark: "My Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged." Such was the father of Francis Bacon.

His mother, the Lady Anne, was a daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, a man of wit and wisdom. He believed in wisdom, for it is related of him that when he was tutor to Edward the Sixth he taught his daughter, in the evening, everything that he had taught his royal pupil during the day. Lady Anne was a scholar, and an author in a certain sense, in that she translated theological works from the Latin and Italian tongues.

From this distinguished pair descended Francis Bacon, who inherited something from each. I love to think of him at York House—a delicate boy, whose health was tenderly cared for, sedate, vivacious, at

home with the noblest of the land, at home with the Queen herself, who delighted to converse with him. The gravity with which he answered her questions was so much to her fancy that she used to call him her young Lord Keeper. He was already as wily as his father, and as ready a flatterer, for once, when she asked him his age, he replied,—we may conceive with what a courtly bow,—“Two years younger than your Majesty’s happy reign.”

Years after the January day that witnessed his birth, there was another great rejoicing at York House, where the day was kept with extraordinary pomp. Ben Jonson, who was there, celebrated the hour and the man in stately verse :

“Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile !
How comes it all things so about thee smile ?
The fire, the wine, the men ! and in the midst
Thou stand’st as if some mystery thou did’st !
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray ;
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon, and thy lord, was born, and here ;
Son to the grave, wise Keeper of the Seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree ;
England’s High Chancellor : the destined heir
In his soft cradle to his father’s chair ;
Whose even thread the Fates spun round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
‘Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For ‘twere a narrow gladness kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.”

What followed, we all know, and in judging it, if we must, let us remember Bacon’s ancestry, the practise of his time, and the strange proud words in his Will ; “For my name and memory, I leave it to men’s charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages.”

I have traced the ancestry of these early English worthies with considerable minuteness, that my readers may know who they were, and the influences by which they were surrounded. They were distinguished as men ; were they distinguished as authors ? They were in their own day, but with the exception of Bacon, they are not in ours. I have read all that Wyatt and Surrey have written, all that Sackville has written, and all that Sidney has written, except the *Arcadia*. It was undertaken as a task, and though it was not without intervals of pleasure, it remained a task to the end. The eminent ancestry of Wyatt and Surrey imparted neither nobility to their thought, nor grandeur to their diction.

Their verse is stiff, cumbrous, and pedantic. There is more fire in some of the sonnets of Sidney, but not as much as we might expect from that chivalrous young soldier who perished so gallantly at Zutphen.

“‘Fool,’ said my Muse to me, ‘look in thy heart and write.’”

So Sidney wrote, in a moment of divine dissatisfaction, but he did not, or could not, obey the Muse. The fashionable literature of the time was too powerful for him, as it was for most of his compeers and followers, who were either noblemen, like himself, or gentlemen of good families, who, having been to the Universities, were ambitious to be thought poets. Their name is Legion,—their verse, for the most part, wearisome. The student of early English poetry will recall their effusions in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, *England’s Helicon*, and Davison’s *Poetical Rhapsody*. To mention Gascoigne, Tুবerville, Sir Edmund Dyer, Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, and others, is to revive the reputation of ancient dullness. The memory of the last of these gentlemen, whose verse is not the worst of its class, is preserved in a tradition that he was the first who brought to England from Italy embroidered gloves and perfumes. He presented a pair of these gloves to Queen Elizabeth, who was so pleased with them that she sat for a portrait in which they figured, along with her monstrous ruff, I suppose, and her enormous farthingale. Happy Poet !

There was another England, however, than the one in which these courtly personages moved, and there was springing up in it a race of poets that soon pushed them to the wall. They were not at all well born. Most of them rose from the people for whom they wrote. They instinctively felt their way to something better than the wits had dreamed of ; and, though they groped darkly at first, it was not long before they emerged into the full blaze of day. The clue that drew them triumphantly forward was the noble measure upon which my Lord Surrey had stumbled, and which, after it had fallen from the fingers of Sackville, that daring elemental wit Kit Marlowe, was the first to grasp and follow boldly. He was not the earliest of the poetic dramatists of England, but he was the earliest after Sackville to perceive the strength of blank verse, which in his hands became a “mighty line.” All that is

known of his ancestry is, that he was the son of a shoemaker. Of the parents of his friend and fellow dramatist, Robert Greene, we have only his own authority that they were known and esteemed among their neighbors for gravity and honest life, which he never was. It is claimed that George Peele was a gentleman. The parentage of Thomas Nash and John Lily is unknown. These men, and one or two others who need not be named here, were the fathers of the English Drama. They were rather learned, as learning went then, for they had somehow contrived to pass through the Universities. Their learning was of little use to them, however; of so little use, indeed, that we cannot but wish they had not acquired it, so tedious are their classic allusions, and so bombastic their diction. They delighted the rabble, for whom they wrote, but their reign was short; for while they were at the height of their popularity there entered upon the stage two great commoners, who banished them and their extravagances for ever. The elder was William Shakespeare, the younger Benjamin Jonson.

Of the ancestry of Ben Jonson very little is known. His grandfather, whose Christian name is not mentioned, is said to have removed to England from Scotland in the reign of Henry the Eighth, in whose service he entered, in what capacity it is not stated. He is said to have possessed an estate, which descended to his son, whose Christian name also is not mentioned, and who was thrown into prison, when Mary ascended the throne, the estate, of course, being forfeited. He was finally released, and embraced the Church. So Ben, as he told Drummond, was a minister's son. His father never saw him, for he died a month before his birth. He was born in Westminster; but Fuller says with all his industry he could not find him in his cradle, though he could fetch him from his long clothes. When a little child he lived in Hartshorne Lane, near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband. The name of this bricklayer is not known. Mistress Jonson probably married him to better her condition, and to support her boy. He appears to have been poor, and to have put Ben to his own trade. Aubrey says that Ben worked with his step-father upon the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, on the side next Chancery Lane; and Fuller says that he helped in the structure of Lincoln's

Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.

Jonson's mother must have been a woman of great spirit. She lived to see him acknowledged as a famous poet, and was determined that no harm should befall him, in her lifetime at least. He was in danger of disgrace at one time, and through his own nobility of character. He wrote, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, the comedy of *Eastward Ho*—an unlucky passage in which was construed into a reflection upon the Scotch. His pedantic Majesty, King James, took offense, and Chapman and Marston were arrested. Jonson was not included in the process, but he accompanied his fellow dramatists to prison, as he considered himself equally responsible with them. It was reported that their ears and noses were to be slit. But this punishment, if ever seriously meditated, was not inflicted. Interest was made in their favor, the biographers say; a second edition of the comedy was issued with the offensive passage omitted, and they were released, wiser, if not sadder men. Jonson celebrated his liberation with a banquet. Selden was there, and Camden, his old master at Westminster,—

"Camden I most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know,"—

and among others one whom he must have honored,—his aged mother. She drank to him, and showed him a paper of strong and lusty poison, which she designed to have mixed with his drink, if the sentence had been carried into effect; and, to show him that she was no churl, she designed to have first drank of it herself.

Who were the parents of William Shakespeare? The Shakespeares, who had long been established in Warwickshire, were nobodies. Who John Shakespeare, the father of William, was, is not known; but it is probable than he was the son of a Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, a town near Stratford. The first mention of the Shakespeares in Stratford dates back only twelve years before the birth of the poet. John Shakespeare was a tradesman of some sort,—the biographers have not quite settled what. Aubrey says that he was a butcher; Rowe that he was a considerable dealer in wool; and Malone that he was a glover. If conjecture is worth anything,—and we have to conjecture freely in order to piece out the Life of Shakespeare,—I should say

that he followed the trade of a glover until his affairs became embarrassed, when he declined to a lower one, such, I suppose, as that of a butcher was considered then. John Shakespeare was not a prosperous man; for though we find him at one time in offices of trust and dignity, we find him at a later time in very reduced circumstances. Some of these offices appear ludicrous to the modern mind, and others which have a grander sound were not so very grand after all. Among the former I should place the office of ale-taster, and among the latter the offices of Burgess, chamberlain, and chief alderman. He must have been a man of probity, or he would hardly have been chosen for these offices, which extended over a period of twenty years; but he was not a man of education, for he could not write his name. He was not alone in this respect, for some of his fellow officials were marksmen also. No salary was attached to any of his offices, and the filling of them was either a piece of good nature on his part, which was commendable, or a desire to be well thought of, which was also commendable. Just before he was elected chief alderman of Stratford he made an attempt to obtain a grant of arms from the Herald's Office, which was not so commendable. He was not a gentleman, he was not a yeoman even, but some of his wife's ancestors were persons of consequence in the reign of Henry the Seventh—her grandfather, for example, being groom or page of the bed-chamber to that king; and these, by some curious slip of memory, were metamorphosed into his own ancestors! If Justice Shakespeare was as forgetful in other matters as he seems to have been in this, it is no wonder that he was unprosperous.

It was agreed in 1578 that every alderman of Stratford should pay towards the furniture of three pikemen, two bellmen, and one archer, the large sum of six shillings and eight-pence, but he was required to pay only three shillings and four pence. Towards the close of that year it was ordered that every alderman should pay four pence a week for the relief of the poor, but he was excused from paying anything. His wife, Mary Arden, who was his superior in rank, had brought him, as her marriage portion, a small estate in land called Asbies, besides the sum of six pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence. Asbies was now mortgaged for forty pounds. He owed a baker five pounds, and two persons

entered into securities for its payment. The next year there was a levy of money upon his townsmen for the purchase of armor and weapons, and he was among the defaulters. He was poor, he was growing old, and he had four or five children to feed, the eldest of whom had married Mistress Anne Hathaway, who had borne him three children in less than two years. Clearly, Goodman Shakespeare was to be pitied. And Mistress Shakespeare was to be pitied, too. For was not Asbies as good as gone? And William—what would become of that dear, idle, graceless varlet, William? Beshrew thee, man, and bestir thyself; it is in thee.

The Commons had it in the sixteenth century in the genius of Shakespeare, and they had it in the seventeenth century in the genius of Milton. Little is known of his ancestry. His grandfather is supposed to have descended from the Miltons of Oxfordshire, and he is said to have been under-ranger of Shotover Forest. A violent Roman Catholic, he put away, or disinherited, his son John, the father of the poet, for becoming a Protestant. When John was born is not known. Biographers have discovered that he was for a time at Christ Church, Oxford, where his conversion may have been effected, and that after his rupture with his father he went to London, and qualified himself as a scrivener. They find him living at his "new shop" in Bread Street five years before the birth of his famous son. He was married, but it is not certain to whom, one authority asserting that his wife was a Haughton, of Haughton Tower; another that she was of the family of the Castors, derived originally from Wales; and a third that she was a Bradshaw. Her name was Sarah, probably Sarah Bradshaw. Mistress Milton was considerably younger than her husband, and it is remembered that her eyes were so weak that she was obliged to use spectacles presently after she was thirty. We have the testimony of her son that she was a most excellent mother, and was known for her charities. She bore six children, three of whom died in childhood.

John Milton, the elder, lived over his shop in Bread Street. It was not the custom to number houses then, but every house was distinguished by a sign, the house of our scrivener being known as the Spread Eagle in Bread Street. Business thrived at the Spread Eagle, for its master was not only a man of the utmost

integrity, but was conspicuous for industry and prudent conduct of his affairs. He had another house in Bread Street, known as the Rose, and other houses in other places. He possessed, in short, a plentiful estate. He was a Puritan, but not of the strictest sect, for while religious reading and devout exercises were a part of the regular life of the family, the best of this world's good things,—poetry and music,—were assiduously cultivated. He had a faculty for music, in which he was highly accomplished, and he was known not merely as an amateur, but as a composer. Seven years before the birth of John, he contributed to a volume of madrigals for five or six voices, in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who was still open to flattery, though she was sixty-eight years old. He was in good company, and he acquitted himself handsomely, I mean as regards his verse, which was much above the level of the madrigal writing of the time. Here is Mr. Milton's madrigal :

"Fair Oriana, in the morn
Before the day was born,
With velvet steps on ground,
Which made not print nor sound,
Would see her nymphs abed,
What lives those ladies led:
The roses blushing said,
'O, stay, thou shepherd maid ;'
And, on a sudden, all
They rose and heard her call.

Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
'Long live fair Oriana, long live fair Oriana.'"

There is extant another poetical exercise of Mr. Milton's, but it is not worth quoting. He made no pretension to poetry, and, it would seem, was averse to it when it appeared in his son. Such is the impression I derive from the Latin epistle, *Ad Patrem*, if we are to take it seriously :

"Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred nine, and to imagine vain
And useless powers, by whom inspired, thyself
Art skillful to associate verse with airs.
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if, so conjoined—
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice ; thou hast thy gift, and I
Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and son, the whole inspiring God."

Mr. Milton has been traced in other musical publications than the one I have

referred to—certainly in two, one being a collection of dolorous words and music, by the most noted living English composers, the other, *The Whole Book of Psalms*, in the version of Sternbold and Hopkins. He harmonized two airs in the last, which were fitted to six psalms, and are known in books of psalmody as Norwich and York tunes. They are still sung, I believe. The tenor part of York tune was well known in the last century. Sir John Hawkins says that half the houses in England were used to sing it by way of lullaby, and that the chimes of many country churches had played it six or eight times in twenty-four hours, from time immemorial.

An organ was a part of the furniture of the house in Bread Street, and it requires but little imagination to picture the elder Milton seated before it, with his boy by his side. We know from his young portrait how the little Puritan looked. He wore a black braided dress that fitted closely around his waist and arms, and his neck was encircled by a stiff ruff, with a pretty border. His complexion was a clear red and white; his hair, which was cropped short, was of a light auburn color; his eyes were bright, and his mouth sweet but firm. There was an indescribable air of sweetness in his serene, happy face.

"While yet I was a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; and my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth
And righteous things."

He was already a poet, if we may credit Aubrey, though we have no proof of it in his existing verse. He was nurtured on poetry, as well as theology, for whatever his father may have thought of the poetic art, he did not forbid him to exercise it. He read the best poets of the time, notably the poet of poets, Spenser, and he read one of the worst—the *Sieur du Bartas*, in the translation of Sylvester. Shakespeare he could not read before he was fifteen, when the first Folio was published. Warton, Dunster, and others have given us the stamina of his early reading, which was large, whatever we may think of their instances of supposed imitation in his early poems. He tells us himself that his father designed him, while yet a little boy, for the study of human learning, which he seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of his

age he scarcely ever went from his lessons to bed before midnight. His eyes were weakened and injured by excessive study, and he was subject to frequent headaches. These ailments not retarding his impetuosity in learning, his father caused him to be daily instructed both at home and at the grammar-school of St. Paul's, and he acquired various tongues, and also some not insignificant taste for the sweetness of philosophy. When he had learned Latin and Greek, or, as he more grandly states it, the eloquence of the tongue of Romulus, and the great words becoming the mouth of Jove, he was advised to study French, Italian, and Hebrew.

Never was poet more nobly educated than Milton, and never did poet more nobly repay the love which so educated him. We may be sure that his father was proud of him, and never more proud than at Horton, whither the family removed while he was at Cambridge. It was at Horton that Milton passed the five happiest years of his life,—years of learned leisure and delightful labor. It was at Horton, in the flower of his early manhood, and in the society of his parents, that he wrote his *Arcades*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, and the incomparable masque of *Comus*. It was at Horton that his mother died. His father survived ten years longer; and if he was not satisfied while at Horton that his son was the greatest of living English poets, he must have been satisfied before his death, in London, that he was the greatest prose writer of the time. It is to be hoped that the love of music was a solace to him to the last, for, it must be owned, that he had fallen on evil days. The kingdom was convulsed with warring opinions, and his sons, John and Christopher, had ranged themselves on opposite sides. When John ranged himself against anything he was not to be moved. It was so at college; it was so now; it would be so to the end. Pass to thy rest, father of Milton,—full of years, full of goodness,—“John Milton, gentleman.”

If one could find a reader of English Literature who was at once learned in regard to the qualities of authors, and ignorant in regard to their personal history, it would be interesting to know what conclusions he would arrive at in regard to the ancestry of the writers of the Seventeenth Century. Could he tell—could he guess from their works, who were well, and who were ill, born? I doubt it very much; for both the

well and the ill-born were alike scholarly, and alike impressed by the literary spirit of their period. Let us see who some of its dramatists were: The parents of Webster are unknown, though his father is supposed to have been a merchant tailor. The parents of Shirley are unknown, but it is conjectured that he descended from a good family. Ford belonged to a respectable family in Devonshire, where his father married a daughter of Chief Justice Popham. Nothing is known of Marston's ancestry, and of Massinger's only the fact that his father, Arthur Massinger, was attached to the family of Henry, Earl of Pembroke—it is not stated in what capacity, but, probably, a confidential one, for we read that he was dispatched by his lord on one occasion with a letter to Queen Elizabeth, who certainly would not have received him if he had been a menial. The memory of a great name clung to the household of this nobleman, and it is pleasant to think that Massinger may have been influenced by it in his youth. It was the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, whose sister Mary, for whom the *Arcadia* was written, was Countess of Pembroke. A poet herself, she was the patron of poets, one of whom, Ben Jonson, or William Browne, immortalized her in an epitaph.

We are further removed from the people in the ancestry of Beaumont and Fletcher. Francis Beaumont descended from an ancient and honorable family, whose seat for several generations was at Grace-dieu, in Leicestershire. Of his father we only know that his name was Francis; that he was appointed one of the Justices of Common Pleas by Elizabeth, and that he married a widow, who bore him three children, of whom the eldest, John, and the youngest, Francis, were poets. The Beaumonts were a literary family. There were four Francis Beaumonts living in 1615, three of whom were poetical. Richard Fletcher, the father of John Fletcher, was eminent in a certain sense. Pushing, energetic, time-serving, he was the man to rise in this world, if not in the next. The Church was the field wherein he exercised his talents, which were excellent, and he was advanced from a minister at Rye, in Sussex, where John was born, till he became chaplain to the Queen, Dean of Peterborough, and Bishop of Bristol. It was whispered and believed that he obtained the latter promotion by leasing the lands of the see to greedy courtiers at ruinous rates. A ready tool of

Elizabeth, he signalized himself and disgraced his cloth at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, whose last moment he is said to have embittered by his persistent attempts to convert her. He overreached himself at last, or was overreached, for after the death of his first wife, who bore him many children, he contracted a second marriage with Lady Baker, the widow of Sir Richard Baker, which lost him the favor of his royal mistress. The marriage must have been hurried on, since it was solemnized in less than a year after the death of her first husband, and there must have been something singular in it, since it was much talked about. She was commended as very virtuous, we are quaintly told, and if she was, the more happy she in herself, though unhappy that the world did not believe it. She was the downfall of Bishop Fletcher, who was forbidden to appear in the presence of his virtuous Sovereign, who could not abide married ministers, and was suspended from the exercise of his ghostly functions. They were restored to him after a time, but he was not received at Court, and when he died, which was shortly afterwards, he was buried without any solemn funeral services, and no monument was erected to his memory.

The Fletchers, like the Beaumonts, were a poetical family; for besides the dramatist, John, there were at least two other tuneful Fletchers, Giles and Phineas, and, I think, a third, named George. Giles and Phineas were the sons of Giles Fletcher, LL. D., who was more distinguished as a diplomat than a divine. Elizabeth made him her commissioner into Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries, and sent him to Muscovy, where he concluded a treaty that was highly advantageous to his countrymen in their trade with Russia. Wood says that he was an excellent poet, but as he forgot to tell us where his poetry is to be found, we must content ourselves with the poetry of his sons. It is not very alluring.

We have glanced at the ancestry of some of the dramatic poets of this century, and have seen that the commonalty were in the majority. We should see, I think, if the character of their poetry entered into the purpose of this paper, that they excelled the gentry in dignified and manly writing. Ford is certainly more pathetic, and Messenger more stately, than Beaumont and Fletcher.

But let us turn for a moment from dramatic to lyric writing—or what passed for

it in this artificial period. Let us see who Waller, Carew, Lovelace and Suckling were. Edmund Waller was descended from a family of great antiquity. They held rich possessions in four counties, and were distinguished for valor in the field as well as honor in civic pursuits. Their revenues were princely. Robert Waller, the father of Edmund, inherited Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of the main branch of the family. He studied law, but abandoned it for the life of a country gentleman, which was easy in one sense, and hard in another, as the life of the English gentry was beginning to be. He died when Edmund was eleven years old, and left him to the care of his widowed mother, who, like himself, was well descended. She was a Hampden. Her brother William, the father of John Hampden, was married to Elizabeth Cromwell, the daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to the future Protector, then plain Mr. Oliver Cromwell. She was the aunt of John Hampden, while her brother was uncle, by marriage, to Oliver Cromwell. Oliver called her "aunt," and called Edmund "cousin," but the time came when the tie of relationship was a slight one. The widow Waller was a zealous royalist, and, —if the ladies will allow me,—could not well hold her tongue. Cromwell was magnanimous with her, until she was detected in carrying on a secret correspondence with the friends of the Stuarts, when he placed her under surveillance. She lived to see the Commonwealth established, and, we may suppose from her courage, to despise the cowardice of her son Edmund, who, discovered in a plot to reinstate the King, treacherously revealed the names of some of his associates, and made the most abject submission to Parliament, expending, it is said, thirty thousand pounds in bribes, in order to save his life.

Thomas Carew was descended from an ancient and honorable family, which, like many another then, was in no way distinguished, and is only remembered now because he belonged to it. The names of his father and mother have not reached us; nor do we know much about him. Clarendon speaks of him as the younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, "a great royalist in the great Rebellion," and hits off his likeness with a few happy touches. His titles, if the reader cares for them, were Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer-

in-Ordinary to his Majesty Charles the First. We know more about Lovelace than Carew, but very little of his parentage. His grandfather, William Lovelace, was a Sergeant-at-Law, and a member of the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn. His father, Sir William Lovelace, is thought to have served with distinction in Holland, and to have fallen at the Gyll. His mother, Lady Ann, was the daughter and heir of Sir William Barnes, of Woolwich.

The family of Sir John Suckling was respectable, but not eminent. His father, Sir John Suckling, was principal secretary of state and comptroller of the household to James the First; his mother was sister to Sir Lionel Cranfield, afterwards Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer. She is said to have been a woman of wit and vivacity, and her husband a dull fellow. He may have been, but he was a gentleman whom his sovereign trusted, and whom he pensioned. He wrote verse in a small way, to the extent of a sonnet, which appears with other lumber of the same sort in that farrago of nonsense, *Coryat's Crudities*. His best writing is a passage in his Will. It is the bequest of the portrait of his wife, who died in her thirty-fifth year, and is as follows: "Item. I give to my loving brother in lawe, the Earl of Middlesex, my picture of my late dear wife, hanging in my country house, amongst other pictures, in the little roome next the great hall: for the love he bare to my late deare wife, his most loveinge sister."

While these courtly gentlemen were flirting with the Muse in their elegant, gallant way, there was a vicar down in Devonshire upon whom the Muses beamed. What Anacreon was to Greek poetry, and Horace and Catullus to Latin poetry, this jovial parson was to English lyric verse. He is said

to have descended from one of those ancient and honorable families of which we have been hearing, and which, or a branch of which, was now in trade, his father being a jeweler in Cheapside. All that is known of the jeweler is that he was in good circumstances, and that he died in consequence of injuries received in falling from an upper window of his house into the street. As his Will happened to have been made two days before this event, the biographers charitably insinuate that the fall was probably not accidental! His widow was left with three children, the youngest of whom, our poet, was a little over a year old. His name was Robert Herrick.

Fifteen or twenty years before Herrick stretched his baby hands towards the garden of the Hesperides, there was born to another London merchant a poetic son. There was literary blood in the family on his mother's side, who was descended from Sir Thomas More, and was related to Hayward, the epigrammatist. The name of this second merchant's son was John Donne. Forty or fifty years later another London merchant, a grocer, had a poetical son, or would have had, if he had lived, for he died before the child was born. The education of the boy fell to his widowed mother, who procured him a scholarship at Westminster. It is to her,—if it be not to consider it too curiously,—that we owe his poetry. He has left on record that it was a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* which used to lie in her parlor, and which he read through before he was twelve years old, that made him a poet. She lived to see him thought the most famous poet of the time. Posterity has not ratified the verdict, though here and there a man of old fashioned taste thinks kindly of the verse, and highly of the prose, of Abraham Cowley.

THE FIRE AT GRANTLEY MILLS.

NOT one of the neighbors knew where she had come from—that was the mystery, and it was doubly a mystery because the people at Grantley, who were mostly rough, busy men and women, generally knew each other's business pretty thoroughly. But this woman,—Phillis Denham her name,—foiled them utterly, and remained a mystery in spite of the efforts of the most curious. She had appeared among them at the Mills one Spring morning (Grantley was a village of mill-hands), and those who lived on one of the most respectable of the narrow streets had seen her come out of a small house which had the day before been unoccupied. And this was all they knew, beyond the later discovery that the cottage was scantily furnished, and yet had an air of neatness not usually seen in Grantley houses, and that Phillis Denham lived alone, and was either a 'Quaker' or a 'Methody.'

"'Oo isna our loike, at onyrate," said one of the wise ones. "'Oo minces her words loike one o' th' quality, if 'oo does 'thee' and 'thou.'"

She was a young woman, too, and, in a strange, cold, saintly way, a beauty. She had the face of the Madonna, without its soft warmth and tenderness. Her fine eyes were a little hard for the eyes of a woman; her fine mouth had a severe curve; her manner was grave and reserved.

"A woman of stone, my dear," said the good old rector to his wife, after his first parochial call upon the new arrival. "A woman with an injury, I should say, or a woman not easy to understand."

"It was kind of thee to come," Phillis had said to him; "but I am not one of thy people. I belong to the Society of Friends." And even at the end of her visit he had learned not a whit more of her history.

She lived a quiet life, and was a very regular worker. She left her cottage at a certain hour in the early morning, and reentered it as regularly each evening, never far deviating from her accustomed time. She gained no friends, and made no enemies. Her home was as neat and trim as herself, and she was the perfection of simple, almost severe, neatness.

"How are we to ca' thee, lass?" asked one of the boldest of her fellow workers. "Art tha wed or single?"

"Thee may call me Phillis Denham," she said, a flickering color touching her fine, white skin; "that is my name."

So they felt it wiser to ask no more questions, and she was called Phillis Denham and left to herself. She had been living this sort of life for three months when there came to the mills a new hand,—a handsome woman a year or two older than herself,—a woman of a class widely set apart from her,—a woman whose early fading beauty was a shame, and who rebelled against the world and tried to flaunt boldly, despite the haggard misery slowly creeping upon her. They knew her at the Mills. The overseer himself knew her, and greeted her with rough familiarity when she appeared at the offices and demanded work almost as if she had the right to expect it.

"What!" said he. "Back again! Going to try work for a while, are you? Well, I suppose we shall have to give you a place. There, go along and behave yourself." And then he turned to the owner's eldest son who stood by, and spoke to him half apologetically. "She's a rough enough customer," he said, "but she can do work that few of them are up to, and if she was steady we should be glad enough to keep her at good wages. She has worked here, off and on, ever since she was a girl; and a handsome girl she was, too,—too handsome for her own good, as it turned out."

The woman was not in Phillis Denham's room, and in the crowd that passed out of the iron gates, at the ringing of the great bell at meal times, it chanced that for several days each was hidden from the other. But at the end of the week, in going alone down the stairs one evening, Phillis found herself face to face with the new-comer. The woman started back, with something like an oath upon her lips, a flush, half anger, half shame, reddening her cheeks. Phillis whitened perceptibly, and drew back also, straightening her fine, slight form, and holding aside the folds of her dress with an unconscious gesture which spoke worlds.

"Thee—Janet Ayres?" she said.

The woman laughed—a laugh whose angry, scornful sound had yet an undertone of miserable humiliation.

"Aye," she answered, "it's me, Janet Ayres! Has tha owt to say agen it?"

If tha has, say it, an' be done wi' it,—though I dunnot see how tha can help thyself agen my bein' here."

"Nor I," said Phillis, and she looked down at the creature with a sudden, sharp indrawing of her breath, a wild light leaping into her cold eyes for one instant, then dying out. "Wilt thou let me pass?" she said, in a curious, low voice. "I do not wish to harm thee."

Janet Ayres drew back quickly, and almost unconsciously glanced over her shoulder at the great depth of steps below them. Harm her! For that instant the pure, self-righteous woman had actually looked as if her last words might have held a desperate double meaning. And it would have been easy enough to harm her, with that flight of stairs below. A touch would have done it almost. And less deeply wronged women had revenged themselves in such ways before. But the light had died out of Phillis Denham's eyes, and she passed down the staircase without another word.

She was even unusually pale and silent the next day. The women who worked near her noticed, indeed one of them remembered afterward, that she only spoke once during all the hours of labor, and this once was on hearing the name of Janet Ayres from the lips of the woman at the loom next to her own.

"Th' mesters ha' no reet to tak' such loike nowts," said the speaker, roughly. "If it were na for th' choild, poor little wench——"

Phillis looked up with a slight start.

"Friend," said she, "do I understand thee to say the woman has a child?"

"Aye," was the answer, "as pratty a little lass as any honest woman might wish fur—th' Lord help it! Three year owd, or theerabout. Th' parish ow't to tak' it to save it fro' goin' its mother's gate."

But though the matter dropped for the time being, this was not the end of it. On her way home that evening Phillis met with a little adventure. One of the luxuries she allowed herself was a weekly bouquet of common flowers, and she was passing down a narrow street, with a handful of roses and sweet peas, just purchased, when a small hand, thrust through a fence, plucked at her gown, and the sound of a child's voice stopped her.

"Ooman," said the sweet, shrill little pipe; "ooman, gi' us a posy."

She stopped and looked down. She did not often notice children, but the voice of this one, and the soft touch of the small, bold, detaining hand gave her a queer, new feeling. Children did not often notice her, either; she was not the sort of woman to attract a child. The tiny hand plucked at her dress again.

"Gi' us a posy! Gi' us a posy!"

But for a moment or so Phillis did not answer, though it was not the prettiness of the dirty, dimpled face she was looking at so fixedly. It was something else that held her silent—something in the summer blue eyes that struck her with a hard pang.

When she could speak she separated a rose from her flowers and bent down, but the hand with which she offered the blossom trembled, and her voice was strangely unsteady.

"What is thy name?" she asked.

The child fell back a little, regarding her almost distrustfully—the handsome face was so hard for a baby to read.

"Will thee not tell me thy name?"

Phillis repeated. "See, here is a rose for thee."

The dimpled hand crept out for the flowers, and then the pretty boldness came back.

"Jenny," said the child. "Ooman, did ta gi' Jenny a posy?"

Phillis stood up.

"Yes," she said, in a tone curious enough to use in speaking to a child; "I gave thee a posy."

That was all. She did not stop to caress the little creature. She passed on, with the rest of her flowers in her cold hand, and left it peering through the fence at her. This was the child—the child, and its blue eyes had stabbed again the one rankling wound of her life. The little house had never seemed so quiet as it did when she unlocked the door and entered it; the stillness was like the stillness of death. But Phillis did not feel it. She laid her flowers upon the table, went to the fire, stirred the coals, and sat down. The flame shot up, and, lighting up the room, glowed upon her face, but had not glow enough to flush its pallor.

"It is the child," she said. "Her child has lived, while mine——"

Her lips closed, as if in stern resolve. It was part of her creed to force herself to silence. If she had suffered, she had not rebelled by word or deed,—she had not rebelled, even if, in her severe struggle to be

calm, she had learned to be cold and hard as she was pure and just.

As she sat before the fire in silence she was battling with herself. It was hard to understand. The stained, lost creature's child had lived, perhaps, to face her wretched mother's wretched fall, and, perhaps, to fall and sin, and flaunt and die, with scarcely a breathing space of innocent childhood to remember in her misery. Her own little one, who had seemed the only breath of pure air left in the world about her, had been torn from her in the hour of her greatest anguish. It was hard to understand. And then her thoughts went back to the face of the child she had seen; such a pretty creature, with its innocent boldness and the summer blue eyes, which had so stung her. A sudden thought flashing upon her made her start before she had been thinking of it two minutes. The blood mounted to her cheeks.

"Nay, nay!" she cried out, as if uncontrollably. "Not that; I could not do that. Its eyes would mock me every hour."

But she had no sooner spoken so than she turned pale again, knowing that it was this thing she must do, and no other. To such a woman there could be only right and wrong; and here, in an instant, the right flashed upon her, and left her no escape. The small, bold hand plucked at her again; but it plucked at her heart. Yet it might have plucked at her heart forever, if it had not been for this sudden conviction. She had never done a willing wrong in her life, and she had never shirked the right. It was this thing she must do, and no other.

She did not stay to ponder long. She rose from her seat and went about her household tasks. She prepared her usual simple evening meal, and having partook of it, set the room in order. It was her way to be quiet and orderly, and nothing could have made her otherwise. It was quite dark when she had completed her preparations for the morrow, but she evidently intended going out, for she went into the adjoining room and came out again with a shawl thrown over her head and shoulders.

Then she opened the door, and looked out into the night.

"She may refuse me," she said, in a low, thoughtful voice; "but I must still make an effort. I cannot understand why it is, and yet truly it seems borne upon my

mind, that if I should not do this thing, this soul would be required of me."

And then she went out, closing the door after her. She had not far to go,—only a few rods into another street,—only to the cottage where she had seen the child this evening—Janet Ayres's child.

There was a light burning in the room at the front of the house, when she reached it, and as she entered the gate she saw through the window the woman she had come to seek. She was sitting alone, apparently doing nothing, sitting in a strange, listless attitude, her arms folded upon the bare table, her face resting heavily upon them. For one moment Phillis paused. Something in the woman's posture struck her with a sudden sense of discomfort, and made her hesitate—suggesting to her, however faintly, that even this brazen creature might have her misery also.

She stepped to the door, and standing upon the threshold, hesitated for a second again. Should she knock and risk being refused admission? No, she dare not.

The next minute the door opened, and Janet Ayres raised her head slowly, and looked towards it. A slight figure stood at the entrance, and as the gray shawl slipped aside, it showed a face that made her start.

"Thee—Phillis Henders?" she exclaimed.

"Nay," said Phillis, calmly; "Phillis Denham."

The woman laughed.

"Oh," said she, "so that's it, is it? Well, happen th'art in th' right. I dunnot see that it matters so much; I dunnot see as owt matters mysen. Have it thy own way." And then sharply: "What dost ta want here?"

Phillis stepped forward to the table, and laid her hand upon it.

"I could only have come to thee for one thing," she said. "The Lord has given me a work to do. I saw thy child to-day, and I have come to make an appeal to thee. I have come to ask thee to let me save the little one from being what her mother is." She had no pity on the wretched woman, but it was because she was cold, not because she was cruel. "If the Lord spares her I want to keep her life pure," she said.

Janet Ayres stared at her in blank amaze. "What!" she cried out. "Tha wants to tak' th' child—that child?"

"Ay," said Phillis, with a sudden sharp-

ening in her voice. "Wilt thou give me the child, and keep the man?"

"Th' mon!" cried the woman, with a fierce sneer. "I want neither th' mon nor child. Tha may tak' both."

"Nay, but I will not take them both," answered Phillis, a shrill tone breaking from her, quiet as she tried to seem; "I will not take them both. William Henders chose between me and thee, and he chose thee, and he may stick to thee. He is naught to me, but the child I want; and if thee has woman's blood in thy body, thou canst not say me nay. Thee knows what thy own life has been; does thee want that little one's to be like it? Thee has fed her with thy own strength—unless such as thee are different from other women; dost thou want to make her curse thee? Nay, but thou hast even a blacker soul than I fancied, if thou dost."

Then Janet Ayres laughed—a laugh even scornful of the stainless, righteous, injured woman, who so scorned and taunted her.

"Tha art a good Christian, Phillis Henders," she said; "aye, but tha art a good Christian; religion and such loike were bred i' thy bones and comes out i' thy flesh. I never knew a Methody yet as didn't show th' breed, an' I never saw a safe soul yet as would na' gi' a lost one a help down th' hill. Look here," her voice shrilling and her face flushing scarlet, "I'm one of th' lost ones mysen, but I never gave a push to either lost or saved yet; an' so help me God,—if God has owt to do with such loike as me,—if I could hurt an' humble thee, even thee, with thy hard words an' thy pride,—if I could crush an' humble thee before my face this minute, in raisin' my finger, I would na raise it; nay, I would na." And she dropped her head upon her arms again, her excitement ending in a passionate burst of sobs and tears. "Tak' th' child," she cried, "tak' her an' keep her! Teach her what her mother is, an' train her up to point her finger at her! Aye, I would be willin' fur that, if that would save her—aye, an' thank th' God as has nowt to do with such as me."

Surely some pang of conscience smote her judge. Her pale face grew paler, and her eye was not so steady as it had been. Some fine instinct at work within her made her shrink, for she faltered as she spoke.

"He may have to do with such as thee if thou would repent," she said. "There is time for thee yet."

"Repent!" said Janet Ayres. "Repent thyssen. Hast tha nowt to repent on? No, such as thee never has; tha'rt on the narrow path fro' first to last; it wur made fur such as thee. Dunnot tell me to repent."

Phillis's hand trembled a little. That sense of discomfort grew upon her strongly, and it was this lost creature's words that stung her.

"I did not come here to contend with thee," she said. "I came to plead for the child."

"Will Henders's child," put in the woman, with a miserable effort at a taunt.

"Will Henders's child," said Phillis, without a change in her voice. "Will thee give it up to me?"

Janet Ayres lifted her face with a strange irony in her smile.

"Tha art na askin' much," she said.

"I ask thee for a human soul," answered Phillis.

"Aye," said Janet Ayres, "but such as me dunnot know much about that theer. Tha art askin' me fur all as I've gotten i' th' earth—thee as niver had a child o' thy own."

"Thou art mistaken," said Phillis, "I had a child who died."

"Tha!" exclaimed Janet.

But Phillis stopped her with a gesture. "It died," she said, "and it belonged—poor little one!—to a past that is all over. But this child of thine is not so safe."

"If that is true I can trust thee better," said the woman, "not but what I believe tha'd do reet by th' little un, hard as tha art. Its thy way to do reet."

There was a pause for a moment, and then she looked up.

"I do not see what sent thee here to tempt me to-neet," she said. "I have often thowt o' this, but I niver thowt as I've done to-neet. I niver thowt as I were thinkin' when tha' came in. Aye Janie, little wench—Janie!" with a gush of tears. "Come wi' me," she said abruptly to Phillis, rising and taking the lamp from the table.

Phillis followed her across the room to the shaded corner where the child's cot stood, and there they paused.

"Look," said Janet Ayres, holding the light over the pink, flushed baby face.

Phillis did not speak; the eyes that had mocked her so were closed; but it was not easy to forget the pang they had given her.

"If I gi' her up to thee," said Janet, "I shall gi' her up foriver. Her way will not

be my way either now nor—nor after—if there is an after. If I gi' her up to thee I shanna do it by halves. I shall gi' her up to be led to heaven while I drift down to hell. Aye Janie! Janie!" dropping upon her knees, "thou'lt be further away fro' me then e'en than tha art now—but better one than two—better one than two—better me than thee, my lamb, for tha has na a spot upon thee."

Her weeping shook even Phillis Denham, though it was neither loud nor long. It did not even waken the child though it seemed as if the struggle tore her very soul. But suddenly she got up, and taking the little one from its pillow, kissed it once, twice, and placed it in Phillis's arms.

"Tak' it away," she said breathlessly. "I am na of thy blood. I canna keep up long. For God's sake tak' her out o' my sight before a' the strength's wrung out o' me. I gi' her up, I tell thee—I gi'—her up for ever."

And stricken dumb by the sight of the agony in the mother's face, almost before she could realize that her strange request had indeed been granted, she found herself out in the night holding the child in her arms!

* * * * *

It was not many days before the women at the Mills were gossiping among themselves concerning what little they knew of the story of Janet Ayres's child. Phillis Denham had taken it to "fetch up," as they put it, though how she had gained possession of it was a mystery. The two women came and went as usual, but there was no intercourse between them; each going her separate way when work was over, Janet to her desolate house, Phillis to her cottage and the child, who was cared for in her absence by a woman whom she had taken into her house for the purpose. Since the night Phillis carried the child away in her arms, Janet had persistently avoided her. Evidently she had not meant to do the thing by halves when she said she gave the child up for ever. As to the little one herself, she had soon become accustomed to her new surroundings, though the novelty disturbed her at first. With Phillis she made friends in a way of her own—strangely enough, without a touch of baby effusiveness. They were the best of friends, but nothing nearer. Perhaps Phillis's way was not exactly the way to win a baby's heart—perhaps she was too calm and quiet, or perhaps some more subtle influence held

her apart from this tiny creature; but, however that might be, she often felt a novel pang that she was held apart. At first she felt it but slightly, but as time went on, and the child crept into her inner heart, the feeling became stronger. How could the child fail to creep into her heart. She was a woman after all, and her slighted love for handsome Will Henders had been a very strong one. She had given up all for him: the friendship of her people, the affection of her friends—all she had possessed. She had looked upon the great sorrow of her life as a just punishment for her defections, but, though she had cut herself off from this man whom she had so loved, she had never forgotten him for an hour—his physical beauty, his dashing ways, so unlike the ways of the grave young friends who had admired her; the shade of poetic romance in his admiration for her pure, high, self-contained style of beauty—she never forgot one attraction. And as this little creature played about the room in her quaint fashion, she fell into the habit of watching her with a curious feeling—almost a yearning. Nay, more than once it was a feeling so strong that it half angered her. The summer blue eyes mocked her with their haunting likeness to other eyes as warmly blue; lifting themselves to her quiet face, they stung her to the heart. They made her restless, less calm, less coldly content with her hard, unloved, unloving lot. She found old yearnings she had thought subdued coming back to her, conquered pains, long-struggled-against memories, and it may be that her secret suffering softened her.

Before the child had been with Phillis long, Janet Ayres was missing. She was absent from her loom one morning, and a woman who was her neighbor said that she had shut up her house, and gone away. That was all that was known by outsiders, but Phillis knew a little more. The night before the woman's disappearance there had come a light tap at her window, and going outside to see what the summons meant, she had found Janet Ayres standing as if waiting for her.

"Aw'm goin' away," she had said abruptly.

Phillis's heart beat somewhat more quickly. Had she repented of her decision, and come to claim the child?

"Why?" she asked.

The woman twisted a corner of her shawl around her finger, and hesitated.

"I ha' a reason," she answered, half doggedly. "An' it wunnot work no ill—it may work good; but that's neither heer nor theer. I come to speak to thee about—th' child."

"Thee are not— faltered Phillis—" "thee does not mean—"

Janet Ayres stopped her.

"I dunnot mean no harm, I tell yo," she said, "so I canna mean that. I am na goin' to hurt it. I towd thee I'd gi'en it up furiver. I only want to know—to hear a word about it—I hanna heerd a word sin that neet. I want to know how its doin'."

"It is well," said Phillis, "and happy."

There was a moment's silence, in which the nervous hand dragged at the shawl. Then the wretched creature lifted, in half-ashamed fashion, her eyes to those of Phillis's.

"Has she—forgotten?" she faltered. And that moment the shawl was dropped, her hands went up to her face, and she bust into wild, yet almost silent, weeping.

"Dunnot tell me," she whispered, in the midst of her sobs. "Dunnot tell me; I know wi'out askin'. I dunnot see why I asked at a'. She were only a baby. Let me be a minnet."

So Phillis waited, a curious contest going on in her mind, as she watched the shaking, shrinking form. She had not forgiven this woman yet; but she was beginning vaguely to recognize the stained, bruised humanity, and thus to doubt her own stern, just self. What if she was wrong after all? What if she had refused what it was her duty to have given?

When the woman looked up again, she saw in the eyes of her enemy a troubled questioning.

"If thee would like to see the child," Phillis began.

The old doggedness returned to the face. "I did na come for that," was the answer. "I dare na enter; I dare na tempt mysen'. Happen' th' time 'll come, —though I dunnot know—" She stopped and took from the bundle slung upon her arm a little package, handing it to Phillis with that touch of awkward shamefacedness in her air.

"It's sumetin' as I made mysen'" she said, "—a dress and a few oddments. She—she'll niver know who made 'em, so they canna harm her if you'll let her wear 'em," ending in a choked voice. "There!" she said, suddenly, "that's a',—so I may

as well be goin'. Good neet,—if tha'll tak' good neet fro' such as me." And she turned away.

Six months before Phillis Denham had spurned this lost woman; and now— How was it that this child had given them something in common—made them in some sense akin? A sudden impulse made her move forward and touch Janet Ayres with her hand lightly.

"I do not quite know what I ow't to say to thee," she said. "I do not know why I feel that I have something to say, but if I have been wrong and—and hard, I ask thee to forgive me. I have needed pity; I need pity now. I will deal tenderly by thy child. Good-bye. God help thee; God help us both."

And so they had gone their separate ways.

* * * * *

Who at Grantley has forgotten the fire at Grantley Mills? Who will ever forget it who lived in the generation in which it occurred? *The fire!* they call it to this day, though there were fires before and have been since. "It was th' oil that did it," the old mill-hands say. "Yo see, when th' wenchs oiled th' looms th' cans dripped, an' there it were. Th' floors soaked through an' through enow to set th' place afire,—an' the' first spark did fur it, an' left no help. A' th' engines in Lancashire could na' ha' saved it. An' so it went."

As for Phillis Denham, to the last hour of dim old age,—if such old age should come to her,—the fearful day would be her most vivid memory. She had come down to her work in the morning in a heavy mood. She had been disturbed the night before strangely, and she had not been able to overcome her excitement. Sitting before the fire with the child in her arms, she had been startled by a sound at the window, and turning suddenly, she had caught sight of a vanishing face—a face that had plainly been looking in upon her and her fire-lit room. The sight made her heart leap and then almost stand still. She could not force herself to believe it fancy, and yet when she had opened the door there had been no one in sight up or down the moon-lit street. This was not all. So strangely nervous and excitable was she, that in passing the office she had been startled again by the mere sight of a tall man standing at the desk, with his back towards her, because his figure had seemed familiar.

"Did tha see th' new overseer?" she heard a woman say, as she took her place; and her companion answered: "Aye, to be sure, an' a good lookin' chap he is, too."

It was not more than two hours after, that a girl at the loom next Phillis's looked up suddenly.

"What's that?" she said. "Th' bell ringin'?" And almost the next instant, with a paling face: "Th' engines stoppin'," she cried; "sumat's up, wenches."

They were at the top story of the huge building, and so the alarm did not reach them until the stopping of the looms, but a minute later a puff of smoke and a sound of hurrying feet and women's shrieks below told all the truth.

"It's fire!" shrieked the girl. "It's fire!" shrieked another and another, until voice upon voice took up the cry.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" And every desperate creature in the great room rushed towards the narrow stairway, with no thought but the hope of being first.

But the stairway was crowded already, and the heat and smoke were rolling upward, and beating back those who were at the front, while the rest were fighting on behind. If the fire had been above they would have been safer; but it roared below and crackled, and poured out thick smoke from the oil-soaked flooring, and so choked and blinded the mass of struggling creatures that they were panic-stricken. They fought, and strove, and shrieked, and prayed, until some fell under foot, and were trampled down, and some hung wedged in the midst, neither able to move one way or the other.

Phillis had been carried with the crowd. The first instinct of self-preservation had made her follow the rest to the door, and then she had seen the mistake they all made, when it was too late. She had no control over herself; the shrieking women bore her with them until they reached the next room, when she was crushed against the open door, and through it, and flung against a woman who had shared her fate. In the terror of the moment Phillis scarcely saw the woman's face, but the woman had seen her's, and caught at her with a horrible cry. It was Janet Ayres. Phillis, all bruised and shuddering, stared at her as if she had been a spirit.

"Thee!—Janet Ayres!" she said, just as she had done when they met upon the staircase.

The woman covered her face with her hands.

"I came last neet," she said, "an' this mornin' I come heer,—fur *this*."

There was no help for them,—no place for them among the writhing mass upon the stairway.

"We must wait," said Phillis. "It is certain death to try the stairway; it is on fire. They are mad with terror."

"It is certain death ony wheer," said Janet Ayres. "Th' fire 'll be on us afore we can say a prayer."

But Phillis caught her by the hand.

"Come to the window," she said, "and let us cry to them in the yard. They must see or hear us."

The floor was hot under their feet, the smoke was suffocating and blinding them, but they made their way to the window, and flung themselves against it, beating the glass until the blood streamed from their hands. But they were only two women, and on the stairways there were hundreds shrieking with voices as loud as theirs, and in the yard the engines were rattling to and fro, and firemen were shouting, and men and women screaming to their children, who were crushed or burning within.

"They cannot hear our voices," cried Phillis; "and the smoke hides us."

They waited for a while, and then tried again and then again, and even again, and then there came a fearful crash and such a burst of shrieks that women who were safe fainted, and men turned sick as death. The staircase had fallen, and with it its human burden.

Phillis sank down upon her knees, praying aloud. Her companion sprang at the window again like a wild animal, waving her arms frantically through the broken panes.

"We canna burn heer," she shrieked. "They mun see us.—Help, lads! Help, help!" And then to Phillis: "Shut th' door an' keep th' smoke out, or we shall choke." And when Phillis had obeyed her: "Come here, and help me t' mak' 'em hear."

And the terror in their voices made them so wild and shrill that it was not many minutes before they were heard, even in the midst of the roar of flames and voices. Some woman in the crowd heard them first, and, looking up, saw the waving hands.

"Eh, lads," she cried, "God help us!—thar's some wenches on t' third flight crying fur help, an' their hands is all cut

to pieces wi' breakin' thro' th' winder-glass."

It drew the crowd to their side of the building in a minute's time—rushing round with new cries and wilder frenzy—shouting to the desperate imprisoned creatures at the window—yelling to the firemen and growing almost mad with excitement. "Play on the room," they cried insanely. "Bring the ladders! That's Janet Ayres's voice! Aye, an' by God! that's th' Quaker wench's! Lasses, it's Phillis Denham an' Jenny Ayres. Whar's the new overseer?"

They called for the overseer, for from the first outbreak of the flames he had been the coolest and most active among them. He seemed to know what to do when every one else had lost presence of mind.

"We can't save the place," he had said, "let us save the lives," and he had worked amid fire and smoke almost like a man with a charmed life.

The news of the discovery flew to him at once, and the next minute he was forcing his way through the crowd—a tall fellow, with blue eyes and uncovered tawny hair.

"Stand back!" he shouted. "What is this about these women?"—And then his eye was caught by the frantic hands, and he broke off with an exclamation of horror.

"Bring those ladders," he cried—and then, to the crowd, "Who are they?"

"There's two o' 'em," he was answered by a dozen voices, "a Quaker lass and Jennie Ayres—Jennie Ayres and Phillis Denham."

"Dunnot see as theer's much use o' tryin' th' ladders," said more than one man, doubtfully. "It's a main dangerous work. It canna be long afore th' walls crack in, an' then——"

"Henders," said one of the owners, who had just arrived, all in a hurry, "God knows it's a sickening, horrible thing, but—but it's a hard fate to face, and it is a bad look out. The walls may fall in, and——"

"Let them fall," he cried. "It's not my way to stand by and see women die. Good God, Phillis! to think it should be you."

And in spite of protestations and warnings, he had the ladders against the wall, and when they were ready he was ready too, a heavy hammer in his hand to break

in the frames of the fastened windows. God knows what tumult rose in their breasts, when, looking down upon their deliverer, they beheld this man's face. Janet Ayres fell back with a groan, turning to the woman whose life she had blighted:

"Dost tha see?" she said.

Phillis answered with white lips.

"Aye! I see," she said, "I see," and hid her face.

There was a moment's pause, in which she heard the woman at her side panting as if for breath, and then Janet Ayres touched her sleeve, and when she looked at her she saw such deadly anguish in her face as made her start aside.

"See," said the unhappy creature, "see thee heer. Theer is na a moment—he will be heer—he canna tak' two—th' ladder will not bear it—and th' one as stays behind—" She broke off with a shudder. But she began again, "I mun be th' one as stays behind," she said. "He mun tak' thee."

"Nay," cried Phillis, a passionate pity and a passionate heroism rising within her. "Never that. God forgive me for the hard words I have spoken to thee; I will stay."

The woman, crouching on her knees, wrung her hands together. Was she tempted by an agonizing thought of her own sin, and the purity of this unstained creature whose soul was so much safer than her own.

"Theer is na a minnet," she said, "he is here now," and so he was—beating in the window frame.

"It is thee he mun tak'—fur th' child's sake—I've gi'en her up. Happen it'll gi' me a chance—I dunnot know—but I want a chance—fur the child's sake. I've axed fur one in my way—an' happen this is it. He mun tak' thee."

And then the man was in the room, black with smoke, scorched with fire, almost blinded and staggering, but it was Phillis his blinded eyes saw—not her rival.

"Phillis," he cried, "Phillis—come with me. You can forgive me for a minute's time. I have come to save you."

But Phillis drew back.

"I forgive you," she said. "God forgive me that I have been so hard; but there is another—Janet Ayres."

Not a second's pause, but Janet Ayres rose up and confronted him, with misery in her eyes.

"Tak' th' woman tha loves best," she said.

"Phillis," he cried, "for God's sake."

"I will not go," she said, and slipped fainting upon the floor.

That moment Janet Ayres advanced towards her.

"Tha will go," she said. "Theer is na a moment, an' I will na gi' my life fur nowt. Tak' her in thy arms, Will Henders."

He had her in his arms already. He had her through the window upon the ladder, and the people were shrieking below.

Janet Ayres stood at the window looking down.

"I will come back," he shouted.

But she did not seem to hear him. She was saying over something—saying it with blanching lips and dilated eyes—saying it to herself in a whisper:

"Fur th' child's sake—fur th' child's sake."

He had thought he might return, but the watching crowd knew he would not. Fire and smoke pouring out at the windows fought against him on his dangerous downward way. Twice he nearly slipped. More than once his burden was almost too much for him, and the frail support he clung to tottered beneath his tread, and when he touched the ground the fire had reached the third floor room, and the ladder fell with a crash.

"Let me go back," he shrieked, when they tried to hold him, and he was man enough to mean what he said. But they held him fast, and one, more thoughtful than the rest, forced him away with his back to the building.

The woman at the window stood still. The people below watched her breathlessly, or hid their faces in horror. The room grew hotter and hotter; there were rising tongues of flame here and there. The heat scorched her flesh, and she had to press close against the window for a breath. Oh, God! how safe they were below! Then there was a crash; the flooring shook.

"Fur th' child's sake," she cried, "Jenny! Happen this is the chance, Christ!—" and so went down into the abyss with her arms flung wildly upwards.

* * * * *

Phillis opened her eyes, and looked round. Her first glance fell upon her husband's face, and seeing it she looked no farther.

"Where is Janet Ayres?" she asked.

His awed face answered her.

"The Lord have mercy upon her," she said. "The Lord have mercy upon her," and closed her eyes again, her lips moving after her voice had dropped.

But Will Henders, despite his awe and pain, was Will Henders still—he could not wait—he had something to say, so he bent over her, and touched her hands with impetuous tenderness.

"Phillis," he said, "Phillis."

The tears slipped from under her lashes and fell upon the pillow, but she did not speak, and at sight of these tears Henders turned pale and trembled.

"Phillis," he said, in a broken voice, "it shall be as you say—I will go or stay, as you decide; but I will say what I came to say before I go—if I must go. You were led astray with lies, Phillis—they told you lies. I was false to myself, but never to you. The only wrong I did you was in keeping that wretched story secret. I have been a villain, but not to you. I swear to you that this is true. God forgive me for my sin."

She opened her eyes.

"God forgive us both!" she cried, "Whose sin has been greater than mine? Why should I dare harden my heart against the world, when I was so full of wrong myself?"

He snatched at her hand, and knelt down, kissing it in the old appealing way she knew so well.

"You were too pure to understand—" he said.

"I was too hard," she said, "too cold and proud, and God has shown me when my little child died—"

"Your child?" he said. "My girl—my poor, poor girl!" and he drew her into his arms.

She did not try to move, but lay upon his breast.

"It died," she said, weeping, "perhaps through its mother's angry sin—it did not live a day."

He held her close, weeping himself as he caressed her.

"I have searched for you every hour of my life since I came home that day and found that you had gone," he said. "And at last it was Janet Ayres who made her way to the old place and told me where you were. She did not know that you had gone away believing a lie; she fancied your anger was all roused by hearing the truth; but something you had done for her had touched her heart. I knew now

what that something was, and she told me that I could find you here. Phillis, must I go or stay?"

She clung to him, trembling all over. "Take me home," she answered. "Let us take her child, and try to make its life all

its mother's might have been. She gave her life for mine—let me give mine to this little one. And if thou canst forgive me, Will, the time may come when I can forgive myself."

A SUMMER'S GHOST.

In that old summer can you still recall
The pomp with which the strong sun rose and set,
How bright the moon shone on the shining fields,
What wild, sweet blossoms with the dew were wet?

Can you still hear the merry robins sing,
And see the brave red lilies gleam and glow,
The waiting wealth of bloom, the reckless bees
That woo their wild-flower loves, and sting, and go?

Canst hear the waves that round the happy shore
Broke in soft joy, and told delusive tales—
We go, but we return; love comes and goes;
And eyes that watch see homeward-faring sails.

"'Twas thus in other seasons?" Ah, may be!
But I forgot them, and remembered this—
A brief, warm season, and a fond, brief love,
And cold, white winter after bloom and bliss.

STRANGE SCENES IN STRANGE LANDS.

ADVENTURES OF AN OPIUM MONOPOLIST IN CAMBODIA.

In the course of a life devoted to such commercial pursuits as gave me an acquaintance with many lands and men, it was my lot to see, in a way that no one else has probably had the chance to see, that little-known corner of South-eastern Asia called Cambodia. Travelers come, but they cannot penetrate palace walls; they publish the records of their journeys, but the jealous Oriental, or the interested foreigner laughs in his sleeve at the story of veneering which the author took for true wood; only the unusual position in which I was placed, as chief of the legal opium agency in the country, allowed me to

gain an insight into the realities of Cambodia.

It is not generally known that a sort of protectorate is exercised by France, through the Governor of French Cochinchina, over this marvelously rich land—a protectorate which, at no very distant day, may have an important political result. That I, forming with the King a third power, should come into conflict with its representative was unfortunately, as things stood, unavoidable; but the alluring riches of the agency or "farm" were the means of giving me some interesting, though dreadful, experiences with the pirates, whose ferocity

has been known and feared since the early days of Dutch and Portuguese discovery. In the following pages the reader will find a faithful account of some of these experiences.

THE ROYAL BANQUET.

To get a general idea of Cambodia it is enough to say that Pnoum-Peinh, the capital, owing to its position at the intersection of four branches of the alluvial river Me-kong, is in contact, by the usual oriental highways, with Siam and Laos on the north and Annam and Cochinchina on the east and south. The actual population of Cambodia is reckoned at about one million souls, of whom over eight-tenths are native Cambodians, 60,000 are Annamites, 40,000 Siamese and Laotians, 40,000 Chinese, and the remainder, say 15,000, are Xongs, Lavas, Malays and Malabars.

Nörödom, the King of this mixed population, had farmed out to a wealthy Chinaman of Saigon, the monopoly of the opium trade throughout his dominions, and in return the latter paid into the royal treasury an annual rental of 300,000 Mexican dollars.

Now a ball of opium,—it is sold in the shape of a Dutch cheese,—while it costs only fifteen or sixteen dollars at Singapore, Shanghai or Hong Kong, was sold in Cambodia at twenty-five or thirty dollars, and in addition to this profit the farm had the sole right to sell, through small retailers and smoking-shops of its own, the liquid or hot opium for the consumption of the public. The chief privileges accorded the farm by the King were: to employ as many men as the farmer thought advisable; to own arms, boats and junks, and to establish on the river and the *arroyos* as many custom-posts as the needs of the monopoly demanded. The farm, moreover, had its own flag, and was, in a word, the prime power of the land beneath the King.

The latter alone had the right to use his own opium. Woe to any other found in possession of the drug, unless it had passed the farm! The wares were confiscated to the latter, a suit was then entered, and a fine of ten times the value of the seized goods was levied by the courts of the country, and divided—a third to the King, a third to the princes and mandarins, and a third equally between the farm and the chief agent. The close proximity of Laos

was a great temptation to smugglers, since the ball of opium had there an intrinsic value of one hundred dollars, and for all commercial purposes this merchandise was the most profitable to handle. Watch was, therefore, more closely kept in that direction, and on certain occasions the agents of the farm engaged in armed fights with the natives and the pirates, who at that time infested the river and the *arroyos*. These bandits were the last remnant of the rebel bands of Phou Kambô, who died the year before, and who for three consecutive years, had waged a bitter war for the throne against his elder brother Nörödom. For this reason the forces of the opium-farm were some five thousand Chinese of Wangtai's (Shanghai) congregation, he being their chief in Cochinchina as well as in Cambodia, all well-armed and, strange to say, well-drilled. Their commander was, therefore, an important personage, in view of the impossibility of the King raising so great a force in so short a time.

The King had conferred on me the title of Mitop, that is, General, at the end of a six month's residence at Pnoum-Peinh. For Wangtai had returned, after my installation, to Saigon, where more important affairs claimed his attention, leaving to me the entire responsibility of his venture. While previous farmers of the drug had been ruined, my first year brought us thirty thousand dollars profit; an energetic watch was not wanting, and I was well supported. Law-suits rained upon the smugglers who let themselves be caught, and many were the plots exposed.

The King, as well as his mandarins, was deeply interested in the matter, and my daily relations with them brought me into the presence of his Majesty, who, having taken a liking to my character, often asked me to pass a few hours of an evening with him; the first invitation which I received impressed me so forcibly that it is worth telling.

One evening Nörödom sent thirty of his slaves with torches, and eight bearing a palanquin, to get me. Entering this novel chair, the escort took up its march by the grand avenue, parallel to the river, towards the palace, about three miles from my dwelling; on our way all the natives whom we met threw themselves on the ground. We passed the *sâlās*, or large rooms thatched with palm leaves, but open to every wind, and where the country courts are held; they were five in number, and sur-

rounded the palace entirely, save where the façade looks out on the river, and on a steamer of western build, bought a few years before from the Governor of French Cochinchina, and encircled by many royal piroques, of strange and graceful curves and variegated colors. These formed the Cambodian fleet.

Crossing various small streets of charming little wooden buildings, all alike, and raised above the ground because of the periodical overflows of the stream,—the dwellings, as I found, of the women of the Royal Harem,—we stopped before a large octagonal brick edifice, newly built, containing the apartments of the King, as well as the rooms of the favorites. The stair, of good proportions, was composed of seven granite steps, procured from the ruins of a once celebrated pagoda, built some centuries before on a little hill not far away. By a circular balcony of carved and gilded wood, I passed, under guidance of a page, through one of the glass doors into a room whose black wood floor showed, in admirable workmanship, a group of curious animals from the Hindoo mythology. The wainscot seemed to be carved likewise, but the dimness of the light from an European lamp hung from the middle of the ceiling prevented me from examining it. Lances leaning here and there against the walls, fans of peacock tails, tails of yaks from Thibet wound about peculiar twisted spears with handles of bamboo root encrusted with gold—a sign of high dignity—these with the pages were the only furniture of the room. One of the latter, crouched in Hindoo fashion in a corner, struck several beats on a tom-tom hung on the right of the door. Another slave appearing, I crossed a second large room darker than the first, and in so doing stumbled against a pile of arms. The noise of falling weapons brought back the page who led me safely by the hand from what I perceived was a military museum. Just as sounds of music fell agreeably on my ear, a flood of light burst into the hall and showed me an assemblage of strange and wonderful arms. It was the slave announcing to his Majesty the arrival of the Mitop of the Farm. In a moment the curtain was raised and a sign was made to me to enter.

Behold a large hall, perfectly lighted, and to the right, at the end, luxuriously stretched upon a high couch, the King; his head resting on a rich cushion of yellow

silk worked with gold, his body on mats of a most delicate texture. His Majesty is clothed in the *phaa* of brown silk woven with gold, drawn to the figure by a gold-thread girdle and a massive buckle of the same metal set with precious stones. His head and breast are nude; he raises himself a little and makes me a sign to approach. In trying to comply I am forced to walk softly and with circumspection, because all about him a great number of women are bowed on their knees; it is only when quite near to the King, who is laughing immoderately, that I perceive the dismay my arrival has produced. Evidently my ladies had not been forewarned of the visit of a European. Shaking hands, the King seats me beside him on a stool covered with some Thibetan stuff. His wives are clad in the national *phaa* of variously colored silks, rose, blue, red, green and violet, which blend together agreeably and produce the most charming effect imaginable. A long, folded, brown silk scarf, carelessly thrown about the nude bosom, which it does not conceal, completes the costume. As ornament they wear engraved gold bracelets on their legs and arms, with rings on their fingers.

The stare of so many frightened, gazelle-like eyes, the perfumes penetrating the air, and the novelty of the sight throw me into more confusion than the greatest dangers I have heretofore encountered. This agitation does not escape the King, who says laughingly:

"I see, Mitop, that you are not used to this kind of spectacle."

"No, your Majesty."

"Well, you perceive then that it's a very great favor I am doing you [I bow] and you must be a great friend for me to invite you, a foreigner, into my home. You are the second who has been here; the first was the Commandant Lagrée, and then all my wives, who, as to-day, I had not forewarned, rushed away in terror. I had the greatest trouble in the world to make them come back. I see your presence causes them only some curiosity, mixed with a little fear because of your size."

"I am sincerely obliged to your Majesty for the honor done me [again I bow]. By calling me 'friend' the king has made me proud and happy and your Majesty may rest assured that I shall do everything in my power to please you; as to these ladies [once more I incline myself] I

should be very sorry if they think me capable of causing them the slightest vexation."

"Yes, yes, I know that. It is very well: we will return to the subject later."

All this conversation took place half in French, which the king understood, and half in Cambodian, which I spoke well enough. Nörödöm, at that time twenty-eight years old, possessed a most distinguished countenance and a medium figure, perfectly shaped and proportioned, differing very noticeably in that from all his subjects; in his head he showed his Mongolian origin, and his crown of hair two inches high, worn in a thick tuft on the top, became him marvelously, the rest of his head being carefully shaved. This peculiar head-dress is worn by all the Cambodians; the women alone retain two locks of hair besides, two or three inches long, about the temples. In addition to this the King's wives had the long nails of the left hand gilded and turned back over the upper surface of the hand—a great beauty in their eyes, and a sign of race.

At the extremity of the room, on a platform raised about ten inches, a scene was being acted from the Indian mythology, where the good and evil genii, represented by men with tails, white or black men, with wings of red, were exerting all their power to charm the daughters of earth, clothed in the garments of the time, whom they finally carried off with them through the air. These actors, called *bhās* or fools, are like the acrobats and clowns in our circuses. The dancers, or *lakōnes*, by their steps, gestures and the more or less natural, but always graceful, writhings of their hands, arms and legs, represent the dance. Others, specially educated to represent poetry and literature, sing their own compositions to the accompaniment of a peculiar music. I have often heard various songs of this kind, fresh, unsophisticated and graceful, which seem a peculiar property of oriental poetry. The orchestra on the left of the stage drew my attention particularly. It boasted thirty-seven woman players and three musicians, who, holding various unknown instruments, boded no good to my ears. There was the *klong-nong*, a system of cymbals of different sizes in a semi-circle, crouched in the center of which the musician strikes here and there with little mallets in both hands, now slowly and

anon with the greatest rapidity. The vibration, more or less long drawn, thus blend together before ceasing, and cause a soft and delightful harmony. The *kla-ni* is a sort of long flageolet of great purity of tone. The guitar, called *tu-kkai* has a very deep and rounded back, to give a loud resonance. Another no less curious instrument is the *ran-nan*, reminding one singularly of a xylophone—so much so that it makes me doubt whether the latter organ is as French as we suppose. In this, little plates of sounding wood, round above and flat below, are hung above a graceful junk, which acts as a sounding-board. These are struck with little mallets by the two hands at the same moment, and the flat and melancholy sound they yield accords admirably with the quivering tones of the *klong-nong*, which is its necessary accompaniment.

These unknown and peculiar shapes made me fear some dreadful hubbub, but what was my surprise when I heard all these artists extract from their instruments such soft, melodious tones, gentle melodies, transparent, charming, restful, and sometimes to the last degree pathetic notes! What I heard was real art, serious, noble, and having nothing in common with the usual monotonous droning of the musicians of other oriental races. In truth, the King, as well as the princes and mandarins, adore music, which they hold to be the principal, if not the sole, art, and it is the only one which has reached a high grade among them.

At the end of three hours, all too short, the drama closed, and the King caused a supper to be brought, to which he invited me. At his order his wives withdrew, after having made him the salutation, on their knees, by raising their joined hands to the height of their mouth, and then carrying them to the forehead. As long as they were under the royal eye they walked bent down, but straightened themselves on reaching a door behind the King's couch, and disappeared, with a long look at me, more gentle than the first.

"Well, Mitop, what think you of my artists?"

"Your Majesty, I am delighted."

"Why, I see you like my music! Does it bear any resemblance to that of Europe?"

"Not in the least, your Majesty."

"And which do you prefer?"

"Yours, your Majesty, because of its unaccustomed tones, soothing and strange."

"Ah, very well, very well; sit down, and while we sup you shall hear another kind."

At his command all the women-players and actresses left the room, with the usual prostrations, by the same door and in the same manner as the wives, leaving their instruments behind. Women brought in the supper of cold fowls in curry, to which I was already used; delicious indigenous fruits and various sweetmeats, as well as champagne. The King only tasted the eatables, but he drank stoutly.

Five women and a man entered and crouched at a little distance; they were the new musicians. The man held a flute of Laos, with five reed pipes, very high and of different lengths, bound and held together by a hollow mouth-piece of hard wood, in which the pipes were inserted, each one two-thirds of its length. Holes drilled on each side allowed the fingers to carry the instrument, though slanting, to the mouth of the player, who, blowing out and drawing in his breath, produced, by the movement of his fingers on the holes, a soft and pure tone, like the song of birds. To his right a woman held a guitar, like the *tu-khai* of the orchestra, but smaller and rounder, the sounds from which equal those of the former in sweetness and harmony. Two others played on little cymbals of different tones, and, with a little drum, formed the accompaniment to this delightful music. Two singing poetesses of exceeding beauty, without paint, and clad in a rich Cambodian costume, placed themselves behind us, fan in hand, now fanning us, now serving at the table, all the while singing improvised verses in alternation, taking graceful attitudes and walking on the points of their bare feet in slow and cadenced steps, accompanied with a little tinkle from the many bracelets on arms and legs. This savage and, at the same time, melancholy music; these sweet and rhythmic chants in honor of the King (some even were in my praise); the warm air charged with various essences from the fragrant oils burning in a multitude of little oval bronze lamps, flat on top and ornamented with finely worked figures; these perfumes, to which I was unaccustomed, this Asiatic luxury, combined to produce a charming effect.

Toward the end of the repast the King started from the reverie in which he had fallen to say to me: "I have the right, you know, Mitop, to have opium in my possession, and as I shall soon need various

goods from Laos, which I send for every year—hem!—and as your men keep a very sharp look-out," said he, laughing, "I should like to find the passage of the river free in about fifteen days—h'm!—that being the right period—only for my boats however, and—ah'm!—that your agents do not visit them; are you agreed?"

This speech, frequently broken by the King's "hems," showed embarrassment, and gave me, moreover, plenty of time to consider his demand. I, therefore, answered, feeling that to be politic I ought to promise, since I could immediately send a despatch to Saigon telling Wangtai my conversation, and get an answer within twelve days.

"Why certainly, your Majesty! In fifteen days?"

"Yes, Mitop, not for fifteen days."

"It is agreed; the day the boats are ready to go your Majesty has only to let me know."

"Ah, very good," said he with a relieved air, "I am pleased, very much pleased with you, and I desire that you be contented also."

"But, your Majesty, I am that already in seeing you contented."

"No, no, that is not enough; I want to make you a present for your friendship to me. Come, ask me for something you desire greatly, I will give it you instantly."

"Well, your Majesty, I should be very much pleased to have the fine ape which is kept in the waiting *sala* of your mandarins."

"What, only that? I give it you; it is Pibolle's (the minister of the navy), but that is nothing. I will send you Sadeck, for that is his name, but I want to make you a present besides," and drawing a splendid brilliant from one of his fingers, he asked me to put it on in his presence.

Day was breaking; the King arose, and I, doing likewise, thanked his Majesty warmly as he gave orders for my return. I was reconducted to my dwelling by the same escort, my head still full of all that I had seen.

Reaching my room, I threw myself into an extension chair, where I lay some time in reverie, when suddenly a soft and melodious chant, recalling the King's supper, fell upon my ears. I looked up, and saw Sakunetana, the poet songstress, presenting me with Sadeck, whom she held in leash.

I sent a despatch to Wangtai, and went

to see the head of the French Protectorate, the naval Lieutenant Moura, who had sent for me three times. The advice I had received at Mitho, in Cochinchina, from an agent of the farm, where this officer had lived, before taking the post of Pnoum Peinh, had caused me to avoid all relations with him save those in direct connection with the farm.

On entering his dwelling, which lay opposite mine, I found him stalking about the room.

After some angry words concerning the banquet, he broke out:

"I forbid you, do you hear, to allow such honors to be paid you, and if I shall have to arrest and put you in irons with my own hand, I'll do it! Then you'll have to yield to my wishes!"

"You are crazy, sir!" said I, retracing my steps, "you know well enough that I am free to do as I please. I am not a sailor. As to your threat, ponder well before putting it into execution, for I warn you that the very day you attempt it will be the last of your life!"

I did not forget to describe this scene to the King, who laughed very heartily at the important airs of the functionary, and his jealousy at not being asked to the private fête.

Having returned home I set myself to observe Sadeck, whom I had chained in my bedroom, forbidding the servants to give him anything whatever to eat. Upon placing food before him, I was glad to see him eat eagerly. Sadeck belonged to one of the four orders of the quadrumanes called Anthropomorphic Apes from their near approach in many particulars to human beings. All are wanting in tails and hanging cheeks.

This one, belonging to the Gibbons or Hylobates, and called by zoölogists the Siamang Gibbon, was peculiar in his own order for a most remarkable variation, and one found only in the island of Chantaboune, in the Siamese Gulf, but not yet classified by science. Called by the Cambodians *Pouás*, and by the Siamese *Djénis*, this curious order has a pale brown coat very thick and woolly, fore-arms and hands of great length, and a facial angle of 40° to 45°; small ears of almost human shape, and a height of about four feet. One peculiarity of Sadeck's was the conformation of his hind feet, the first and second toes of which were partly joined together by an extension of the skin. To the slyness

common to these creatures Sadeck added a really surprising intelligence, for he learned tricks in a few days with marvelous ease, and became remarkable for his exceeding gentleness, and even for his docility, although he was somewhat capricious. I taught him to sit at table like a man, use a knife and fork, to wait on me, to bow to, and conduct to the door, the visitors I received. At meals he brought me such things as required no great strength to carry, very often seizing a dish from one of the "boys" to carry it to me, but when coffee was served he was a really curious sight, with his gestures and ludicrous imitations, his little cries like those of a spoiled child from whom sweets are withheld. Then I would give him his coffee in a saucer, which he would take seated gravely at my side, and always using the spoon only; never would he touch it with his hands. I did not dare to attach myself too warmly to the little beast, fearing to have to give him up some day or other. But very luckily that never happened, for an answer came from Wangtai, telling me to do all I could to make myself agreeable to the King, but to be pitiless to all others. Then I was able to devote myself to Sadeck's education.

A few days after the interdict placed by Lieut. Moura, his Majesty came with his whole court to see me. My house being too small to hold all of them, two-thirds at least stayed beyond the door, crouching to the ground, and with faces turned toward the green gold-embroidered street-umbrella, which was stationed outside as a sign that the King was within, and that no natives in consequence might pass.

Announcing that nine of his boats would leave on the sixteenth day, at five in the morning for Laos, and asking me that evening to supper, the King arose and was about to withdraw, when piercing cries issued suddenly from my bed-chamber. The King entered the room quickly, and we saw Sadeck scratching his head and redoubling his cries at our appearance. As he then jumped upon the window-seat and looked out, the King glanced in the same direction, and with his finger pointed out Moura just entering his house and wrapping a handkerchief about his hand. His majesty began to laugh, and I was not slow to follow, when one of his train came up and told us the rest of the affair. Vexed not to know what the King could have to say to me, Moura had doubtless

slipped into the little by-street leading towards the country, in hopes of overhearing our conversation through the open window of my bedroom; but he had reckoned without Sadeck, who, seeing an unknown head, had sprung on his favorite place, the window-sill, and shown him his teeth. Moura, furious at not being able to approach the window, had struck the beast with his cane; the latter, without losing a moment, had jumped upon, and bitten him in the hand; then, springing back into the room, had begun the angry cries that had brought us to the scene.

I sincerely pitied the fellow, for Sadeck was endowed with respectable incisors, and must have bitten him unmercifully; but the King replied that it was well done, and that he only got his due. Accompanying his Majesty until he was mounted in his palanquin, he said in French, as he was leaving:

"To-night I shall expect you to supper."

At eight in the evening a royal escort, twice the size of the former, came to bear me to the palace.

II.

THE PIRATES' ATTACK.

THE next day I sent runners to all the stations on the path of the King's boats with particular instructions, and on the day of departure, in one of them, a Chinese interpreter of my own to act as escort as far as Cratic on the Cambodian frontier. One of the chief reasons for this action of the King was the fact, that the number of balls of opium in his boats was much greater than the figure he had acknowledged to; but at this it was politic to wink. I could not openly seize the King's goods, because no one among the mandarins would have been willing to condemn his Majesty, and after all, it did the farm little harm, since the opium sold by him did not circulate in Cambodia. On the other hand the King did not wish it known that the goods were his, for they would have attracted the pirates, who, half from hatred, half from profit, would have spied out the boats and made themselves masters of them. Moreover in case of a safe passage the Chinese and other merchants, always on the lookout for a profit, would have infallibly made inquiries, and by combining might have either hurt his trade by taking away his

customers, or by an excessive importation of certain articles, have flattened his market. I was lucky enough to have what I wanted carried out, for, two months afterwards, the boats returned loaded with exchanges more profitable than those of former years. His Majesty wished to give me the honor of the success, for had it not been for the presence of mind of Assine, my interpreter, and the precautions I had taken, the boats would have fallen into the hand of the pirates.

To give the reader some idea of this exchange trade and the estimation of certain articles by the Laosians, it is enough to say that a common knife, a little child's glass and needles, were articles always in demand, and gave a profit of five to one. Empty bottles had an incredible value in their eyes. Often in commercial transactions at a later period, when the native would not immediately decide to give me what I wanted, I have secured the article by means of an empty bottle,—it was irresistible. In countries where gold and silver are produced, these metals have no value in the eyes of the natives; with little or much they do not think themselves rich, but for an object which can be of use to them on the moment, they will give anything you desire. Once I obtained from a rich mandarin of Muang-Kao, in a large village above Bassac, in exchange for an ordinary mirror with gilt frame, about four feet by two and a half, costing me, I believe, twenty dollars at Saigon, the sum of \$475, on which it is plain there was a pretty profit.

Wang-tai had written a few days before to ask whether I could send him the sum of forty thousand dollars, in spite of a quarter's payment being due the King, which indeed had been already settled. Learning from the cashier of the farm that such a sum was on hand, I resolved to forward it; this, however, required three or four days of preparation by several men; bad coin inundated the whole country; the Cochinese accused the Cambodians, and the latter returned the accusation, but, however it was, every dollar brought to the farm was carefully tested. Even then a few bad ones would slip into the mass. The money that circulated best in those two lands was the piaster or Mexican dollar, as bad coin did not reach there from that far distant land. For this reason I had made a practice of causing each piece to be tested and verified by a

Chinese specialist in such matters, before the money left the farm to enter the general circulation, and that they might be recognized I had them marked with India ink by a cork cut in a certain pattern across its ends. This custom had given the farm an excellent reputation.

The tester, a man with a practised ear, let fall from one hand to another a pile of twenty dollar pieces and the noise they made in falling one on the other was enough to tell him of a doubtful coin; this was then set aside by the teller, whose duty it was to arrange the piles. The third Chinaman was the marker, and with the proverbial patience of Asiatics he wet his cork on a little flannel pad steeped in India ink, and gravely, methodically, stamped each dollar on one of its faces.

Nothing was more interesting to observe than those three Chinese; themselves lovers of the merchandise they sold, their yellow faces were shrunken like baked apples and ornamented with enormous brass goggles coarsely made. These, graceful as those worn by learned dogs at fairs, have not been improved since the days of their inventor, a Chinese of whom Confucius speaks. Never did I see those serious Chinamen laugh, and their slowness made me always wonder if they had not balanced their famous goggles on their noses and were afraid that too hurried a movement might bring them to the ground. To see the ease with which they worked and moved about in the narrow space allotted them almost made me believe that Chinamen have a special faculty of passing through each other or shrinking up when coming in contact. I oversaw their work, the the piling of the dollars in the five open chests, to whose iron-bound sides the money for Wang-tai was entrusted. This done, the chests were closed and I sealed them, there to wait till sent next morning to Saigon by a little steam-launch which was to come for them.

At that moment a small retailer of the farm came in haste to say that he had overheard a conversation of two opium smokers in his shop, about five miles away, revealing a plot to attack the farm at night. The continuous clinking of money for the last few days had given the spies of the pirates throughout the town to understand that large sums were on hand in the farm chests, and as they had long cherished such a plan, they thought it an occasion not to be lost. This news was a

disagreeable surprise; not that I had not often heard of these pirates, but that I also knew that violence, incendiarism and murder accompanied the wretches everywhere. Without entirely trusting the bearer of this bulletin, nevertheless I did not disdain the warning, and made all the preparations prudence demanded. The retailer, who had the right to a reward in case the news was confirmed, was instantly sent back with orders to make observations and report.

It was four in the afternoon. I sent also in different directions some fifteen spies of our own to collect as precise news as possible. I then got together the household of the farm, about two hundred men, to whom the password was given. The arsenal was next visited, the ammunition withdrawn from their tin receptacles and the arms made ready. The three Chinese chiefs, whom the reader knows, but with whom bravery had nothing to do with their positions as cashiers, considered victory only possible through a greater number of defenders and wished to have the tom-tom of war beaten in order to call together all the Chinese of Pnom-Peinh belonging to their congregation to aid in the defense. I refused point blank, objecting that the farm being exposed to these strange defenders, their coming and going might compromise the very cause they served by allowing a few pirates to slip into their ranks in the height of the tumult, and that we would infallibly be massacred; that I would alone assume all responsibility in the defense, if the news proved true. But, seeing signs of great disquietude in their faces, I told them it would be better if they went on board the three boats anchored off the farm with all the opium left in store, with the articles of value and all that might add to a conflagration. Seeing their faces clear, and having heard from two other retailers a confirmation of the news, I began the preparations for their departure.

I was now in hopes that the pirates would fall upon the farm, and get such a lesson as would rob them of any desire to try the game again. The Chinamen, encouraged by my energetic bearing, swore to obey me in everything. The partitions or Chinese screens of wood painted red and cut at the height of a man into a border of queer painted flowers, were taken down, and with their baggage and things of value the Chinese chiefs were put on

board the boats with the opium. As to the money, I had a powerful motive to keep it myself, because without it I would not have been aided by the Chinese, but to guard against a surprise or any accident, I had part of the pavement of the farm taken up, a large hole dug, all the money buried and covered up; the bricks were replaced with the old mortar, strewn with dust, and the floor took on the same appearance as before.

The number of the bandits I did not know, but by advices received at an earlier date I thought myself not mistaken in reckoning their united bands at about three thousand. It remained to be seen whether all would join together for the attack.

The Chinese leaders I sent with the boats in the direction of Chaudoc, the crews, about fifty in number, reducing my forces to about one hundred and fifty; but all resolved to fight, and the men whom I had chosen were among the most vigorous and determined. Having given them their orders, I went to tell the King of the danger we were incurring. His Majesty offered me the whole of his army, composed of about one hundred men. I thanked him, and explained my plans, which the reader will learn farther on. To Lieut. Moura, also, I sent a notice, since as head of the French Protectorate it was his duty, according to the conditions of the former treaty, approved by the governor of Cochinchina, to give us aid and protection in case of need; then I went home to dinner, and at eight set out for the farm, armed with a good carbine, a revolver, and a saber. On arriving I learned that at least ten thousand pirates, so they said, were going to attack us, and, although that figure was somewhat exaggerated, I understood that all the bandits were about to fall upon us. That changed my plan in some respects, and I sent a further notice to the King and to Lieut. Moura, who would surely use all possible means of defense. At nine the farm was shut as usual, and we began the preparations for interior defense.

A mile from the palace, and the same distance from the French Protectorate, on the farm, was a huge square building, entirely new, and powerfully built, half in brick and half in *Bienhoa* stone—a red, calcareous rock near Saigon. There were two entrances, one looking out on the river, and about fifteen feet by ten, the other on the highway, twelve feet by six. Each closed

by means of a solid four-inch teak-wood door, covered within by a strong iron plate, held by broad nails, whose large heads gave the outside the appearance of a prison door. The system of closing, in the American style, allowed these heavy wings to fold very easily by means of a solid iron track, with rollers let into the door. Once shut, a strong brass hook prevented any one from forcing a passage by any but very extraordinary means. The walls were very thick; the shutters of the four windows, which gave light to the interior of this building without stories, were lined moreover with iron sheeting; when all were shut their thick closing bars of iron gave the appearance of a small fort.

The eight swivels which composed our artillery I caused to be mounted on their carriages; three I trained behind the door looking on the road, the five others were stationed in a semi-circle behind the river door. Each piece was double-charged, and rammed full to the neck with grape and *sapèques*—little zinc pieces the size of a shilling, with a square hole in the center. Each shot cost us three dollars. By means of a strong rope, fastened by the middle to the iron knob of each door, three men, hidden by the wall, were, at my signal only, to come together, swing the doors wide open on their well greased tracks, and thus unmask our guns, and at the discharge three others, bearing hard upon the rope in turn, were to close the leaves, and allow the artillerists to handle their pieces under cover. Lances were distributed to the men having no settled post; they were to go where they were needed.

All these preparations were completed in the greatest silence, and occupied about three hours. I gave my Chinamen a good ration of *sham-shoum*, and each one awaited the critical moment, seated or lying down as he wished.

It was about an hour before dawn when a knock came to the door on the road. I ordered one to answer in a sleepy voice:

"What do you want? Every one is asleep!"

"Want to buy three balls of opium," answered the voice.

"Well, come to-morrow morning."

We were lighted by a couple of night-lamps only; the person seemed to listen several minutes at the door and said: "I'll be back soon." As I prevented a further answer he went away. I was convinced that it was a trap of the pirate to get the door

opened so that his comrades might, in an instant, dash through after him. About half an hour afterwards, my men being troubled no further, and from imitating the snoring of a sleeper, having really gone to sleep, I began to give way myself, believing the attack had been postponed. Suddenly hurried blows from some iron instrument roused us all, and a voice cried:

"It's past five o'clock, give me my opium!"

"You're too early yet!" we answered in a surly tone.

Hardly were the words said, when there burst forth the most furious and devilish yells; the doors were violently attacked on both sides at once, and would have been broken were it not for their great thickness. Tumult and frightful howls arose about the farm; I cast a glance on my people to see if each one was at his post; a drop of *sham-shoum* strengthened my Chinamen, and when I saw that all were ready, the artillerymen by their guns, the matches lit, I gave a whistle. The two doors opened at one moment, and eight discharges of grape were buried in the bodies of the pirates as they rushed towards the opening. Another whistle, and the doors closed. With lances the bodies of those who fell near the guns were pushed aside, and the pieces were reloaded in the same way. The manoeuvre took less time than it does to describe it.

The noise had quieted a little, but the ruddy smoke I had seen through the open door, and the crackling of burning bamboo, told me that the pirates had set fire to a part of the city in order to draw attention in another direction, hoping, under cover of the confusion, to seize the farm. A few moments later the doors were again assailed, but with such violence that I feared every minute to see them yield. I whistled—the grape made new victims; three times the doors opened, and three times shut again after the murderous discharge. The cries of these madmen always returning to the attack in the faces of certain death, impressed my Chinamen very much. Soon they began battle against the building by the windows—again I gave the signal; the doors were opened, and once more death depleted their ranks; but we could not prevent ten or more of the bandits rushing in like demons through the half opened door. My Chinese, excited by the smell of powder and the yells of the pirates, began to yell also; finally I made my voice heard above all the uproar, and got the doors closed.

The farm, already dark enough, was full of powder-smoke, which added still more to the obscurity. The cries of both sides, the Chinese, who, drawn together in a clump, and letting off guns and revolvers at random, were wounding each other; the indescribable hubbub of a fight in the interior, together with the blows of marlin-spikes against the doors, and the diabolical howls of those without, the impossibility, moreover, of distinguishing anything five feet away, was making our position exceedingly critical, when the idea struck me to seize a Chinaman, and make him beat one of the farm tom-toms with all his might. A sound so sweet to Chinese ears did what neither my voice nor my whistle could. The Chinamen stopped, and rallied about me in a group; then I advanced and made out a knot of four of the bandits still on their feet in a corner, their eyes shining like flames, and in an attitude of defiance. Rushing at them I felled one with a pistol shot, and, at the same moment, received a blow on my left arm that made me drop the weapon; enraged, I turned quickly on my assailant, and despatched him with a saber stroke. The other two were cut down by the Chinese.

Restoring a little order, and having put the dead and wounded aside, we were suddenly surprised by the brazen voice of a Cambodian battery, which, I afterwards learned, had been established some two hundred yards above the farm, raking the road. Taking the robbers in the flank, it hurled death and terror into their already decimated ranks. Startled by so unexpected an attack, they tried a last despairing onslaught on the door, which baffled them again.

On the river side the attack, although less impetuous, was more deadly. The pirates on three junks, armed with guns and two little swivels, kept up a continuous fire on the farm building, and my men were on the point of giving way. The three swivels and the defenders of the road gate came to their aid. I counted my men, and found about fifty of us still unhurt. My benumbed arm hung motionless at my side. Having succeeded in overcoming the tumult, I caused the door to be worked; it rolled with great difficulty, and I sent into the pirates the most murderous fire they had yet received. The grape and the *sapèques* being exhausted, the pieces had been charged with all the false dollars which the farm had received since its in-

stallation, and which had been put aside. We had no more ammunition for the guns, the door would not work easily any longer, but trying to push it to as much as possible, and, putting our pieces in form of a barricade across the opening, we exchanged in that way shots and saber-cuts. I do not know what would have been the result if the Cambodians had not come to our aid. Manning their pirogues, they had towed the European steamer of the King up to the point at the bend of the river, and the latter sent among the pirates half a dozen shots from the 24-pounder in the bow. They fled at last, abandoning beside their dead and wounded sixteen prisoners, who had not time to get on board the junks.

Their flight was in the direction of the Great Lake, and on passing the gunboat "La Hache," they received as a good-bye token, a volley of bullets which cut some of their rigging, and disappeared below the horizon. This was the only assistance I received from Lieut. Moura in the course of that terrible night.

Day soon dawned, followed by a bright blood-red sun rising from the rose-tinted pearly gates of the East to light a scene of slaughter, too terrible to be described. The King arrived not long after, followed by his grand mandarins, among whom was the Prime Minister or Crâon. The number of the dead and wounded was found to be six hundred and forty-seven, and they were all thrown into the river by order of the King, in spite of my intervention for those still alive. During this operation the French quartermaster, Tanguy, arrived, followed by some ten sailors, to demand from me the prisoners. I told him to appeal to the King, but the King would not give them up, saying, "that not having had a hand in the fight, Lord Moura had no right to demand the prisoners—at any rate not unless he came himself," he added.

According to the laws of the country, the King, surrounded by his ministers, rendered his verdict forthwith, and half an hour afterwards these wretches were condemned to be beheaded, and Lieut. Moura came just in time to see the head of the sixteenth pirate fall. This, with those of his fellows, was fastened on a long pointed bamboo planted before the farm. Notwithstanding my protest, I had to resign myself

to the neighborhood of those sixteen heads placed half and half before the two fronts of the building. In those countries, when a crime is committed, the murderer is brought to the very spot where the deed has been done, judged, and, if found guilty, executed, and his head exposed to the view of passers-by, and the beaks of birds of prey. A particular injunction decrees the pain of death against any one removing these frightful symbols of royal justice!

I do not know whether the heads really inspired the bandits with horror, but the farm was never attacked again. On leaving the place, witness both of the crime and its expiation, the King begged me to get some rest, after having caused two of his own physicians to look at my arm, which they declared was not broken.

The Chinese belonging to the Farm, headed by the three chiefs, having come in about ten o'clock, now departed to consecrate three fat roast pigs to Buddha in a pagoda which lay behind my dwelling. Stepping out of my door, I found the leaders wearing long straw-colored silk robes, a little conical cap on their heads, adorned at the tip with the brass button of Doctor of Letters, from which a little fringe of red wool hung. They were preceded by two tom-toms, one of enormous size, borne in a palanquin by four Chinamen, while a fifth, of great strength, walking in the rear, struck it rolling blows with a mallet wrapped in tow; the other was carried by one man, and beaten in the usual manner. This hurly-burly represented the Hymn of Victory; the large one alone is the Hymn of War. Passing my house they let off a lot of crackers, and the chiefs lighted each three little pieces of perfume-stick, which they placed before my dwelling in order to bring the blessing of Buddha; then bowing down before me, and taking their clenched left hand in their right, they cried out: "*Aoud, doud, doud.*" I answered in the same way: "*Aoud, doud, doud,*" trying to catch the same intonation; the train took up its road to the pagoda to present their pigs to their divinity.

The small steam-launch coming up from Saigon took during the day, by one of the Chinese chiefs, a report from me, the money, and about a hundred of our wounded.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

New York.

THERE are few New Yorkers, apparently, who, amid absorbing commercial and industrial pursuits, think much of what their city ought to be, and probably is to be, in its relations to the nation as a repository of art. They even forget that their city is named after a third-rate English town, and that it has no name worthy of itself and its future. By what foolishness it was deprived of its early name, we have not looked into its history enough to discover; but that the adoption of a foreign title which has now become absurd, was a great mistake, is evident to all. Manhattan it was, and Manhattan it ought to be now. It is a strong, dignified and legitimate name, and if it is too late for its adoption, the more's the pity. But this has nothing to do with the matter on which we started, except that it is a libel on good taste, and offends the æsthetic element in us all.

If New York is to be worthily great, she must be something more than a commercial city. The colossal fortunes which have been acquired here must find investment at last in something better than warehouses and lots, and something better than railroads running to the moon. If we look across the water, we shall find more than one, or two, or three cities, much smaller than New York, which are objects of greater interest to the world than our great metropolis. Nothing gives Munich its charm as a resort except its repositories and schools of art. It is the home of a thousand artists, constantly. The works of Schwanthaler, Piloty and Kaulbach are there. The city is crowded with magnificent bronzes, all of which are made there. Its galleries of pictures, ancient and modern, attract the travelers of the world. The little town of Dresden owes all its prominence to its picture gallery, which holds the master-piece of Raphael. Hundreds of thousands of men and women, from all parts of the world, have visited Dresden, for the sole purpose of seeing its treasures of art, with the Sistine Madonna as their leading attraction. Florence is another home of art, with its Uffizi and Pitti galleries. Take away from Florence its wonderful collection of pictures and statuary, and its principal charm will be gone. To a considerable extent the same is true of Rome. As the home of the Pope, and the site of the ruins of an old civilization, Rome would be interesting to multitudes, without doubt; but the priceless treasures of art that are contained in its churches and palaces give to it its crowning attraction, and make it the leading "Mecca of the mind."

If we go to the larger cities of Europe, and search out the leading attractions, they are always the objects and collections of art. In London, the National Gallery and the art department of the South Ken-

sington Museum, with the minor galleries of the great metropolis, are always the leading points of interest to visitors in the city. Paris, without the Louvre, would not be Paris at all. And now what have we as New Yorkers to show to those who visit us? What have we to attract the whole country and to make New York worth visiting? We have a fine park for ourselves; but, for those who live in the country, what special attraction have a few acres of grass, with rocks, trees and roads thrown in? It is only a better-kept patch of a kind of scenery with which they are all familiar, and of which they have become tired by long familiarity. They look at the people, the public buildings, they attend concerts, they go to the theater and the opera, the Colosseum and Barnum's Hippodrome. They succeed in being amused in a certain way, but they go home uninstructed. The whole impression left upon their minds is light. They find the city absorbed in its trade and speculation, full of the vulgar display of wealth, and devoted to driving and light amusements. They get no uplift by or through us; they do not carry away a good impression of us; they are not benefited.

Where are our artists? They are scattered all over Europe. Their homes are in Paris, Munich, Florence, Dresden and Rome. Why is our annual exhibition so small? A little pamphlet, about as thick as a temperance tract, suffices for the catalogue, and a few little chambers at the Academy of Design have wall-room enough for all the pictures that are worthy; and many of these are painted abroad. There is no opportunity for study here; and when a painter has seen one or two private galleries, he has seen all that amounts to anything. What we need is a great gallery. We need it for ourselves. We need it for home education, for the cultivation of public taste and refinement. We need it as a diversion from frivolous pursuits and from no pursuits at all. We need it as a permanent attraction to the whole country. If those who have superabundant wealth would but unite and give us a gallery worth ten millions, it would do more for New York, socially, morally and financially, than a similar expenditure would give us in any other way. It would attract and fasten here the art students of a continent. It would fill New York with visitors from every part of the country. It would give us something to be proud of, that would not belittle us. It would elevate rich and poor alike. It would stimulate and develop genius. It would greatly change for the better the tone of society, and powerfully modify the civilization of the country. It would build up in America a school of art, that would be worthy of the republic, and command the respect of the world. It would cultivate a taste for pictures that would keep our artists busy and pros-

perous. The good it would do New York and the country cannot be measured.

New York abounds in charities and churches. The poor and the sick are bountifully provided for, by state and city aid, and voluntary benevolence. Millions of dollars are invested in churches nearly every year. Great cathedrals and temples are going up all about us, and still they talk of more, although the sittings of but few of the churches already built are fully occupied. Millions of dollars stand accumulated in hands that really do not know how to dispose of them, while this great boon to a great people remains unbestowed. We have a great daily press, we have good theaters, we have as good music as we need, we have churches, and hospitals, and public parks, and magnificent hotels, but this one essential thing is wanting. Without it, as a great city, we are poor, and in a very notable respect, contemptible. The beginnings we have made, though highly honorable to the public-spirited gentlemen to whom we are indebted for them, and admirable in themselves, will remain only beginnings, if they are not supported by more popular enthusiasm, and backed by more abundant means. Where are these means to come from? The question is important, not only to New York, but to the whole country.

Taxation That Kills.

WE have before us the report of Mr. Ruffner, Superintendent of the Virginia Board of Public Instruction, for 1873, and we find in it, arrayed in startling figures, a statement of taxation for liquors, drank within the State, which fully accounts for the poverty, not only of Virginia, but of all the Southern States; while it also gives the reason for the straitened circumstances of millions in the North. There are 2856 retail liquor shops in the state. If these shops sell the average amount of liquor sold by the liquor shops of the United States, and there is no reason to suppose they do not, the annual amount consumed is \$10,622,888. There are additions to be made to this from wholesale dealers and patent medicines which are bought and consumed for their alcohol, that raise the aggregate to \$12,000,000. There is no doubt that the sum total exceeds these terrific figures, which leave out entirely the alcohol used for mechanical and manufacturing purposes. This sum exceeds the total value of all the farm productions, increase in live stock, and value of improvements, of the year 1870, according to the U. S. Census, in the seven best counties of the State, and by just about the same amount, the value of the productions of forty-five smaller counties during the same year. The wheat crop of Virginia, for 1870, was, in round numbers, 8,000,000 bushels. This, at \$1.50 per bushel, which is more than was received, makes exactly \$12,000,000. In brief, Virginia drank up its entire wheat crop to the last gill!

Mr. Ruffner presents other illustrative estimates,

but nothing can add to the force of those which we have cited. He then goes on to show that the total taxation for State purposes, including legislation, salaries, courts, institutions for dumb, blind and insane, public schools and interest on the public debt only, reaches the sum of \$3,500,000, while to add to this sum all the local taxation, would not equal the burden which the people voluntarily lay upon themselves. But this is not all. The injury done to public order, and to private health and enterprise, is to be taken into account. Mr. Ruffner believes that the time wasted, the injury done to business, and the cost of crime, pauperism, insanity and litigation resulting from intemperance, would be more costly than the liquor itself. Then the Superintendent, with figures furnished by the distinguished English actuary, Neison, in the interests of Life Insurance, shows how much valuable life is thrown away in the State. Between fifteen and twenty years of age, the number of deaths of temperate and intemperate persons, is as 10 to 18; between twenty-one and thirty, 10 to 51; between thirty and forty, 10 to 40. At twenty years of age a temperate person's chance for life is 44.2 years—intemperate, 15.6; at thirty, the temperate man's chance is for 36.5 years, intemperate, 13.8; at forty years, the proportionate chances are 28.8 to 11.6 years. Thus money, health, morality, industry, good order, and life itself, in enormous sums, go into this bottomless caldron. Is there any return of good for all this expenditure? None. The loss is entire, and irremediable. If the whole had gone over Niagara Falls, something would be picked up, on the shore below, but nothing is left from this waste. A bushel of grain transformed into alcohol, and swallowed as a beverage, is a bushel of grain annihilated. If all that is spent for liquor were put into a huge furnace, and burned, we should have the ashes; but, as it is, we have no ashes except such as, with shame and tears, we are obliged to bury.

We have not displayed these figures for the special purpose of reading a lesson to Virginia, for that state is no worse than the rest of the States of the Union; but one of her faithful officers has brought out the statistics, and the country ought to feel very much obliged to him for them. They give us the facts that account for all our public distress. Our taxation for the legitimate purposes of government and the payment of the public debt is a mere bagatelle by the side of the taxation to which the people voluntarily subject themselves, for that which harms them. We consume, as a nation, \$600,000,000 a year in spirituous liquors, a sum which only needs a very few multiplications to pay the whole public debt of the country. If this tax could be entirely abated, the impetus that would be given, not only to our prosperity, but to our civilization, would soon place us in advance of every nation under heaven. Liquor is at the bottom of all our poverty. If the tax for it were lifted, there would not need to be a man, woman or child without

bread. If it could be lifted from the Southern States alone, it would not take five years to make them not only prosperous, but rich. There cannot be a more pitiful or contemptible sight, than a man quarrelling over, and bemoaning his taxes, while tickling his palate, and burning up his stomach and his substance with glass after glass of whisky. Men dread the cholera, the yellow fever and the small-pox, and take expensive precautions against it, while the ravages of all of them in a year do not produce the mischief that intemperance does in a month. It is worse than a plague, worse than fire, or inundation, or war. Nothing but sickness, death, immorality, crime, pauperism, and a frightful waste of resources come of it. Nothing noble is born of it. Meantime our public men are timid about it, our churches are half indifferent over it, our ministers talk about the scriptural use of wine, our scientific men dispute about the nutritive properties of alcohol, our politicians utter wise things about personal rights and sumptuary laws, and the people are going to the devil.

The Southern States.

Has the government a policy in its treatment of the reconstructed States? Has it had a policy since the close of the war? If it has one, and has had one, is it not about time it were changed? If the present condition of these States is in any respect the fruit of that policy, have we not had enough of it? Men of common sense and common honesty learn by experience, and try to realize in practice what they learn.

The Confederate States, or those which called themselves such during the civil war, have passed through a political, social, and industrial revolution. They were left at the close of the war utterly poor, with their industrial forces and machinery destroyed, with a new political element to be assimilated or amalgamated, their political institutions to be reconstructed, and their old political relations to the Union to be renewed. They needed, in this tremendous emergency, the wisest and most considerate treatment. We have nothing to do with the question whether they had sinned, and deserved punishment. We are not called upon to decide whether, in the great disasters and trials that have followed the war, they have received only a just retribution. We claimed that they belonged to the Union. We fought for the Union, and the re-establishment of the old relations; and the moment the military power of the Confederacy was crushed, it was the business of our government, in the kindest, firmest, most sympathetic, and most generous way, to reclaim their affectionate loyalty. Has the government done it? Has it tried to do it? South Carolina, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas have an answer to the question, which is pretty well known throughout the Union.

In some of the Southern States a condition ap-

proaching absolute anarchy exists. Carpet-baggers, leading a host of black and ignorant men, are, in two or three of these, pitted against the resident whites, on whose intelligence and loyalty the future welfare of those States depends. In others, a rebellion against this state of things has taken place, which drives two-thirds of the black vote from the polls. Taxes are heavy, and are too often absorbed by the corrupt schemes of politicians. Men are not only discouraged, but are full of the bitterness that comes from oppression. They feel that they are wronged, that they have no future, that they cannot protect themselves, that the general government does not and will not protect them, and that nothing but death or voluntary exile will give them relief.

To say that the national government cannot constitutionally help this state of things, is to acknowledge that the doctrine of State rights, in whose name, and by whose authority, the Southern States strove to throw off the national rule, is a sound one. The national government can help it, and ought to have helped it long ago. By the authority of a constitution which guarantees a Republican form of government to every State, it could have protected the ballot-boxes of every State, and prevented a mob from usurping that form of government. A mob is not a Republican form of government. No government is Republican, even in its form, whose ballot-box is not accessible to every voter, and is not preserved inviolable from all corruption. No government is Republican, even in form, that is controlled by mercenary aliens. There are half a dozen States whose governments have ceased to be Republican, even in form, when we come down to anything like a strict definition of the phrase. And these States, or some of them, have appealed to the President, again and again, for help, to decide the questions which their conflicts have involved, and appealed in vain. Why, any policy, that would involve a decision, would be better than none. Are these States to be left forever to internecine strifes? Give them a military government, until they are ready to govern themselves harmoniously. They would thrive and be happy under such a government, because they would be protected. They can have no prosperity until they are, politically, at rest. Does any one doubt, in the light which the present state of things throws upon the question, that military government, in half a dozen States that might be mentioned, would have saved those States from untold miseries, and advanced them incalculably further towards a sound reconstruction than they stand to-day? Is our national government nothing? Is our Union without civil power? If it cannot control these State strifes, that, in one State, at least, have gone on to bloodshed, we are at a loss to know of what particular use it is, and we cannot blame the people of the South for regarding it with a sentiment more bitter than contempt.

What are the petty rascalities of two or three contractors, over which we make such ado, by the

side of the terrible condition of these States? What significance has the maladministration of the revenue laws by the side of whole peoples, ground into the earth by poverty, and torn by civil dissensions? We strain at a gnat and swallow camels by the caravan. Oh for a man, or a body of men, who will "take the responsibility!" If the old Dutchmen of

Pennsylvania, who are said to vote at every Presidential election for Gen. Jackson, are simply loyal to an idea, we have a profound respect for their instincts and their ignorance. They are right. He is the kind of man we want in every department of Federal power.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHAT a world it must be to Ariadne! The blue of her fine blood is tainted by a delicate inherited infusion of art; so that two irreconcilable principles are ever at war within her. One draws her gently toward Bohemia, the other persuades her toward—Moldavia, let us call it. She tires of prunes and prisms, and rushes,—like a brook released from its icy fetters,—to the tents and tin-pans of her Bohemian ancestry, only to turn from these again with disdain and seek an unloved asylum in Moldavia. In Bohemia alone does she meet with sympathy of the soul—there only are high, ideal aims, genuine worth, a man for the sake of what he can do: there are brains, brilliancy, appreciation. But it is a land full of disenchantments. When she finds that her poet is fond of lump-sugar, life for her has no more charm. Moldavia is proper, but stupid. Bohemia is wise and witty, but subject to vagaries and prolific of disillusion.

I do not know what can be done with Ariadne, except to turn her over, with all her warring instincts, her surprises, shrinkings, *ennuis*, to the coming American novelist.

.... EVIDENTLY Ariadne is not happy. But who is? Nobody is happy who is not conceited. So it curiously happens that only for imperfect characters is reserved the life of perfect enjoyment. There is no content so all-embracing, so pervading and invigorating as self-content. The philosophers hold out other means of happiness, but they are moonshine to this. The man whose bosom contains a perpetual principle of self-esteem, possesses a balm for every woe. The blues that so easily beset the rest of humanity are unknown to him. His ways are ways of pleasantness. The winds and the rains may blow and dash against him; the hurricane may shake his window-shutters and topple over his chimneys; but within all is peace. Be conceited and you will be happy.

.... THE faculty that some people have of making themselves, to all intents and purposes, the center of the universe is a thing which I covet every day of my life. Of course a great many people really believe that they are these centers, or that center—but it is the select few who really compel every one

else to believe it, whom I envy. It must be a glorious consciousness. Such a sense of largeness; such Popish pride, without the slightest tinge of any of the Pope's personal humility. To think of bringing the whole realm of literature, art, religion to the test of one's self. To think of going to hear a new oratorio, not for the mere vulgar purpose of enjoying it; but in order to "see how you will like it."

To be sure, passing from one such center to another among your friends is apt to create an element of confusion, something like that supposed by Warner to be produced in the minds of those who dwell by a certain river in the provinces, which first runs one way and then another, and then vanishes altogether.

.... BUT if cases of perennial happiness are rare; we all have joyful moments. I suppose that one of the most unalloyed of earthly pleasures is the giving of a perfect snub. For most persons are like Ianthe, who never thinks of the precise gesture, the most fitting, withering word and action, till it is at least thirty minutes too late. When the person who should be withered is actually in our presence, we are either too much flustered to do our best, or else that singular fatality we are all under, of sympathizing with the present humanity, keeps us from being utterly remorseless. Besides, a successful snub implies a capacity for being snubbed on the part of the other person. Only at rare and precious epochs are all the conditions fulfilled.

.... THERE is a certain happiness in perfect hate. There is no satisfaction in half hating; it is like toast toasted on one side only, butterflies in a bird-cage, half-ripe cherries, an undress rehearsal, and everything else that misses roundness and downrightness. Denunciation must be untampered, or it is worthless as a consolation to the soul. The great trouble with many people is to find something that can be despised in this wholesale way. It is difficult for them to perpetuate a sentiment of unreserved despal toward any single living human being, or even a single family of human beings—although, on the other hand, there are many who are not troubled in that way. Natures thus hampered

may be driven to take up with some historical person or with an entire nation. Large numbers of people, most of whom were born in Great Britain or its dependencies, find a principal part of their earthly happiness in hating France. Coleridge was, probably, no better at this than millions of his countrymen, but, according to Julian Charles Young, he was more successful in the expression of his feelings. "I hate," he said, "the hollowness of French principles; I hate the republicanism of French politics; I hate the hostility of the French people to revealed religion; I hate the artificiality of French cooking; I hate the acidity of French wines; I hate the flimsiness of the French language; my very organs of speech are so anti-Gallican that they refuse to pronounce intelligibly their insipid tongue." (He spoke very bad French, by the way.)

.... MY readers may have, by this time, discovered that the present is a screed on the pursuit of happiness. Let us see, therefore, what the Wise Man says about it: "Going out of the harbor we encounter Pictou Island and Light, and presently see the low coast of Prince Edward Island—a coast indented, and agreeable to those idly sailing along it, in weather that seemed let down out of heaven, and over a sea that sparkled, but still slept in a summer quiet. When fate puts a man in such a position, and relieves him of all responsibility, with a book and a good comrade, and liberty to make sarcastic remarks upon his fellow-travelers, or to doze, or to look over the tranquil sea, he may be pronounced happy." This is very good as far as it goes; but it was impossible for the writer of the above recipe to be perfectly explicit in his enumeration of the necessary ingredients. How could he say, for instance, that the book thus briefly and vaguely alluded to was entitled "*Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing*;" by Charles Dudley Warner, author of "*My Summer in a Garden*," "*Back-log Studies*," "*Saunterings*," etc.; Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., price \$1.50, when, as a matter of fact, that book, as a book, at the time of writing, had no earthly existence. It is the duty, as well as privilege, of the present essayist to supply the deficiency, and thus contribute his part toward that consummation so devoutly wished by every benevolent soul—the happiness of the human race, and especially of his fellow-countrymen.

Baddeck, in order to be appreciated, must be read in book form. You must take it as a whole, just

as you would take the *Odyssey*. You will find that it is almost the only book of travels ever published in which not one page was 'written to skip.' There are plenty of quotable points, but the charm of it is the under-current of—I know not what, except that it has the effect of making you for a whole chapter forget the problem of taxation and the question of the origin of evil. The best part of the humor is as evanescent as the man with the Saint Vitus's dance. When you are 'bent upon finding it, it takes legs and flits away down the Gut of Canso. Warner's art is so exquisite, you suspect that the book would have been nothing if the geography of the region had not been so preposterous. Is the wit in the geography or in the man? And if in the geography alone, why did not some summer tourist long ago make use of these pregnant names to point a moral or adorn a tale? And then the reticence of the book! You feel sure all the time that the man who wrote it has his own notions about prison reform, and the equality of the sexes, and taxation, and evil, and music, and morals, and the currency, and newspapers, and magazines and things. There is hardly the hint of a tear or a charity in the whole one hundred and ninety pages and a half, and yet—you need not tell me anything about a man who has too much respect for humanity to make copy of people in his books! You feel, in reading *Baddeck*, what you do not feel in reading some bright things by other writers, that not a single human being whom the author met has been coldly studied with a mere selfish literary purpose in view. I tell you I have read clever 'character sketches' by some of our American authors, that have given me a dislike of mankind. I have had to take up a book of Warner's in order to get the right taste in my mouth again. Thank Heaven for *Baddeck*, and that sort of thing!

.... THERE is, I am well aware, a cheap kind of happiness of which any of us may make ourselves the possessors at any time, and with little trouble. It is generally possible to imagine a worse condition than the one we are in. Think, for instance, if you have lost money in Northern Pacific, or are disappointed in love, or your plantation has been washed away—that you might be the chairman of a May anniversary meeting, or a member of the hanging committee of the Academy, or an autograph collector, or the editor of a magazine.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Flower Mission.

THE wide success of this æsthetic charity in Boston, in the brain of whose daughters the plan originated, and its equal success in New York and other cities, where it is a more recent experiment, lead all its friends to hope that its beneficence may be carried to every part of the country. Its simple requirements,—a depot of arrangement and distribution (generally a convenient church-vestry), a few willing hands and abundant contributions of flowers,—ought to be easily obtainable in any town in the land.

A feeling is prevalent that the mission is needed only in the larger centers; but while their need is greatest, the smaller towns, and even the villages, ought not to be neglected. Manufacturing communities especially want them, for mill operatives and factory hands are generally farthest removed from refining influences. To the girls confined in the stifling atmosphere of the weaving and carding rooms of cotton and woolen mills, the gift of a few flowers, though they die in an hour, is as a boon from Heaven.

In many of the missions a point is made of distributing fruit, when it can be obtained, to poor, sick people; and the delighted gratitude of the recipients is one of the most touching features of the charming charity. Pathetic stories are told of the regeneration of spirit which has been wrought in the wretched beings to whom growing plants and slips have been given, and who, perhaps for the first time in their lives, have been brought into direct contact with those blooming messengers of good will.

If excuse or reason be needed for the establishment of a flower and fruit mission, it exists in the melancholy attempts at window gardening, always to be seen even in the most miserable quarters. These tell their pitiful tale of the longing for and love of Nature, which poverty, squalor and crime can not quite crush out.

To establish the flower charity in connection with the beneficent societies mentioned in the last SCRIBNER, would be the easiest thing in the world. Let it be organized in every church in the land; let the sweetest offerings of Nature be brought to those who cannot seek them for themselves.

Manners at Croquet.

THERE is no one spot where well-bred people are apt to approach so near to ill-breeding, as on the Croquet-ground. The cause of the trouble must inhere in the game,—which yet appears to be of the most simple and refined order,—for other out-door sports fail to irritate the feelings or ruffle the temper as this does. It is as if some tiny imp of discord

pervaded the field, devoting himself to the task of drawing to the surface whatever is contrary in the disposition of the players. We have seen girls go almost into hysterics, and young men become sullen or disputatious over a paltry "croquet" or a wicket doubtfully run. The game intended solely for amusement becomes the source of disagreement and wrangling, spoiling all pleasure for the peace-loving, as well as for the contentious.

The origin of most Croquet disputes lies in the diverse understanding of the rules. Nearly as many manuals are published as there are games played, and rarely is a match arranged where the players have all learned of the same authority; hence the difference of opinion. The sole way to avoid dissensions is to select the best book on the subject and make its decisions final on mooted points. It does not matter if a different authority be used on every ground (though for those playing much together it is more satisfactory to have the same), provided it is regarded as an authority before a match be begun. But it does matter very much that persons meeting for pleasure, should so conduct themselves as not only to banish pleasure, but to lose their friends' and their own respect.

Chivalrie.

THIS amusement bears so romantic a title, and deals so much with such high-sounding persons and things as knights, maids of honor, thrones, castles and bastilles, that it hardly seems simple enough for modest republicans. Its name, however, is its most formidable part. The requisites for the game are the Throne, three Castles, two Bastilles, two wire wickets, called *Garde* and *Porte*, a starting stake, called *Sortie*, six balls and mallets. The victorious party wins, not, as in Croquet, by making the circuit first, but either by a predominance in scoring, obtained by winning the most in playing once round the field, or by first winning a certain number.

The ground required is larger, we believe, than in any other lawn game, but it can be varied to suit circumstances, the proportions of fifty-five long by thirty broad being observed. Supposing a ground to be of this size, the game is set in this way: *Sortie* (the starting post) is placed in the center of the extreme end. Ten feet in front, *Porte* (the first wicket) is put. Fifteen feet in front of *Porte* the *Throne* is placed. The *Throne* has an octagonal wooden center, not unlike a foot-stool in appearance, with eight metal wings attached to the angles, forming the same number of compartments, which much resemble diminutive horse-stalls. The stalls are numbered from one to eight. When a ball enters a stall, it scores the figure upon it. The compartment numbered eight is set exactly in front of

Porte, which brings all the other sections in proper relation to the remainder of the pieces. Fifteen feet on a line, to the right and left of the Throne, two Castles,—known as right and left,—are placed. The Castles have three compartments each, numbered three, five, three,—five being the middle one, exactly facing the center of the Throne. Fifteen feet before the Throne, Garde (second wicket) stands; and seven and a half feet to the right and left on the same line, are the two Bastiles, having a single stall each. The last or upper Castle is set fifteen feet in advance of Garde,—its middle section exactly opposite the latter,—and with this the game is arranged.

The two best players then assume the title of knights, and choose their companion maids of honor, or, in plain parlance, their partners. The playing begins like Croquet, the first stroke being to send the ball from the starting post, or Sortie, through Porte, or the first wicket. If the player can send his ball through Porte, and touch the center of the Throne, with a single stroke, he scores sixteen, and is entitled to a mallet's length in any direction. If he takes one stroke through the arch, and another to enter the compartment of the Throne, he simply scores the figure on the compartment he enters. The next stroke is to enter, or "encastle" in, the right Castle. If this be accomplished with one blow, he counts double the number of the section he enters. If it requires two strokes he counts only the single number. Gaining the Castle with a single blow from the Throne entitles the player to another mallet's length toward Garde, through which he passes on his way to the upper Castle. (In a smaller field than the one described such constant taking of mallet lengths would indicate very unskillful playing, and it would be our choice to set the game in narrower limits, abolishing the mallet lengths altogether). The course from the upper Castle is back through Garde to the Throne, thence to the left Castle, when (unless the player prefer to quit the game by passing Porte, and putting himself out) the ball becomes king or queen (rover), according to the sex of the player.

This is the straight circuit of the field. There are extra shots called *accoste*, the same as "croquet" and "fielding"; same as "roquet-croquet." These are chiefly employed in forcing the enemy's balls into the Bastiles, from which they have to ransom themselves or be extricated by their partners during the progress of the game. A ball failing to make Porte with the first stroke becomes *défilé*,—a polite form for booby,—and is subject to similar conditions.

A little pamphlet, containing explicit directions, rules and all necessary information concerning Chivalrie, is printed, and can be had with the game. With this and the diagrams it includes, it is easy to understand the play. We have described the simplest styles of implements, because the more elaborate are so expensive as to be far beyond the

average purse. The plainer sets, too, are very pretty and ornamental, and perfectly satisfactory. Those having Croquet can furnish their own balls, mallets, stake and wickets, and thus have to purchase only the Throne, Castles and Bastiles.

Le Cercle.

Of the many games that have sprung from, and are, to a large extent, merely variations of, Croquet, this is one of the best. The implements are: Six stakes made in the form of a cross, from each arm of which swings a ball that nearly touches the ground; twelve wicket-pins, six playing balls, six mallets, one large ball for the center of the Circle, called the Joker; one starting post, one score table, with six dials. The stakes, wicket-pins (merely large, wooden pins stuck six inches apart in the ground, to form the wicket, instead of the usual wire), balls and mallets are colored to match each other, like the balls and mallets in Croquet. The mallets are peculiar, the heads, instead of concave or barrel-shaped, being exactly round. Expert Croquet players declare them to be greatly superior to the old-fashioned kinds for precision of leverage and as likely to supersede them in all games employing mallets.

The game, as the name indicates, is set in a circle, the size of which must conform to the ground, a diameter of fifteen feet being a common dimension. In setting Le Cercle, the Joker is put in the exact center of the field. One half the width of the field is measured from the Joker, and the red, or first, stake placed. The other stakes, in order of their colors, are set from left to right, the same distance as the red from the Joker, and the same distance apart. The wicket-pins, corresponding to the stakes, are put a mallet or mallet and a half's length behind them. The starting post is placed directly in a line with, and three and a half mallet lengths behind the red stake. The game is now ready. The balls are divided and sides chosen, as in Croquet, or each plays for himself, the first side, or first person, winning that makes the entire circuit. Sometimes the largest count beats, each play scoring a certain number. It is for this method the scoring dial is prepared; but the former way is so much more popular that the dial is seldom needed. The order of turns and playing is similar to Croquet. The red ball leads by being knocked from its position,—half way between the starting post and the first wicket,—through the wicket. Next it hits the red stake; then strikes the right hand red swinging ball, and aims for the Joker. If the Joker be hit, and the course run without missing, the player is entitled to a mallet and a half's length toward the second wicket. He continues his play until he misses, when the next player begins. After passing the Joker the first time, the direct play (until the last stake before the red be passed) is through the wicket, striking the confronting stake; then the left swinging ball, then the right swinging

ball, returning each time to the Joker. After hitting the Joker for the last time in the tour, aim is taken for the left swinging ball on the red stake, which, until this moment, has been left untouched. The next play is for the starting stake, which having been touched, the playing ball becomes a "tease"—equivalent to the "rover" in Croquet, and subject to similar rules. All the wickets must be run from the outside toward the center of the circle.

"Driving a ball" is the same as a "tight croquet;" and when a player hits another ball with his own, he must either drive it or lose his turn. The same liberty of attacking an adversary or helping a

partner is allowed, as in Croquet; only that "driving" a ball is the sole extra play allowed. A player by "flinching" does not lose his turn.

There is just enough difference between Le Cercle and Croquet to render the former fresh and attractive, and sufficient likeness to make the new game easy to learn. Le Cercle is a little more difficult, requiring straighter vision, firmer grasp, steadier motion, but serves to heighten the interest. Its price is about the same as a good style of Croquet. You can obtain an extra starting stake and set of iron wickets with Le Cercle, and thus have the two games in one box.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"The Chasm of the Colorado."

THE subject of Mr. Thomas Moran's latest large picture is Titanic. It represents a broken and deeply furrowed mass of rock, leading by devious angles from the main cañon of the Colorado River, near the line which separates Arizona from Utah. Standing before the painting, the first impression is of chaos, confusion. In the immediate foreground is a broken, rocky platform, dark with umber and iron. This is boldly cleft asunder by the cavernous dash of a crevasse which runs diagonally down the view. Beyond this is a yawning abyss,—a North American *malloge*,—from up which crawls a shuddering mass of blue-white vapor. Tumultuous precipices skirt the further edge of this pit, and, lifting its castellated peaks into the sunlight, a cluster of basaltic rocks rises beyond these dark, forbidding shapes. Still receding from the middle distance, other angular but darker peaks are piled against the tortured sky. To the right, melting into the distance, the Colorado foams like a snowy thread down a wide cañon, into whose sloping sides the sunlight pours in golden showers. Further to the right the horizon appears where the sky is cut by the dim edge of the elevated plateau, or *mesa*, that leads the eye gratefully away from all this confusion to the tender vacuity of the melting perspective.

These are the points into which the vast mass of form and color slowly resolves itself. Over these moves a shower, the rent clouds pouring their weight of water down in black torrents at the left, while the sun brightens the blue sky at the right, glorifies the mimic castles in the middle distance, and mirrors itself in the shallow pools left in the foreground rocks by the passing rain. There is no sign of life anywhere—no human interest; not even a bird flecks the sky, nor so much as a

lizard crawls on the pitiless rocks. Here and there a few stunted clumps of olive-green sagebrush or rugged mesquit bushes appear to enhance the forlornness of this utter solitude. It is awful. The spectator longs for rest, repose and comfort. On the castle-like group of rocks in the middle distance, the sunshine falls in splendor, gilding its rich tones with warmth and beauty. The long vista of the distant table-land suggests a sunny place of refuge from all this chaos and tumult. But for the rest, there is only an oppressive wildness that weighs down the senses. You perceive that this terror has invaded the sky. Even the clouds do not float; they smite the iron peaks below with thunderous hand; they tear themselves over the sharp edges of the heaven-defying summits, and so pour out their burdens in showers of down-flying javelins.

In spite of the sunlight here and there, and the blue sky beyond the tumult of the showers, the sensitive spectator will be dismayed. This seems to be a glimpse of another planet; the weary and troubled eye longs to find repose in some sweet pastoral landscape, which, beside this enormous grandeur, would dwindle into absurd pettiness. Down in the awful chasms that gape before you are rumbling the swift currents of unseen streams. From their black waves arise these pale blue mists that creep and creep up the rocky walls, half hiding the crags, and stretching out their ghostly hands to lay hold on the iron ribs of the monstrous forms. All is terrible, fantastic and weird. And though the marvelous faithfulness of detail attests the photographic accuracy of the picture, one must be smitten with a sudden incredulity as to the actual existence of the scene; it may have been the grotesque glimpse of a dream!

The manipulation of the work is absolutely perfect. The texture of the rocks is a miracle of art.

It is not paint that one sees; it is a description so accurate that a geologist need not go to Arizona to study the formation. This is geology and topography. That it is also bold to audacity, is apparent from what has been already said. Few men have ever undertaken a work which might have so easily been a monumental failure. Few men could have achieved so signal a success; let this be said to the artist's honor. Whether it were worth the painting, and whether the subject repays the incredible strain which one would think it must have cost the painter, are questions which we need not discuss. As nothing done in the name of Art and with a true and reverential feeling for Nature is ever wasted, we may account this picture a real and notable acquisition.

It will be impossible to avoid a comparison of "The Chasm of the Colorado" with Mr. Moran's former great work, "The Cañon of the Yellowstone." This later picture is a more daring attempt; it shows the growth of the artist's mind and powers. But its subject is less fortunate, because less pleasing. It is more crowded with "effects," and, therefore, will seem to lack that firm unity which distinguishes the earlier picture; but in treatment, handling and management of color, this is even more satisfactory than the first; and, like that, it grows in power on the beholder, haunting his memory like the solemn music of a psalm.

Prison Reform.

SOME surprise has been expressed that the recent Social Science meeting in New York, at which so many other topics were debated, should have had so little to say concerning Prison Reform, which certainly supplies some of the most urgent questions in the Social Science catechism. Crime and criminals furnish society and the newspapers with the most persistent staple of discussion. The elections, the crops, the debates in Congress, the balloon and the eclipse, the crevasse and the steamship collision all have their day, their week, or their month, but the murderer and the burglar are as incessant as the daily revolution of the earth; fraud and theft are never failing, like spring-time and harvest, and a great deal more frequent. The reason for the omission, no doubt, was the fact that a Prison Congress, called specially to consider the subjects of crime and punishment, had scarcely adjourned at St. Louis, when the New York meeting began; and to this were referred the matters that might otherwise have been debated in New York. Many of the persons concerned in the two gatherings were the same—Dr. Wines, Dr. Woolsey, Mr. Brockway, etc., and to both meetings were invited the members of the ten Boards of Public Charities that have been established within the last dozen years in the States of the Union.

The St. Louis Prison Congress was called by the National Prison Association, of which ex-Governor

Horatio Seymour is President, and Dr. E. C. Wines, Secretary, and this association, in its turn, grew out of the Cincinnati Prison Congress of 1870. The International Prison Congress of 1872, convened at London, was but a continuation, on a larger scale, of the Cincinnati meeting; and the St. Louis Congress is to be followed, in 1876, by another International meeting, at Geneva. From these gatherings, and from that held last year at Baltimore, have proceeded several volumes of transactions, which give more information concerning the state of prisons throughout the world than was ever collected before, and from which the freshest wisdom concerning the management of criminals can be learned.

The St. Louis Congress met on the 13th, and adjourned on the 16th of May, Mr. Vaux, of Philadelphia, presiding in the absence of Gov. Seymour. Reports were read from the standing committees of the Prison Association, on Criminal Law Reform (prepared by Judge Walker); on Police (by Dr. Woolsey); on Prevention of Crime, and Juvenile Reformation, (by Messrs. C. L. Brace and B. K. Pierce); on Prison Discipline, (by Mr. Sanborn); and on the Care of Discharged Prisoners (by ex-Gov. Haynes of New Jersey). Each report was followed by a discussion of its topic, wherein the views and the experience of practical workers were brought out to supplement and correct the theories of the committees. In connection with the whole, Dr. Wines set forth in his annual report a comprehensive review of the progress and condition of penal and reformatory discipline in the United States and in foreign countries—a work for which he is peculiarly well fitted. Some curious facts were brought out. It appears that while separate prisons for women have scarcely been established in the Eastern States (New York furnishing the only example) there are no less than three of this class in Indiana. Massachusetts has been striving for four years past to obtain such a prison for its hundreds of female convicts, but has not yet succeeded; while Indiana has quietly gone forward and established several. It was also stated that Sir Walter Crofton, the founder of the so-called Irish System of prison discipline, had hoped to visit America this year, and be present at St. Louis, but had been prevented by unforeseen circumstances. It is understood that his visit is only postponed until a more convenient season.

"The Circuit Rider."*

It seems to be an established canon of popular criticism in America that every successful story-writer strikes twelve the first time. The dictum of Dr. Holmes's tipsy professor: "Did it once, but can't do it twice," is the discouraging verdict with which the succeeding stories are apt to be greeted. Almost everybody agrees that Mrs. Stowe has never

* *The Circuit Rider. A Tale of the Heroic Age.* By Edward Eggleston. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

written anything worth mentioning except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a judgment in which almost everybody is certainly wrong; and the common opinion that Miss Phelps, in her *Tenth of January*, and Miss Alcott, in her *Little Women*, both reached altitudes to which they have never since climbed, is equally positive and equally erroneous. Mr. Eggleston has suffered somewhat from this perverse skepticism, but the doubters ought to be convicted and converted by his new story. *The End of the World* was, indeed, a much more clever book than *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*; and *The Mystery of Metropolisville*, though a less vivid picture of frontier life, had more dramatic power. But *The Circuit Rider* is in every way the best of his stories. As a study of backwoods life, it is more careful and real than *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. Its characters are drawn with a hand that has gained in firmness, and its action is more consistent and vigorous than we find in any of his previous novels. This is mainly due to the fact that the phase of frontier life with which it deals is the phase of which Mr. Eggleston knows most. He was reared in a home which was the head-quarters of the backwoods preachers, and he himself belonged for some time to their fraternity. No better tribute to their fidelity and heroism is likely to be written; for it would be hard to find another man who, by experience of their life, has learned its nobleness, as well as its narrowness, and in whom artistic sense is joined with catholic sentiment.

It is not at all strange that certain respectable people among the Methodists should have been disturbed by Mr. Eggleston's representation of the Circuit Rider. Some among them are not able to endure his intimations that the marvelous phenomena of the backwoods revivals were at least partly due to natural causes. Their faith is offended by any intrusion of natural law into what they have always regarded as the realm of miracle; forgetting that nature, as well as the supernatural, may be divine, and that it is no derogation from the value of a moral revolution in man or in society to say that the agencies by which it was produced were, in a great measure, natural agencies. Other Methodists have a little of the *parvenu* spirit. There is a great contrast between the splendid style in which they live and worship and the life of the pioneer preachers of their faith; and although they like to take a great deal of credit, in a general way, for the work which was done by Methodism in the beginning, it grates upon their delicate nerves to have the whole story told.

Nearly all of the backwoods preachers who are introduced in this volume are, however, men whom no sensible person need blush to own as ancestors. They wore coarse garments; they used rude speech; but, with scarcely an exception, they were men of simple faith and ready wit, sound sense and genuine courage. Not to speak of the venerable Asbury, the famous Russell Bigelow and the saintly

Valentine Cook, whose portraits the author has sketched with loving skill, Magruder, Morton and Kike are all admirable characters. There is only one Methodist preacher, Brother Mellen, who does not win the reader's heartiest respect, and he is by no means a despicable character. If the proportion of disagreeable and ridiculous ministers among the Methodist circuit riders was not larger than this would indicate, it is plain that the former days were better than these. Indeed, the complaint that this book is a caricature upon early Methodism, is the most absurd criticism which we remember to have encountered. No Christian, of whatever communion, can rise from the reading of it without a deeper sense of the value of the services rendered by the great Methodist church to this country. There is not in it a representation of the religious life of this people which verges upon ridicule. Everywhere their peculiar devotional experiences are touched with a sympathetic hand, and even their unreasoning asceticism is made to wear a look of saintliness. Patty, the heroine, taking off her jewels and her ribbons under the stress of Russell Bigelow's call to a consecrated life, does not provoke our contempt or our pity; the act, as we see her perform it, has all the glory of a real sacrifice.

The emotional crisis through which Kike and Morton pass, and the result in their characters, leave upon the mind of the reader no misgiving as to the genuineness or the value of the Methodist religion. The only ecclesiastical personage who has scant justice done him is old Parson Donaldson, the Presbyterian minister.

Of the characters of the story, Morton is the best, though Kike and Patty are sufficiently individual. The Old Irish Schoolmaster is pretty well drawn, but of some of his brogue we are not at all sure. Captain Lumsden and Colonel Wheeler, as well as Job Goodwin and Doctor Morgan, are "real folks." The story is clearly made up, in great part, of veritable personages and of incidents that are historical. The plot is not an exciting one,—that kind of effect the author does not strive after,—but the book is likely to be read through by those who begin it, and to leave a pleasant flavor and a wholesome nutriment in the minds of its readers.

Dr. Bushnell's New Book.*

THE profound earnestness and honesty of Dr. Bushnell's thinking, in regard to the great themes which have chiefly occupied his busy life, is strikingly illustrated by the new volume from his pen, just published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. It is apt to be the case that when a man has once committed himself, in print, in regard to any disputed matter of doctrine, he rests, by the supposed necessity of simple consistency, in his own conclusions, and shuts

* *Forgiveness and Law, Grounded in Principles Interpreted by Human Analogies.* By Horace Bushnell. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

himself out from the re-opening of the discussion. He is hardly willing even to grow, lest he outgrow himself. He may turn aside to other questions, and advance on other lines of thought, but naturally enough, he ties himself up to his treatise, and stands where it left him.

If anybody were ever justified in such an attitude, it might surely have been the distinguished author of *The Vicarious Sacrifice*. His great work under that title, evidently the product of a lifetime of thoughtful experience, had been to many Christian men like a new gospel, or, rather, like the old gospel, in a form of statement so impressive and complete, as to make it a new power of spiritual life. Accepting it with deep sense of obligation, and with great reverence for the courage and truth of its statements, they scarcely saw how it could need to be amended, and, in their gratitude, were even too willing to take it as a finality. That it was not so with the author himself, the opening paragraph of his introduction tells us, in words that deserve to be remembered by all students of theology as an example of openness and honesty. "Wishing no change," he says, "I have yet not ceased to consider and reconsider the whole question, as carefully as if I had not written, watching for all inward monitions and outward suggestions, whereby I might be corrected and guided further in, to apprehend the matter of it more worthily, and in closer accord with the truth."

It is evident enough, from the whole spirit of this introduction, and from the perfectly candid tone of the whole volume, that if, as the result of this continual reconsideration, Dr. Bushnell had found any reason to retract the statements of his former work, and retire from what were regarded (when they were first published) as his heresies, he would not have hesitated frankly to act upon it. And, indeed, before the appearance of the present volume there had gone abroad a rumor that he had found such reason, and that the volume was to be in the nature of a *retractatio*, and in the interest of the accepted and established orthodoxy. If, however, there were any fatted calves ready to be killed for the welcome of a repentant wanderer from the safe and well-trodden theologic ways, they may enter confidently on a new lease of life. Whatever conformity to orthodoxy there may be *in modo*, a very little study will discover that his present doctrine is no less his own, *in re*, and in its antagonisms, than was that contained in the chapters for which this book is meant to be a substitute.

It is, indeed, on one point only, and in regard to the use of one theological and technical phrase, that Dr. Bushnell proposes any considerable alteration in the statements of his former work. Denying as explicitly as ever, and with even more vehemence of protest, the doctrine of *expiation*, he now conceives a truth in the word *propitiation* deeper and larger than he had before suspected. In his previous work he had admitted that word

only in some loose and popular sense—as a word "by which the disciple objectivizes his own feelings," attributing a change to God which has really taken place within himself. Pondering the subject of forgiveness, especially in its human forms of expression, Dr. Bushnell discovers it to be not an act, but a process, and a process in which there is always, on the part of the one who forgives, an endurance of suffering which is necessary before the forgiveness can be real and effectual. Unless it be a forgiveness which costs him something, it will be a forgiveness only in name, carrying in it no power for the actual taking away of transgression. And the endurance of this cost and suffering is really in its nature propitiatory—the process by which the spirit puts itself in attitude to pardon and to energize and enforce its pardon. Conceiving the divine forgiveness in the light of this analogy, it becomes necessary to admit a larger significance in the word propitiation than what had previously appeared. It is a very different thing from expiation, which is a *making up* for the fact of sin in the way of compensation (a conception impossible to Dr. Bushnell's thinking); whereas this is a *making up* to the person of the sinner, by a conscious effort in which there is inevitable pain to be endured, on account of, and for the sake of, the transgressor.

In the development of this thought Dr. Bushnell finds it necessary to recast the whole of the 3d and 4th parts of his former treatise, and ultimately to supplant them by the four chapters of the present volume. Eloquent and able as these new chapters are, however,—full of suggestiveness and inspiration, carrying the thoughtful reader deeper into a knowledge of the mystery of the divine love,—it will hardly be possible for us to surrender all the matter which it is proposed thus to supplant, and which is not inconsistent with the views here presented, except as incompleteness is inconsistent with greater completeness. We shall only have the advantage of comparing, side by side, the earlier and the later workings of that grand religious thinker who is still spared to us this side the veil, and who already takes his acknowledged rank as, perhaps, the foremost theological genius of our land.

It is impossible to follow out into detail the argument in its new statement. There is no sign of weariness or feebleness in it. It has already vindicated its right to be tolerated by the orthodox world. This new volume will do much to win for it a wider and more general acceptance. The closing chapter, especially, in which Christ's own doctrine concerning himself is derived from the words in John xvi., 8, 9, 10, will take rank for value and freshness not far below the famous chapter on the character of Christ in *Nature and the Supernatural*.

The introduction (to which we have already referred, and from which we have already quoted) deserves especial attention, and is of peculiar value. Its partly autobiographic tone and its rare felicity of statement in regard to many points of

controverted doctrine, fits it to be not merely an introduction to the present volume, but an introduction to the whole series of Dr. Bushnell's works. Any reader who begins with this latest volume will hardly be content till he has gone back to the earliest, and read them all.

"What is Darwinism?"*

It seems, perhaps, hardly credible, and yet it is, for all that, undeniably true, that of the many who are ready to pronounce, off-hand, a decided opinion as to the merits of what is commonly called "Darwinism," only a few can really state, in clear and explicit language, what the theory propounded by Mr. Darwin actually is. Still fewer have any clear conception of the relations, both of affinity and of repulsion, which subsist between the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin and the doctrine of Evolution. Many, indeed, erroneously regard the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, and the theory of Evolution as being practically the same thing; and to a not inconsiderable portion of the general public, Darwinism is connected, in some vague but inseparable manner, with no other idea than that man has descended from a monkey. To the cultivated and not especially scientific reader, Dr. Hodge's work, therefore, will be heartily welcome—answering, as it does, the question, "What is Darwinism?" in a very clear and satisfactory manner. Ostensibly, Dr. Hodge had no other intention in the production of the present work, than that of fully explaining the nature and scope of the Darwinian hypothesis as to the origin of species, without discussing the merits of the theory. In reality, however, the learned author traverses a very much wider area of thought than the above would imply. To begin with, we have a rapid view of the more important theories which have been held as to the origin of the material universe—the Scriptural theory, the Pantheistic theory, the Epicurean theory, the theory of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and others of less weight and of less general acceptance. Next, we have a brief exposition of the doctrine of Natural Selection as propounded by Mr. Darwin, which may be regarded as constituting the central point in the argument. Dr. Hodge points out here that Darwinism includes three distinct elements. Firstly, Evolution, properly so called; secondly, the operation of Natural Selection as the cause by which Evolution has been brought about; and thirdly, that Natural Selection is without design, and has been conducted solely by unintelligent physical causes. To this last element in the Darwinian theory Dr. Hodge attaches especial importance, alleging it to be the only distinctive element in the entire hypothesis. In this we feel bound to say that Dr. Hodge appears to us to be strictly correct. Indeed, we think that he has here seized a truth that has been too long and too generally ignored, and which some ostensible disciples of Mr. Darwin

do not hesitate to deny. We fail to see, however, how any candid reasoner can refuse to admit that the Darwinian theory, explicitly or implicitly, entirely excludes the idea of design in Nature. The combat between Darwinism and Theology is one *à l'outrance*. There is no room in the world of philosophy for both of these conceptions; no alliance between the two is possible; and one or the other is fated to succumb wholly, within no very distant period. We like this portion of Dr. Hodge's work extremely, and we think that he has here fully carried his point. The advanced Darwinians, of course, do not feel any scruple in avowing their total rejection of the doctrine of design. We recommend, however, those more timid adherents of Mr. Darwin's, who still hope for some reconciliation between Natural Selection and Theology, to carefully study the present work. They will find in it the fullest exposition of the antagonism between Darwinism and Design, as proved by Mr. Darwin's own writings, as exhibited by the works of Mr. Darwin's most thorough and zealous supporters, and finally, as demonstrated by the objections which have been brought forward by Mr. Darwin's most powerful opponents.

Taking it as a whole, Dr. Hodge's work may be regarded as a fair exposition of the Darwinian hypothesis, from the particular stand-point of the author. That the work has a more or less theological cast, is inevitable, and the reverse of this, from such a writer, would have been far from desirable. Dr. Hodge will not, perhaps, convince many of his adversaries, but he has done good service in bringing prominently forward the bearings of the theories of Darwin and Spencer upon religious thought and doctrine.

Mrs. Barbauld.*

SOMEBODY said lately, with a despairing humor, that unless there be a stop put, and presently, to the madness now raging for digging up the dead, and rehabilitating them, some of the living must go under, to make room. And it stands to reason that the crust of the earth is neither large enough nor strong enough to hold at one time all the folk that have been brought forth upon it. For, if we think of it, that is the very reason why people die. 'Tis to make room for new people. The times have been, that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end, but now-a-days editors are bent as it would seem upon getting the whole tribe of the dead back again, and they come with a rush, and threaten to push us living ones from our stools. Next to the question of copyright, this intruding upon our preserves of people who don't belong to our set, threatens to breed most trouble. It is a grave matter. It looks at present as if living authors would be driven to some such measures in self-defense as were taken by the enlightened body of

* *What is Darwinism?* * By the Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

* *The Life and Works of Anna Letitia Barbauld.* By Grace A. Ellis. Two vols. James R. Osgood & Co.

American artists, when they wished to keep out of the country the works of foreign painters who were getting too popular. The authors must petition Congress to put a prohibitive duty upon deceased writers. One would think, as these were all gentlemen and ladies when alive, they would have a nicer sense of propriety than to come back unasked, when they have once said their *ultimum vale*, and shut the door behind them. But, what is manners here may not be manners there.

It is a curious subject, and one that would be looked into—the extent to which our intellects in these days are fed upon past times. Living artists of most repute have won their fame by making the ways of ancient people live again for us moderns. Gérôme paints Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Cairo, or the France of Louis XIV., and Napoleon I. Meissonier is such a wizard that the Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century cannot sleep in their graves for him: they huddle about his easel as the ghosts did about Ulysses, and wait to be questioned. Leighton paints Greeks and mediæval Italians; Tissot began by painting Faustus and Margarets, and is now rousing up quaintly homely girls and their lovers from their sleep of a century and a half. Alma-Tadema makes Rome and Athens as real to us as Communipaw and Yorkville. Boughton paints our grandmothers as they looked when even the canon law could not have kept us from loving them, and as the golden age has passed when these grandmothers were, it is a pious service he does these saucy times to show them to us in their habits as they lived. To-day hasn't a ghost of a chance with the artists, as long as they spy a chance of a ghost. Even those dry-as-dust fellows, the archeologists, are growing in their notions, and whereas a year or two ago a potful of brass farthings was reckoned a rare find, now no man is so much as looked at who hasn't uncovered a buried city. Di Cesnola lays bare Golgos; Mr. Wood shows us Ephesus; and Mr. Schliemann thinks he has found Troytown, so that it begins to look as if the earth might be turned inside out. As for the re-habilitation of old writers, there never was such a time as the one we live in for that. What, with Early English Text Societies, and Chaucer Societies, and Shakespeare Societies—old and new—and French Jouaists and Lemerres, and English John Russell Smiths and Robert Bells—there is no fear that the old writers will be forgotten. We for our part are glad of it, and glad, too, that the less famous old people are to be allowed another glimpse of the upper sky as well as their betters.

Certainly, no re-appearance could be more cheerful less discomposing than that of Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Ellis could not have played Mercury to a less ghostly ghost. In spite of her somewhat formal outside, and her old-time allegorical ways, there is so much good sense, nourishing wisdom, and playfulness,—though the playfulness be of a somewhat Johnsonian type,—as to make the lady profitable com-

pany. We have but to compare her with some other notable women of her time: with Hannah More, a dull bishop in petticoats; with stilted Montague; with Fanny Burney, an immensely overpraised person, coarse, affected, and with the worst possible English style, if indeed she can be allowed to have written English at all;—compared with these, Mrs. Barbauld takes an easy preëminence, expressing in English, beautifully clear and apt, the motions of a sweet and steadfast spirit, and thoughts that have captivated greater minds than her own.

If Mrs. Barbauld still keeps the run of what is doing among us people of the upper crust, she must be surprised, we think,—having always had the most modest notion of her own value,—to read in the English and American journals at once, advertisements of her "Life and Works," written here, by Mrs. Ellis, and in England by her niece, Mrs. Le Breton. Mrs. Le Breton's performance we have not seen, but we can assure Mrs. Barbauld that her American biographer has done her work with conscientious care, and with enthusiasm tempered by good judgment. She has mastered the facts of the story she had to tell with remarkable industry, and has made more out of her subject than would have been, perhaps, looked for by most persons to whom Mrs. Barbauld stands for little more than the shadow of a name. Whoever reads Mrs. Ellis's two volumes will see that there are good reasons why Mrs. Barbauld should be remembered. She played an important part in her world, and had much influence with her contemporaries—men and women, young and old. Edgeworth, Berquin, and Barbauld count for a great deal in the education of the generation that is now growing old. In a sense Mrs. Barbauld may be said to have done her work, and to have had her day, for she was not a creative genius, and she was for a day, and not for all time. Still a fragrance lingers about her memory, and her dust feeds violets and daisies that come with the year, and not any flaunting, scentless flowers, much less any noxious weed. A few things she wrote have an evergreen life, and though in a rich and fruitful summer of lush growth and bloom, they may be little noted, yet when there comes a wintry season they comfort us with their sober and lasting beauty. It is true Mrs. Barbauld is out of fashion, but so are certain flowers. Nevertheless, who loves flowers for their own sakes, knows that fashion cannot make homely what once was fair. Wordsworth did right to wish he had written the last verse of Mrs. Barbauld's poem, "Life." Can time wither these lines, or custom stale them? And she who wrote them, wrote not a little worthy to be remembered along with them:

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning."

Swing's Sermons.

Truths for To-day is a collection of discourses "spoken in the past winter," by the Rev. David Swing, Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of that city.

The publication of this volume, while his case was pending in the church courts, indicated his willingness to be judged by that higher court of Christian consciousness, to which, in the end, even Presbyteries and Synods must submit themselves.

The teachings of these sermons are so just and wise, and withal, so eminently Christian, that those who are more concerned about pure and undefiled religion than about scholastic theology, will be sure to prize them. What is poison to the professors is often meat to the people. Not that any orthodox theologian has any right to find fault with the doctrines here taught. Nothing of the

doctrinal element is lacking, except a certain set of phrases with which orthodoxy is sometimes supposed to be identified. Mr. Swing does not think so, and he has taken the liberty to put his statements of religious truth into new forms. That is the gravamen of his offense. Into his crime, if crime it be, he has been led by his literary instincts. Evidently his taste is offended by the iteration of old phrases; he has no mind to put truths for to-day into the musty and ragged robes of the mediæval theologies. His congregation shall not be fed upon the straw from which the wheat has been thrashed by centuries of controversy. But his grasp of the great vital truths of Christianity is stronger, doubtless, than that of many who accuse him; while his poetic insight into the deep things of religion, and the music of his felicitous and winning prose, unite in making him a rare preacher. It is a high compliment to Chicago to say that he is the most popular minister in that city.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Polar Clock.

THE advantages of this ingeniously constructed instrument are thus summed up by Mr. W. Spottiswoode. 1st. The polar clock, being constantly directed to the same point of the sky, there is no locality in which it cannot be employed; whereas, in order that the indications of a sun-dial should be observed during the whole day, no obstacle must exist at any time between the dial and the places of the sun, and it therefore cannot be applied to any confined situation. The polar clock, on the contrary, may be used in places where a sun-dial would be of no avail—on the north side of a mountain or of a lofty building, for example. 2nd. It will continue to indicate the time after sunset and before sunrise; in fact so long as any portion of the rays of the sun are reflected from the atmosphere. 3d. It will also indicate the time, but with less accuracy, when the sky is overcast, if the clouds do not exceed a certain density.

In its action, the polar clock depends upon the fact that the light scattered from the minute particles in the atmosphere is polarized, and this effect is best marked when the reflected light is examined at right angles to the course of the original light. In the case in question, this is accomplished by directing the apparatus to the polar star. The instrument consists of a Nicol prism and a quartz plate. If it be directed in the manner indicated, to the north, and the Nicol prism be turned around in a direction reverse to that of the apparent motion of the sun, a series of colors will be produced which follow each other in regular order. If, on the con-

trary, the prism remains stationary, while the sun follows its apparent motion, the colors will change in a similar manner. From these changes of color the position of the sun is indicated, or, in other words, the time of day is determined.

The Great Ice Age.

REGARDING the glacial epoch, Mr. J. J. Murphy says: The opinion has been expressed that a glacial period must have been one of intense cold. This is the general opinion, and yet I think it can be shown to rest on a misconception. If the climate at any given elevation is cold enough to form glaciers, no decrease of the winter temperature will increase their magnitude, while on the other hand a low summer temperature is shown by the facts of physical geography to be eminently favorable to glaciation. This last may almost be called an identical proposition, for permanent snow means snow which lasts through the summer.

As Mr. Croll has pointed out, there have been periods where the sun's greatest and least distances were respectively greater and less than now. He thinks that a glacial period occurred when, in the course of the procession of the equinoxes, the sun's greatest distance occurred in the winter, so as to cause a cold winter. I think the true theory of the glacial climate is exactly the reverse of this. That is to say, it was caused by the cold summer which occurred when the sun's greatest distance was in the summer.

Land Leeches.

FROM a work entitled "An Attempt to Penetrate

Thibet from Assam," by T. T. Cooper, F. R. C. S., we quote the following interesting account: "Of all the hardships and unpleasant sensations experienced in the Assam jungles, none have left a more disagreeable recollection than the attacks of land-leeches. Often on sitting down I could count a dozen of these little animals hurrying from all directions to their prey. In length they are about an inch, while their thickness does not exceed that of an ordinary sewing needle. Their mode of progression is curious in the extreme. Fixing one extremity, by means of its bell-shaped sucker, firmly on a leaf, or on the ground, the leech curves itself into an arch, the other end is then advanced till the creature resembles a loop, again to expand into an arch, but the movement is quicker than words can describe it; the rapidity with which they thus progress along is quite startling. Their power of scent is evidently keen. At first they held themselves erect, then suddenly, as though they had just discovered my whereabouts, they would throw themselves forward, and with quick, eager strides, make for my unfortunate body. There are several species of these creatures in Assam, but I have only seen three; the common brown one, just described, the red, or hill leech, larger than the brown one, and giving a venomous bite, and the hair leech, which devotes its attention exclusively to cattle."

Singular Action of Heat.

IN an investigation to ascertain the expansion of various substances by heat, the following experiment was tried. The bulb of a thermometer was suddenly plunged into melted lead. The mercury instantly darted down far below zero. The action was so quick the point could not be ascertained. This was caused by the sudden expansion of the bulb by heat before it reached the mercury by conduction; this then began to rise very rapidly, and before it had arrived at the top of the tube the bulb was withdrawn. The experiment requires adroitness, for the instant the mercury touches the top the bulb will burst. A thermometer treated in this rough manner afterwards showed an index error of six degrees; after a few days the equilibrium was partly restored but an error of three degrees still remained. (*Engineering and Mining Journal*.)

The Voice of the Crocodile.

ACCORDING to Dr. Mohnike, the voicelessness on the part of the adult crocodile is due to a special and gradual modification of the tongue and larynx, involving the vocal cords, and dependent upon and coincident with definite periods of growth. In the young of this species the length of the head is more than twice as great as the breadth, while in the full grown animal this proportion is very considerably diminished, at the same time that the lower jaw becomes more fixed and immovable, and the tongue more firmly connected with all the surrounding parts. It is to this gradual, but very

decided, hardening and stiffening of all the ligaments of the larynx, as well as of all parts of the internal structure of the mouth, that Dr. Mohnike ascribes the loss of voice observable with advancing age in the crocodile; and accounts for the fact, which he had himself an opportunity of observing, that the older animals may be irritated and injured, and even tortured to death, without giving utterance to the faintest sound. (*Academy*.)

Temperature of the Skin in Man.

DR. E. HANKEL has made a series of examinations of the temperature of the skin under various circumstances with an extremely delicate thermoelectric apparatus, and has arrived at the following conclusions. 1st. During mental activity the temperature of the skin of the head does not undergo any noticeable change. 2nd. During muscular action, whether the contractions are continuous or interrupted, the temperature of the skin over the contracting muscle undergoes distinct depression, but immediately rises again. Hankel explains the primary sinking by supposing that the muscle during action draws blood to itself from the adjoining parts, and hence, by reducing the quantity in the skin lowers its temperature. 3rd. When sweating takes place, or even shortly before, the temperature of the skin rises, and remains exalted as long as perspiration continues.

Man and Mortality.

ACCORDING to Siegwart, the earth is inhabited by 1,381,000,000 human beings, as follows:

| | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| Caucasians..... | 380,000,000 |
| Mongolians..... | 580,000,000 |
| Ethiopians..... | 200,000,000 |
| Malays..... | 220,000,000 |
| Redskins..... | 1,000,000 |

The rate of mortality is 33,333,333 every year; or nearly 60 every second.

Only 1 in 10,000 reaches the 100th year; only 1 in 500 the 65th year.

Married people live longer than unmarried ones. Only 65 persons in 1000 contract marriage.

Memoranda.

HAVING determined the electro-motive power of the freshly separated eyes of various animals, Mr. James Dewar and Dr. John M'Kendrick, of Edinburgh, then allowed light to fall upon the retinas of the eyes in question; in consequence thereof the electro-motive force was found to vary from three to seven per cent. of the original amount. They also found that the greatest effect was produced by the yellow and green portions of the spectrum, which are well known to produce the strongest action on the eye.

The performance of surgical operations by the use of a wire heated to a suitable degree by voltaic electricity is attracting considerable attention in France. At a recent meeting of the Surgical Society

of Paris, an apparatus was exhibited by which the force of the current might be so graduated as to remove tumors without the loss of a single drop of blood.

The attempt to lift and repair the Atlantic cable of 1868 has failed, owing to stormy weather. The fault was found to be a short distance east of Newfoundland, and the cable was grappled and raised a portion of the distance several times.

M. Klein, a Russian chemist, has succeeded in obtaining iron electrolytes by the following process: The bath consists of a concentrated solution of sulphate of iron and ammonia. The battery was four meidinger cells. The anode an iron plate with a surface eight times that of the cathode, the latter was of copper. On leaving the bath the iron was brittle and hard, but when heated to a cherry red it became malleable and soft.

Professor Villari finds that if a glass cylinder is rotated between the poles of an electro-magnet, it acts like a cylindrical lens to polarized light passing through the poles. When not magnetized, the cylinder, whether in motion or at rest, was neutral to the light.

The *Dental Cosmos* contains a communication which relates an instance of the use of steam power in excavating the teeth, and putting in the gold filling. The author recommends the process on the score of the greater steadiness with which the various operations may be performed.

M. Emile Monier states that when large white crystals of sugar are heated to about 1800° Fahr. in a closed vessel, without contact with air, watery vapor distills off, and a very pure carbon remains which is so hard that it will cut glass, the hardness being greater as the sugar is purer. The addition of syrup or honey also increases the hardness. Diamonds thus produced are black, but minute transparent diamonds have been obtained by the slow crystallization of carbon from certain carbon compounds of organic origin.

A serious obstacle in the prosecution of the war against the Ashantees was the attack of mosquitoes upon the sailors, some of whom were almost worried to death in a single night. As a preventive against this serious annoyance, the men anointed the exposed parts of their persons with a mixture of sweet oil and carbolic acid.

Alexander Schultz states that the Caspian Sea yields a prodigious number of fish, as many as 15,000 sturgeons being often taken in a single district in one day. The total annual yield is estimated at about 469,430,000 pounds avoirdupois. In the winter the sturgeons hibernate, and during this time they are covered exteriorly by a viscid substance, which the fishermen call a pelisse.

The ancient practice of cremation appears to be undergoing a revival in Hamburg. It is stated that a club has been formed in that town for the

purpose of promoting what may, from a sanitary point of view, be regarded as the excellent practice of burning the dead. The club in question, it is said, already numbers eighty members, each of whom on entering made a will, directing that his remains are to be burned.

Dr. Joule asserts that sulphuric acid may rest on the surface of mercury without chemical action. The presence of a layer of acid, about one-third or one-half an inch thick, on the surface of the mercury in a barometer, greatly facilitates the movement of the mercurial column, enabling the observer to register the most minute changes of pressure at once without any dragging.

About 600 tons of iron castings have been consumed in the construction of the anvil block for the thirty-two steam-hammers at the Woolwich Arsenal. The uppermost section of the block weighs 103 tons, and required six months to cool.

The University of Edinburgh has issued a regulation to the effect, that candidates for the degree of Doctor of Science shall be required to submit a thesis, containing some original research, before they are permitted to proceed to examination.

Dr. J. W. Legg relates a curious instance of *anosmia*, or loss of the sense of smell from a blow on the head. In this case everything the person eats has the flavor of gas. Meat is particularly disagreeable, and bread has no taste whatsoever.

Dr. Russell, F. R. S., in a communication to the Chemical Society, states that thoroughly purified washed hydrogen causes a precipitation of metallic silver from nitrate of silver.

Lord Rayleigh gives an interesting account in the *London Philosophical Magazine* of the successful reproduction of diffraction gratings by a photographic operation.

According to Professor Riley, of St. Louis, the length of the thread in the cocoon of a mulberry silk-worm is generally 1,000 yards, and a mile of it weighs 15½ grains.

An instance of hybridism between a pigeon and a bantam is related by Mr. J. W. Wood.

H. Caron recommends that steel be tempered in boiling water; under these circumstances the water modifies in a singular manner; steel containing from two to four thousandths of carbon, augmenting its tenacity and elasticity without sensibly altering its softness. For the regeneration of burned iron the same author employs a boiling solution of chloride of sodium, and asserts that a bar of burned iron which broke without bending before this tempering, was so changed by the bath, as to bend almost double in the cold.

In an article in a recent number of the *Comptes Rendus* M. Fordos says: Every one knows that it is customary to clean bottles in which medicinal or other liquids are to be placed by means of shot.

When the wine bottlers only rinse the bottle once after shaking the shot in them, the bottles consequently contain adherent carbonate of lead, which causes a

greater or less contamination by salts formed with the constituents of the wine, and such wine often causes indispositions, or even serious affections.

ETCHINGS.

Like Me.

WHAT would happen, do you suppose,
If the mignonette should say to the rose:
"The pride of roses I hate to see;
Why don't you keep near the ground like me?"

What if the rose should say to the phlox:
"My form and color are orthodox—
To please your Maker, you've got to be,
Precisely in all respects like me."

What if a grape should say to a pear:
"Why are you flaunting about up there?
Beware of swinging alone and free;
You ought to cling to a trellis, like me."

What if a river should say to a rill:
"If you weren't too lazy you'd turn a mill.
Study my method, and try to be,
A rushing, roaring river like me."

What if a swan should say to a crow:
"You belong to the race of so-and-so
It's a deadly sin for you to be free;
Your only hope is in serving me."

What if a goose should teach a wren
Or an eagle try to follow a hen!
What if the monkeys should all agree,
That there ought to be uniformity!

What if a man should say to another:
"Differ with me and you're not my brother;
I have the truth as the oracles tell;
Go with me or you'll go to hell!"

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

To what extent is the life of an author public property? Does the fact that he has printed a book give anybody the right to gossip in print about him and his affairs? It would almost seem so—at any rate all literary gossips seem to think so, and act accordingly. The first American of note who indulged this propensity, was the late N. P. Willis, who signalized his residence in England, thirty or forty years ago, by a series of free and easy pencilings of Lady Blessington, Count d'Orsay, Tom Moore, and other literary celebrities, and whose memory has still, on that account, an unfragrant reputation in England. He was the parent of that pest of the time, the Interviewer, and could he have lived until now, he would have wished that he

had strangled his offspring at its birth. He would we think, have liked to lay hands on the latest of his Frankensteins—a Mr. Jacobus Coffee Meadows, who has recently undertaken to enlighten his countrymen by a series of lectures, which are strongly flavored with personality. One in particular is said to be so personal that he has requested reporters not to report it. It concerns an English poet whom we will suppose to be Mr. Tupper, and who has a decided aversion to any other than the legitimate publicity which belongs to his acknowledged rank in the world of letters. Another, which is equally personal, concerns an American poet, who resides in the West, as does also Mr. Meadows, and who writes under the *nom de plume* of Shortboy. He has a lecture on Mr. Shortboy which he has delivered before a young ladies' seminary in Chicago, the substance of which has been printed in the Chicago *Rostrum*. It is an enthusiastic production, which would not greatly mislead the young minds to which it was addressed—if the name of Shakespeare were substituted for that of Shortboy; as it is, it rather overshoots the mark. It has, however, one merit which it would not have if the substitution in question were made, and that is—credibility. If Mr. Meadows had told us when and where *Hamlet* was written, we should know that he was romancing. We have no reason to suspect him of romancing, however, when he tells us that Shortboy's "Hymn of Death," came into existence in a bright summer's morning, in July, 1838, in Chicago, as the poet sat between two windows at the small table in the corner of his chamber. He might have obtained, we dare say he did obtain, this important information directly from the lips of the tuneful Shortboy, as well as the important information that his "Explosion of the Phosphorus" was written a year later. A violent storm had occurred the night before, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe, about midnight, by the fire, the exploded Phosphorus came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but the poem had seized him and he could not sleep. He got up and wrote the celebrated verses. "The clock was striking three," he said "when I wrote the last stanza." It did not come into his mind by lines, but by whole stanzas, hardly causing him an effort, but flowing without let or hinderance.

Several reflections occur to us, *apropos* to the personality of this lecture of Mr. Meadows, but instead of stating them we prefer to tell a little story. Once upon a time, as the story-tellers say, Macready

the tragedian, made a visit to America. He played many parts, among others that of *Skylock*, which was considered one of his best. An innovator in some respects, he was rigid as regards correctness of costume, and always refused to distinguish himself from his fellow actors by any peculiarity in his garb. He dressed for *Skylock* as he would have dressed for *Tubal*, and insisted that there should be no difference in the costume of the two characters. He was playing *Skylock* one night, and leaving the stage at the end of an act, proceeded to his dressing-room to rest. As he was ascending the stairs which led thereto, he was mistaken for *Tubal* by the stage carpenter, who crept behind him softly, and gave him, by way of a lark, what he afterwards called a boosting blow. He turned suddenly, to the great horror of the carpenter, who exclaimed, "I beg pardon—I thought it was Jobson"—Jobson being the actor who played *Tubal*. "Good Heavens, sir," said the tragedian, "Does Mr. Jobson like that sort of thing?"

We put this question to Mr. Meadows: "Does Mr. Shortboy like that sort of thing?"

AMONG the annoyances to which authors are subjected there is one which is increasing daily. It is the solicitation of their autographs. At the first thought, it looks like a compliment to ask an author for a specimen of his penmanship. "I must be somebody," he thinks, "or the autograph seeker would not have written to me;" and he proceeds complacently to reply to his request, in his very best handwriting. If he remembers the place to which his epistle was dispatched, he observes that it is followed, in a few days, by a second request from the same place. The writers, in each instance, are making a collection of the autographs of famous men, which would be incomplete without his. If he is a poet, will he be good enough to copy his exquisite lyric "The Singed Moth?" If he is a prose writer will he not compose and forward "a sentiment?" Sentiments are greatly in demand, especially among young ladies in the rural districts. If proverbial, so much the better. They need not be original, and they should not be very intelligible. A little Latin will not be amiss, and French will be *très charmant*.

At the end of five or ten years (or sooner, if he is a modest and busy man) the complaisant author begins to be weary of the business. He is proof against flattery; he does not care for appreciation; all he wants is to be let alone. He answers no letters, except such as relate to business; but they come all the same. "The Singed Moth" was never in such demand; and his last ironical sentiment, "Punctuality is the thief of time," is considered truly Orphic! He smiles, but answers not, and other letters come from the same writer. Still he answers not. Stop—he does, for one of the old hands seeks literary information, which he, perhaps, can furnish. Does he know who wrote

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear?"

He does not, and does not want to, and writes to that effect, thereby falling into the trap that was set for him. He sees it, when it is too late, and determines not to be caught again. He will be, however, for there is no baffling the ingenuity of the autograph fiend. His dodges are innumerable.

Here is one which comes from Boston: "I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you to find out if possible the residence of each of the following persons." Then comes the list, viz.: Alfred Tennyson, John G. Whittier, James Russell Lowell, James Cullen Bryant, and Bayard Taylor. As the writer evidently reverences great men, we hasten to inform him that Mr. Tennyson resides at Cambridge, Mass., and may be seen almost any day at the counting-room of his publishers, in Boston. We also inform him that Messrs. Whittier and Lowell reside in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Bayard Taylor in Egypt, where he had an important military position in the army of the Khedive. As for Mr. James Cullen Bryant, who, by the way, is editor of the *London Times*, at the last accounts he was exploring the site of ancient Troy, with his Homeric friend Dr. Schliemann. Letters addressed to these gentlemen will no doubt meet with prompt attention, when received, and their answers, when obtained, will no doubt be entertaining. We hope our autograph hunter is satisfied.

THACKERAY was not a humorist, in the sense that Dickens was, nor a wit, in the sense that Jerrold was, but he now and then said a good thing in a quiet way. He was pestered on one occasion, while in this country, by a young gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, as to what was thought of this person and that person in England. "Mr. Thackeray," he asked, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," was the reply. Another man of letters was mentioned, and it transpired that he was addicted to beer drinking. "Yes," said Thackeray, "take him for half and half he was a man." His connection with *Fraser's Magazine* was the subject of conversation, and the right of an editor to change the "copy" of his contributors was discussed. Thackeray maintained that no such right existed, except as regarded errors of grammar, and declared that the only person who could make alterations for the better was the author himself; as a rule, editorial changes were blunders. "I told an editor so once and he did not like it. 'I have no objection to your putting your hoofs on my paragraphs,' I remarked, 'but I decidedly object to your sticking your ears through them.'" "He never forgave you, of course." "I never thought to ask." Thackeray and Jerrold used to sit near each other at the *Punch* dinners, and Jerrold was inclined to wrangle, if everything was not to his liking; but Thackeray would keep the peace. "There's no use in our quarreling," he said, "for we must meet again next week."

It would puzzle a great many to tell why they married, if they only looked into the matter as carefully as some of their friends do for them, and on the whole, perhaps, it is well that they do not. Nine out of ten would say it was for love, which is probably true—but love of what? What did Miss De Shoddy see to love in old Petroleum? She saw a fine house on Fifth Avenue, a box at the opera, and an endless residence in Paris. What did young Spendthrift see to love in the widow Languish? He saw all his debts paid, a house in town, a country seat at Long Branch, and an occasional run over to Paris—alone, if he can bring it about. Both married for love—love of themselves and luxury. So did an Italian woman, of whom the late William Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, has a story to tell. A friend of his, he says, a Baron Bollaude, as he was walking out one day, near London, saw an old wizened Italian tramp on one side of the road, with two or three monkeys, and on the other a rather buxom woman trudging along in the same manner, with a tambourine. He was struck by the contrast, and entering into chat with the lady, found she was the Signor's wife, and asked her how she could marry that old man. "Oh sir," said she, with a deep-drawn sigh, and a meaning glance at the questioner, "when I married him he had a dromedary!"

Sunday Morning.

THOUGHTS DURING SERVICE.

Too early, of course! How provoking!
I told Ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than her's did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after her fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it,
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last Summer—

Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—
A pretty example of life!
The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font!—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
Just look at her now, little humbug!—
So devout—I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over
And the ends of her switches all show.
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimson,



Why will these old things dress so gay?
And there's Jenny Welles with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!
How can this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people;
She'd better be saying her prayers.
Oh dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now,—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one;
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

GEO. A. BAKER, JR.